THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

WITH

AN ESSAY

ON

HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

	Page
The Covent-Garden Journal	1
Philosophical Transactions for the Year 1742-3,	145
The Preface to David Simple	163
Preface to the Familiar Letters	173
The First Olynthiac of Demosthenes . . .	183
Of the Remedy of Affliction for the Loss of our Friends	195
A Dialogue between Alexander the Great and Diogenes the Cynic	215
An Essay on Nothing	229
A Fragment of a Comment on Lord Bolingbroke's Essays	245
An Essay on Conversation	263
An Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men	307
General Index	339

THE

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

BY

SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, KNT.

CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

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N° 3. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1752.

Majores nusquam rhonci; juvenesque, senesque,
Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent. MART.

In English,

No town can such a gang of critics shew;
Even boys turn up that nose they cannot blow.

BY a record in the censor's office, and now in my custody, it appears that at a censorial inquisition, taken *Tricesimo qto. Eliz.* by one of my illustrious predecessors, no more than nineteen critics were enrolled in the cities of London and Westminster; whereas, at the last inquisition, taken by myself 25° *Geo. IIdi.* the number of persons claiming a right to that order, appears to amount to 276,302.

This immense increase is, I believe, to be no otherwise accounted for, than from the very blameable negligence of the late censors, who have, indeed, converted their office into a mere sinecure, no inquisition, as I can find, having been taken since the censorship of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. in the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne.

To the same neglect are owing many encroachments on all the other orders of the society. That of gentlemen in particular, I observe to have greatly increased, and that of sharpers to have decreased in the same proportion within these few years.

All these irregularities it is my firm purpose to endeavour at reforming, and to restore the high office with which I am invested to its ancient use and dignity. This, however, must be attempted with prudence and by slow degrees; for habitual and inveterate evils are to be cured by slow alteratives, and not by violent remedies. Of this the good emperor Pertinax will be a lasting example. 'This worthy man,' says Dion Cassius, 'perished 'by endeavouring too hastily to reform all the 'evils which infested his country. He knew not, 'it seems, though otherwise a man of very great 'knowledge, that it is not safe, nor indeed possible, 'to effect a reformation in too many matters at 'once; a rule which, if it holds true in private 'life, is much more so when it is applied to those 'evils that affect the public.'

I thought it, therefore, not prudent, in the hurry of my above inquisition to make any exceptions, but admitted all who offered to be enrolled. This is a method which I shall not pursue hereafter, being fully resolved to inquire into the qualifications of every pretender.

And that all persons may come prepared to prove

their right to the order of critics, I shall here set down those several qualifications which will be insisted on before any will be admitted to that high honour. In doing this, however, I shall strictly pursue the excellent rule I have cited, and shall act with most perfect moderation; for I am willing to throw open the door as wide as I can, so that as few as possible may be rejected.

It is, I think, the sentiment of Quintilian, that no man is capable of becoming a good critic on a great poet, but he who is himself a great poet. This would, indeed, confine the critics on poetry, at least, to a very small number; and would, indeed, strike all the antients, except only Horace and Longinus, off the roll; of the latter of whom, though he was no poet, Mr. Pope finely says,

> Thee, great Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
> And bless their critic with a poet's fire.

But with respect to so great a name as that of Quintilian, this rule appears to me much too rigid. It seems, indeed, to be little less severe than an injunction, that no man should criticise on cookery but he who was himself a cook.

To require what is generally called learning in a critic, is altogether as absurd as to require genius. Why should a man in this case, any more than in all others, be bound by any opinions but his own? Or, why should he read by rule any more than eat by it? If I delight in a slice of bullock's liver, or of Oldmixon, why shall I be confined to turtle or to Swift.

The only learning, therefore, that I insist upon is, that my critic *be able to read*; and this is surely very reasonable; for I do not see how he can otherwise be called a reader; and if I include every reader in the name of critic, it is surely very

just to confine every critic within the number of readers.

Nor do I only require the capacity of reading, but the actual exercise of that capacity; I do here strictly forbid any persons whatever to pass a definitive sentence on a book *before they have read at least ten pages in it*, under the penalty of being for ever rendered incapable of admission to the order of critics.

Thirdly, all critics who, from and after the first day of February next, shall condemn any book, shall be ready to give some reason for their judgment; nor shall it be sufficient for such critic to drivel out, 'I don't know, not I; but all that I 'know is, I don't like it.' Provided, nevertheless, that any reason, how foolish or frivolous soever, shall be allowed a good and full justification; except only the words *poor stuff, wretched stuff, bad stuff, sad stuff, low stuff, paltry stuff*. All which *stuffs* I do for ever banish from the mouths of all critics.

Provided also, that the last-mentioned clause do extend only to such critics as openly proclaim their censures; for it is our intention, that all persons shall be at liberty to dislike privately whatever book they please, without understanding or reading one word of it, any thing therein or herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as it is reasonable to extend this power of judging for themselves no farther in this case of criticism than it is allowed to men in some others, I do here declare, that I shall not, for the future, admit any males to the office of criticism till they be of the full age of eighteen, that being the age when the laws allow them to have a capacity of disposing personal chattels; for, before that time, they have only the power of disposing of themselves

in the trifling article of marriage. Females, perhaps, I shall admit somewhat earlier, provided they be either witty or handsome, or have a fortune of five thousand pounds and upwards.

Together with childhood I exclude all other civil incapacities; and here I mean not only legal but real lunatics, and idiots. In this number I include all persons who, from the whole tenour of their conduct, appear to be incapable of discerning good from bad, right from wrong, or wisdom from folly, in any instance whatever.

There are again some persons whom I shall admit only to a partial exercise of this office; as, for instance, rakes, beaux, sharpers, and fine ladies, are strictly forbidden, under penalty of perpetual exclusion, to presume to criticise on any works of religion or morality. All lawyers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, are strictly forbidden to pass any judgment on those authors who attempt any reformation in law or physic. Officers of state, and would-be officers of state (honest men only excepted), with all their attendants, and dependents, their placemen, and would-be placemen, pimps, spies, parasites, informers, and agents, are forbidden, under the penalty aforesaid, to give their opinions of any work in which the good of the kingdom in general is designed to be advanced; but as for all pamphlets which any wise concern the great cause of Woodall Out, and Takeall In, Esqrs. full liberty is left to both parties; and the one may universally cry up and commend, and the other may universally censure and condemn, as usual. All critics offending against this clause are to be deemed infamous, and their several criticisms are hereby declared to be entirely void, and of none effect.

No author is to be admitted into the order of

critics until he hath read over, and understood, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original language; nor then without a testimonial that he hath spoken well of some living author besides himself.

Lastly, all persons are forbidden, under the penalty of our highest displeasure, to presume to criticise upon any of those works with which *we ourselves* shall think proper to oblige the public; and any person who shall presume to offend in this particular will not only be expunged from the roll of critics, but will be degraded from any other order to which he shall belong; and his name will be forthwith entered in the records of Grub-street.

ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

N° 4. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1752.

——Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem Cygnum: parvam extortamque puellam
Europen. Canibus pigris scabieque vetusta
Lævibus, et siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremat in terris violentius.——

JUV. Sat. viii.

'ONE may observe,' says Mr. Locke, 'in all 'languages, certain words, that, if they be examined, will be found, in their first original, and 'their appropriated use, not to stand for any clear 'and distinct ideas.' Mr. Locke gives us the instances of *wisdom, glory, grace*. 'Words which 'are frequent enough (says he) in every man's 'mouth; but if a great many of those who use 'them should be asked what they mean by them

'they would be at a stand, and not know what to 'answer; a plain proof, that though they have 'learned those sounds, and have them ready at 'their tongue's end, yet there are no determined 'ideas laid up in their minds, which are to be 'expressed to others by them.'

Besides the several causes by him assigned of the abuse of words, there is one, which, though the great philosopher hath omitted it, seems to have contributed not a little to the introduction of this enormous evil. This is that privilege which divines and moral writers have assumed to themselves of doing violence to certain words in favour of their own hypothesis, and of using them in a sense often directly contrary to that which custom (the absolute lord and master, according to Horace, of all the modes of speech) hath allotted them.

Perhaps, indeed, this fault may be seen in somewhat a milder light (and I would always see the blemishes of such writers in the mildest). It may not, perhaps, be so justly owing to any designed opposition to custom as a total ignorance of it: an ignorance which is almost inseparably annexed to a collegiate life, and which any man, indeed, may venture to own without blushing.

But whatever may be the cause of this abuse of words, the consequence is certainly very bad; for whilst the author and the world receive different ideas from the same words, it will be pretty difficult for them to comprehend each other's meaning; and hence, perhaps, it is, that so many gentlemen and ladies have contracted a general odium to all works of religion or morality; and that many others have been readers in this way all their lives without understanding what they read, consequently without drawing from it any practical use.

It would, perhaps, be an office very worthy the

labour of a great commentator to explain certain hard words which frequently occur in the works of Barrow, Tillotson, Clark, and others of this kind. Such are *heaven, hell, judgment, righteousness, sin,* &c. All which, it is reasonable to believe, are at present very little understood.

Instead, however, of undertaking this task myself, at least at present, I shall apply the residue of this paper to the use of such writers only. I shall here give a short glossary of such terms as are at present greatly in use, and shall endeavour to fix to each those exact ideas which are annexed to every of them in the world; for while the learned in colleges do, as I apprehend, consider them all in a very different light, their labours are not likely to do much service to the polite part of mankind.

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

ANGEL. The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.

AUTHOR. A laughing-stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

BEAR. A country gentleman; or, indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

BEAUTY. The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.

BEAU. With the article A before it, means a great favourite of all women.

BRUTE. A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

CAPTAIN. }
COLONEL. } Any stick of wood with a head to it, and a piece of black ribband upon that head.

CREATURE. A quality expression of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.

CRITIC. Like *homo*, a name common to all the human race.

COXCOMB. A word of reproach, and yet, at the same time, signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A term appropriated to the theatre; though sometimes more largely applied to all works of invention.

DEATH. The final end of man; as well of the thinking part of the body as of all the other parts.

DRESS. The principal accomplishment of men and women.

DULNESS. A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

EATING. A science.

FINE. An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or, at least, lessening the force of the substantive to which it is joined; as, fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine clothes, fine taste;—in all which *fine* is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL. A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

GALLANTRY. Fornication and adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a thing, signifies bigness; when to a man, often littlenesss or meanness.

GOOD. A word of as many different senses as the Greek word Ἔχω, or as the Latin *Ago*: for which reason it is but little used by the polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur.

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on the rope.

JUDGE. } An old woman.
JUSTICE.

KNAVE. The name of four cards in every pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means knowledge of the town; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our appetites.

MARRIAGE. A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

MISCHIEF. Fun, sport, or pastime.

MODESTY. Aukwardnes, rusticity.

NO BODY. All the people in Great Britain, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the antients, and more especially of Aristotle.

OPPORTUNITY. The season of cuckoldom.

PATRIOT. A candidate for a place at court.

POLITICS. The art of getting such a place.

PROMISE. Nothing.

RELIGION. A word of no meaning; but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

RICHES. The only thing upon earth that is really valuable, or desirable.

ROGUE. } A man of a different party from yourself.
RASCAL.

SERMON. A sleeping-dose.

SUNDAY. The best time for playing at cards.

SHOCKING. An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost every thing. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.

TEMPERANCE. Want of spirit.

TASTE. The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

TEASING. Advice; chiefly that of a husband.

VIRTUE. } Subjects of discourse.
VICE. }

WIT. Profaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimickry, buffoonery. Abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.

WORTH. Power, rank, wealth.

WISDOM. The art of acquiring all three.

WORLD. Your own acquaintance.

N° 8. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne.

HOR.

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags.

DUNCIAD.

THE following is a literal copy of the fragment mentioned in my sixth paper. In what language it was originally writ, is impossible to determine. To determine this, would be, indeed, to ascertain who these Robinhoodians were; a point, as we shall shew in our comment, of the utmost difficulty. From the apparent difference in the style, and spelling of the translation, it seems to have been done into English by several hands, and probably in distant ages. I have placed my conjectures concerning some doubtful words at the bottom of the page, without venturing to disturb the text.

IMPORTINENT * QUESTIONS CUNSARNING RELIDGIN AND GUBERMINT, HANDYLED BY THE ROBINHOODIANS.

March 8, 1751.

THIS evenin the questin at the Robinhood was, Whether relidgin was of any youse to a sosyaty; baken † bifor mee To'mmas Whytebred, baker.

James Skotchum, barber, spak as floweth: Sir, I ham of upinion, that relidgin can be of no youse to any mortal sole; bycause as why, relidgin is no youse to trayd, and if relidgin be of no youse to trayd, how ist it yousefool to sosyaty. Now no body can deny but that a man maye kary on his trayd very wel without relidgin; nay, and better two, for then he maye wurk won day in a wik mor than at present; whereof no body can saye but that seven is more than six: besides, if we haf no relidgin we shall have no pairsuns ‡; and that will be a grate savin to the sosyaty; and it is a || maksum in trayd, that a peny sav'd is a peny got. Whereof——The end of this speech seems to be wanting, as doth the beginning of the next.

——— different opinion from the learned gentleman who spoke first to the question: First, I deny that trade can be carried on without religion; for how often is the sanction of an oath necessary in contracts, and how can we have oaths without religion? As to the gaining one day in seven, which the gentleman seems to lay much stress upon, I do admit it to be an argument of great force; but I question, as the people have

* Perhaps impertinent.

† I think this should be read *taken*, and the baker's being intent on his trade occasioned the corruption.

‡ Read *parsons*. || Read *maxim*.

been long used to idleness on that day, whether it would be easy to make them work upon it; and, consequently, if they had no churches to go to, whether they would not resort to some worse place? As to the expence of parsons, I cannot think it is prejudicial to the society in general; for the parsons are members of this society; and whether they who do but little, or others who do nothing at all for their livelihood, possess their revenues, is a matter of no manner of concern to the public. Indeed, what the gentleman says concerning the Dutch, I shall own is highly to the honour of those industrious people; and I question not but if religion was to interfere with any branch of our trade, there is still so much good sense left in this nation, that we should presently sacrifice the shadow to the substance. But though some instances should occur, in which religion may be prejudicial, it cannot be fairly argued from thence, that religion is therefore of no use to the society; and till that can be proved, I shall not give my vote for its abolition. But at present ———*hammer down.*

Mr. Mac Flourish, student. I shall with grete reediness undertake that tosk upon my seel.—Sir, the queestion, as I tak it, is, whether relegion be of any use to society? And, sir, that is a queestion of that degnity, that grete emportance, that when I conseder the matter of wheech I am to speke, the degnity of the odience before whom I am to speke, wen I refleect on the smallness of my own abeelities, weel may I be struck with the greetest awe and reveerence; for, sir, neither Demosthenes, nor Eschines, nor Cecero, nor Hortensius, ever handled a more emportant queestion; and, sir, should any thing misbecoming drop from me on this grete occasion, though your

candour, your beneevolence, might encline you to extend an unmeerited attention, yet, sir, these walls, these stones, these boards, these very bracks, withute ears, withute a tongue, would tacitly express their endeegnation. Sir, it is a queestion, that whoever hath rede history, or deeved at all into the oxceelent mystery of politics, must confees, that all the grete pheelosophers, poets, orators, historians——*hammer down.*

Mr. Ocurry, solicitor. Upon my shoul I am very sorry now that the rules of this grate society forced the last very learned gentleman to sit down before he told us his opinion; but, whatever it be, I am after being of the saame. It is very true, upon my shoul, what he said, that it is a very grate question, and I do not well know fether I understand it as yet, or no; but this I think, that if religion be a great hurt to the nation, I cannot for my shoul see where the good of it is. This I know very well, that there is a very good religion in Ireland, and they do call it the Roman Catholic religion, and I am of it myself, though I don't very well know what it is. There is something about beads and masses, add patty nosters, and ivy marys, and I will fight for it as long as I am alive, and longer.—And, upon my shoul, I will tell you a good thing; if you are afraid of your own religion, you may send for ours, for I know it will come; for father Patrick Ocain did tell me, he would bring it along with him. Nay, he tould me, that he had brought it hither before he did come himself. [At which there was a laugh.]

Mr. Giles Shuttle, weaver.—I hope no gentleman will treat this thing as a jest, whereof I thinks it to be a very great matter of earnest. Whereof I don't much understand your speech-making sort of work, but this I thinks, that I am as good a

judge of these sort of matters, for I am worth a hundred pounds, and owes no man a farthing. Whereof I thinks, I am as good a man as another; for why should not any other man have as much sense as a gentleman? I thinks I knows something of trade; that to be sure, is the main article in every trading nation, whereby ——— Here the first paper was broke off. The second is as follows:

Question. Whether infinite power could make the world out of nothing?

The speakers to this question were, Mr. Thomas Tinderbox, the chandler; Mr. George White, boatswain's mate; Mr. Edward Peacock, victualler; Mr. Buge, the shoe-maker; Mr. Goose, the taylor, Mr. Halt, the maker of pattins; and one great scholar, whose name I do not know.

It was urged on the behalf of infinite power, that we have no very adequate idea of it. That there are many things which we see are, and yet we cannot, with any great certainty, tell how they came to be. That so far from our reason being able to comprehend every thing, some wise men have doubted, whether we do, with certainty, comprehend any thing. That whatever we may think we know, we do not know how we think. That either every thing was made by something out of nothing, or else nothing made every thing, either out of something or nothing. And, lastly, that infinite power might more reasonably be supposed to create every thing out of nothing, than no power at all could be supposed to make every thing out of any thing.

On the contrary, it was well argued, that nothing can be made out of nothing, for, *ex nihil, O nothing is fit.* That every day's experience

must convince us of this; that by infinite power, we only meant a very great degree of power; but that, if the thing to be done be not the subject of power, the smallest degree will be equal to the greatest. And it was urged with great force of wit and eloquence, by Mr. Goose, that the best tailor, and the worst, were alike unable to make a coat, without materials. That, in this case, a tailor with infinite power would be in the same condition with a tailor who had no power at all. And if so small a thing as a coat could not be made out of nothing, how could so large a thing as the world be cut out of the same no materials? The scholar gave a very good answer to what had been offered concerning our ignorance of infinite power, and said, if he had no adequate idea of it, it was a good cause of disbelieving it; for, as reason was to be judge of all things, what was not the object of reason, out to be rejected by it. He admitted, that there were some things which did exist, and that we did not as yet know the manner in which they came to exist; but it did not follow that such causes were above the reach of human reason, because she had not yet discovered them; for, he made no doubt, but that this society, by means of their free inquiry after truth, would, in the end, discover the whole; and that the manner in which a man was made, would be no more a mystery to posterity, than it is to the present age, how they make a pudding. He concluded with saying, that some very wise and learned men, who lived near three thousand years ago, had asserted, that the world had existed from all eternity, which opinion seemed to solve all difficulties, and was, as it appeared, highly agreeable to the sentiments of the whole society.

Question. Whether, in the opinion of this society, the government did right in ——

Here ends this valuable fragment, on which I shall give my comment in my next paper.

N° 9. SATURDAY, February 1, 1752.

Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.
VIRG.

Tell in what clime these people did appear,
And you shall be the laureat of next year.

It will be a very difficult matter to fix with any certainty, at what place, and amongst what people, the Robinhood society was held, as we have not the least light to guess from what language the fragment which now remains to us, was originally translated. Two things may be averred, that this society was held in some country where the people were extremely free; and, secondly, that it was in a country, where that part of the community, which the French called *la Canaille*, was at the head of public affairs.

From the latter of these circumstances, it appears, that these Robinhoodians cannot be placed among the Egyptians; for Diodorus Siculus, speaking of these people, tells us, that, 'Whereas 'in all democracies great injury is done to the 'state, by the populace interfering in the public 'councils, the Egyptians very severely punished 'these artificers who presumed to meddle with 'matters of government *.'

* Diod. Sic. fol. 68. Edit. Rhod. Hannov. Πλεῖστοι δὲ ταῖς δημοκρατουμέναις πόλεσιν, κ. τ. λ.

Nor can I ever believe, that the question, Whether religion was of any use to the society? would ever have been supported amongst the people so highly devoted to superstition, that religion was indeed the foundation of their civil society.

The same objection will recur against placing this society in Athens; for though Pericles, in his speech to the Athenians, recorded in Thucydides, compliments his countrymen with being all politicians, 'Among us,' says he, 'even the mechanics are not inferior to their fellow-citizens in political knowledge *,'—yet in a country where Socrates was put to death, for attempting an innovation in religious matters, it is hard to believe that the dregs of the people would have been permitted to have questioned the very first principles of all religion with impunity.

And this objection will, I apprehend, hold likewise against all other states, not only those which we call civilized, but even the Tartars, Goths, Vandals, and Picts, &c. from the time they are recorded in history. None of these having been found without their deities, and without a very strong persuasion of the truth of some religion or other. And so far were they all from doubting whether religion was of any use, or, as the fragment hath it, youse to the society, that they carried the images of their gods with them to war, and relied upon their favour and assistance for success in all affairs.

To say the truth, the only people now upon earth among whose ancestors I can suppose such an assembly to have been held, are the inhabitants of a certain tract of land in Africa, border-

* Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 40. Καὶ ἑτέροις πρὸς ἔργα τετραμμένοις, κ. τ. λ.

ing on the Cape of Good Hope, commonly known unto us by the name of the Hottentots.

I am, however, well aware that there are many objections to this opinion. First, that these Hottentots are supposed not to have any knowledge of religion at all, nor ever to have heard the name of the divinity; whereas it appears manifestly that the Robinhoodians had some kind of religion even established in their country, and that the name of G— was at least known among them.

It is unnecessary to observe, likewise, that the members of this society had more of the use of letters, and were better skilled in the rules of oratory than the Hottentots can be conceived to have been; for as to the speech of Mr. Mac Flourish, as well for the matter as for the eloquence of it, it might be spoken with great applause in many of our politest assemblies.

Upon the whole, therefore, I must confess myself entirely at a loss in forming any probable conjecture as to what part of the earth these Robinhoodians inhabited; not being able to trace the least footsteps of them in any history I have ever seen.

As to the time in which they flourished, the fragment itself will lend us some little assistance. It is dated 1 51; which figures, I make no doubt, should be all joined together, and then the only doubt will be from what æra this reckoning begun.

And here, I think, there can be no doubt, but that the æra intended was that of the general flood in the time of Noah, and that the Robinhoodians were some party of those people, who are said, after the dispersion at Babel, to have been scattered over the face of the earth.

Those imperfect notions of religion which they

appear to have entertained, admirably well agree with this opinion; for it is very reasonable to suppose that such immediate interpositions of Providence, or, to speak more adequately, such denunciations of divine vengeance, as were exemplified in the deluge, and the dispersion at Babel, could scarce be so immediately eradicated as not to leave some little impression, some small sparks of religious veneration in the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those who have been spectators of such dreadful scenes; as, on the other hand, both sacred and profane history assures us, that these sparks were very faint, and not sufficient to kindle any true devotion among them.

Again, as the fragment very plainly appears to have been translated by several hands, so may we very reasonably infer that it was translated out of as many various languages: another reason to fix the date of this assembly soon after the above-mentioned dispersion.

Lastly, the name of Robinhood puts the matter beyond all doubt or question; this word being, as a learned etymologist observed to me, clearly derived from the Tower of Babel; for the first, *Robin* and *Bobin* are allowed to be the same word; the first syllable then is *Bob*, change *o* into *a*, which is only a metathesis of one vowel for another, and you have *Bab*; then supply the termination *el* instead of *in* (for both are only terminations) and you have clearly the word *Babel*.

As for *h* in *hood*, it is known to be no letter at all, and therefore an etymologist may there place what letter he pleases, and why not a *t* as well as any other. Then change the final *d* into an *r*, and you have *toor*, which hath a better pretence, than the known word *tor*, to signify tower. Thus, by a few inconsiderable changes, the Robin-hood and

Babel-Tower, appear to be one and the same word.

Two objections have been made to the great antiquity of this fragment; the first is, that Ireland is mentioned in it, which, as Camden and others would make us believe, was not peopled till many ages after the æra I have above mentioned; but these learned men are certainly in a mistake; for I am well assured that several Irish beggars, whose ancestors were dispossessed in the wars of the last century, are after having now in their possession the title-deeds of their said estates from long before the times of Noah.

The other objection is, that the Dutch are likewise mentioned in the fragment, a people, as they are generally supposed, of a much later rise in the world, than the period of time which I have endeavoured to assign to this society.

To this I answer, that though that body of people who threw off the Spanish yoke in the time of the Duke of Alva, are extremely modern, yet are the Dutch themselves of very great antiquity, as hath been well proved by the learned Goropius Becanus from the history of Herodotus.

That historian tells us, that one of the Assyrian kings, being desirous to discover who were the most antient people, confined two children, a boy and a girl, till they were at the age of maturity, without suffering either of them to hear one articulate sound; having determined, I know not for what reason, that whatever language could claim their first word, the people speaking that language should be deemed the most antient.

The word which was first pronounced by one of them was *Beker*, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread; the Phœnicians were therefore

concluded to have been the first planters of mankind.

Under this mistake the world continued many ages, till at last the learned Goropius discovered that the word Beker, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread, did in the Dutch language signify a baker, and that before bread was, a baker was. *Ergo, &c.*

And here I cannot help observing, that this quotation, as it proves the antiquity of the Dutch, so it proves the great antiquity of bakers, to whose honour we may likewise read in Diodorus, that Isis the wife of Osyris was immortalized among the Egyptians, for having taught them the art of baking.

Succeeding ages being unwilling to ascribe so great an honour to a woman, transferred it from her to her husband, and called him Bacchus, or, as it is more commonly by modern authors writ, Bakkus, and Bakus, which being literally done into English by the change of the Latin termination, is Baker.

Indeed, it is very reasonable to imagine that before the invention of cookery, the bakers were held in the highest honours, as the people derived from their art the greatest dainty of which their simple taste gave them any idea. And the great esteem in which cookery is held now, may very well account for the preference given to bakers in those early ages, when these were the only cooks.

But if none of these reasons should be thought satisfactory to fix, with any absolute certainty, the exact æra of this assembly, the following conclusions must be, I think, allowed by every reader:

First, That some religion had a kind of establishment amongst these people.

Secondly, That this religion, whatever it was, could not have the least sway over their morals or practice.

Thirdly, That this society, in which the first principles of religion and government were debated, was the chief assembly in this country, and Mr. Whitebread the baker, the greatest man in it.

And lastly, I think it can create no manner of surprise in any one, that such a nation as this hath been long since swept away from the face of the earth, and the very name of such a people expunged out of the memory of man.

N° 10. TUESDAY, February 4, 1752.

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati.

Modernized.

In former times this tasteless silly town
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.

The present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion, that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this in his studies.

Letters, however, were sure intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings whose business it is only to

to excite laughter: this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed, and served up, with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and, for this purpose, it hath been used by many excellent authors: 'for why,' as Horace says, 'should not any one 'promulgate truth with a smile on his counte-'nance? Ridicule, indeed, as he again intimates, 'is commonly a stronger and better method of 'attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.'

When wit and humour are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of Clarissa says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men; but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction, is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are that great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humour alone which they all so eminently possessed, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost force of

their wit and humour, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries.

I would not be thought to confine wit and humour to these writers. Shakspeare, Moliere, and some other authors, have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them, that, had the consecration of their labours been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned in this paragraph, must either have a very bad head, or a very bad heart, if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable, which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber hobby, or fought with his own shadow for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear, who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:
Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.

'Truth and decency are my whole care and in-'quiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; 'these I am always laying up, and so disposing 'that I can at any time draw forth my stores for 'my immediate use.' The whole epistle indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English; and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But, perhaps, it may be asked, will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing, that such scriblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age, should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is, that real taste is a qua-

lity with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in shewing us that they knew it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is, that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment) who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture; the second is a story; and the third a jest. Here then is the true Pons Asinorum, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear, that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask, to what purpose have I endeavoured to shew men that they are without a blessing, which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance; yet

great is the power of art almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. 'All men,' says Cicero, 'have a sort of tacit sense of what is right 'or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the 'help of arts.' This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men therefore proceed no farther than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper, endeavour to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire, at least, some degree of taste. In the mean while, I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly intreat all my young readers, that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

N° 17. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1752.

Credite, Posteri. HOR.

Let posterity take my word for it.

It is a common expression with historians 'That 'such and such facts will hardly be believed by 'posterity;' and yet these facts are delivered by them as undoubted truths, and very often affirmed upon their own knowledge.

But, what is much more astonishing, many of those very instances, which are represented as difficult articles of truth by future ages, did most probably pass as common occurrences at the time when they happened, and might seem scarce worthy of any notice to the generality of people who were eye-witnesses to the transactions.

The Cardinal de Retz, after relating the almost incredible distress of the then queen of England, who was likewise the daughter of France, and had not credit at Paris for a faggot to warm herself in the month of January, proceeds thus: 'Nous avons 'horreur, en lisant les histoires, de lachetez moins 'monstreuses que cella-là; et le peu de sentiment 'que je trouvais dans la plupart des esprits sur ce 'fait m'a obligé de faire, je crois, plus de mille 'fois cette reflexion: que les exemples du passé 'touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes que 'ceux de leurs siecles. Nous nous accoutumons à 'tout ce que nous voions; et je vous ai dit quelquefois que je ne sais si le consulat du cheval de 'Caligula nous auroit autant surpris que nous nous 'l'imaginons.'—'We are shocked, in reading history, at many less scandalous instances than this; 'and the little impression which I observed this

'made in the generality of men's minds at that 'time, hath caused this reflection to recur to me a 'thousand times: That the examples of former 'ages do beyond all comparison more sensibly 'affect us than those of our own times. Custom 'blinds us with a kind of glare to those objects be- 'fore our eyes; and I have often doubted whether we 'should have been as much surprised at Caligula, 'when he made his horse a consul, as we are apt 'to imagine we should have been.'

I can with truth declare, that I have a thousand times reflected on the judicious discernment of this uncommon observation; the justice and excellence of which I will endeavour to illustrate to my reader; by taking once more a survey of that opinion, which posterity may be reasonably supposed to entertain of the present times; and as I have formerly shewn that they will probably, in some instances, believe much more than ourselves, so in others, it is altogether as probable, that they will believe less.

Without farther preface, then, let us suppose some great and profound critic, in the fortieth century; undertaking to comment on those historical materials relating to this kingdom with which that age may possibly furnish them; and in what manner may we conceive him more likely to write than in the following?

ABSTRACT FROM HUMPHREY NEWMIXON'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

* * * * * * * * * *

Desunt multa.

THOUGH it is impossible to deliver any thing with great certainty of those fabulous ages, which

a little preceded the time when universal ignorance began to overspread the face of the earth; and more especially prevailed in this island, till the restoration of learning, which first began in the thirty-sixth century; some few monuments of antiquity have however triumphed over the rage of barbarism, which may serve us to confute the horrid forgeries of that legendary Geoffry Bechard, who wrote about the year 3000.

This Geoffry writing of the year 1751, hath the following words: 'The Inglis hat set temps ware 'soe dicted to gamein, soe that severl off the grate 'menn yous'd to mak yt thee soal bisens off thayr 'lifs; hand knot unli thee messirs, but also theyre 'ems yous'd to spind a hole dais, hand knitts hatt 'thayr cartes. Les ems aussi bien ass messirs 'cheept thayre l'assemble forr thatt propos, hat 'whitch les fems hat perdus mundoy quelle thayres 'messirs rop koontri for get.'

So far this bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most learned men of his age *quia legere et scribere potebat*, says a cotemporary author: but those who contend the most for his learning will be able, I am afraid, to say but little for his honesty; since all must allow that he was either deceived himself or hath endeavoured to deceive his readers; for I have now by me a record of undoubted antiquity, by which it appears, that all kinds of gaming were, within a very few years before this period, of which this Geoffry writes, absolutely prohibited under the severest penalties. This law might indeed be infringed by some of the lowest of the people; and there is some reason to think it was so; for in a speech of George the Good, delivered from the throne in that very year 1751, a severe execution of the laws in this respect is recommended to the magistrate.

But that the great men, as the bishop says, should fly thus in the face, not only of those laws which they themselves made, but of their sovereign too, is too incredible to be imposed even on children.

Again, here is a reflection not only on the great men, but on the great ladies of those times, who are represented in a light, which I shall not affront the present virtuous and prudent matrons, their great-grand-daughters in the seventieth descent, by mentioning. But how inconsistent is this character with what we find in the writings of Sir Alexander Drawcansir, the only annalist of whose works any part hath descended to us, who, in one of his annals or journals, acquaints us, that there was not a single lady in his time married, who was not possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy.

The same authority is sufficient to contradict the absurd account which this Geoffry gives in another place of the ladies of those day; where he says that women of the first quality used to make nightly riots in their own houses. One passage is so ridiculous, that I cannot omit it. 'The ladies of 'St. James's parish,' says he, 'used to treat their 'company with Drums; and this was thought 'one of their most elegant entertainments; some 'copies, I know, read Drams, but the former is 'the true reading, nor would the latter much cure 'the absurdity.'

A learned critic indeed of my acquaintance suspects, that the above passage is corrupt, and proposes, instead of St. James's to read St. Giles's, and instead of Drum to read Dram; and then he says the above account will agree with a record of that age, by which it appears, that the women of St. Giles's parish were notoriously addicted to

dram-drinking at that time. And as for the word Lady, he urges, that it did not then, as it doth now, signify a woman of great rank and distinction, but was applied promiscuously to the whole female sex; to support which he produces a passage from Sir Alexander Drawcansir, where the wife of a low mechanic is called a lady of great merit.

Another legend, recorded by our Geoffry, is sufficient of itself to destroy his credit. He tells us, that a *herd of bucks* used to frequent all the public places; nay, he says, that two or three such animals would sometimes venture among several thousands of gentlemen and ladies, and put them all into confusion and disorder. This is a very scandalous reflection on the gentlemen of those days; but it is at the same time so incredible, that it needs no refutation.

The truth I believe is, that the bishop was a weak and credulous man, and very easily imposed upon; especially in those matters with which his function prevented him from being well acquainted. What he writes of their theatrical entertainments is beyond all measure ridiculous. 'De vurst a nite of 'le play,' says he, 'd'author was a put a de stake 'sur on de theatre stage, dare des criticats dey palt 'at him, hyess him, catadecall him; off, off him, 'vor too dree heures. Dis be dam playe. Des 'criticats be de a prentice, klarque, boo, buccuk, 'and gamambler.'

Now I will refer it to any one whether the historian can be conceived here to write of a civilized people, and such the Britons are allowed on all hands to have been at that time.

Monsieur de Belle Lettre, in his Melange Critique, which he published in the year 3892, treats the whole history of this Geoffry as a romance;

and, indeed, what is recorded in it concerning dogs seems sufficiently to favour this opinion. At this time, says Bechard, the chief learning among those people was among the dogs. Learning was then a common epithet to several of the canine speeches, and a great dispute was for a long time carried on between a French and English individual of this species. We know not in whose favour it was determined; but it is agreed on all hands, that the question was, which was the most learned of the two. The historian adds, that several of the most eminent writers were of the canine kind; and were universally called sad dogs *.

The bishop concludes his history with these words: 'Monstr. incred ten tousand pip. siffi nit. 'up got zee oostryche tap tonnobus, is pregados. 'dat zocurn hypor hoperad abun, idelonycus quinto 'pur zin inmus fi fadon addili.'

Which is so ridiculous a supposition, that I shall leave it with the reader, without any remark.

N° 21. SATURDAY, March 14, 1752.

Est miserorum, ut malevolentes sint atque invideant bonis.
PLAUTUS.

It is a miserable state to be malevolent, and to envy good men.

I SHALL publish the following letter with the same design that the Spartans exposed drunken men to the view of their children. Examples may perhaps have more advantage over precepts in teach-

* 'Sad is synonymous with grave, wise. The judge were 'formerly called sad men of the law.'

ing us to avoid what is odious, than impelling us to pursue what is amiable. If the reader will peruse it with attention, he will, I conceive, discover in it a very useful moral; of which I shall give no further hint, than by desiring the reader not to be offended at the contradictions that occur in it.

MR. CENSOR,

WHEN I first read the name of Axylus to a letter in your paper, though I easily perceived the writer to be a silly fellow. I little guessed who was the individual person; but in his second performance he hath been pleased to acquaint me who he is.

This fellow, Sir, you are to know, I have employed every means in my power to persecute, ever since I was acquainted with him; not because he is a fool (for I have no fixed quarrel with so numerous a body), but because he is in reality a good man.

You will, perhaps, think this a very strange confession; and so it would be, if there was any possibility of your guessing from whom it came; but I have the satisfaction to be assured, that though I am actually known both to you and to your friend Axylus, I shall be the last person in the world to whom either of you will impute the character I shall here lay open. I well know that I pass upon you both, and a thousand other such wise people, for one of the best and worthiest men alive; for, as a late orator at the Robinhood said, 'he had the honour to be an Atheist;' so I, Sir, have the honour to be a most profound hypocrite. By which means I have universally obtained a good character, and perhaps a much better than what

the silly Axylus hath acquired by really deserving it; for, as Plato remarks in the second book of his Republic, the just man and the unjust man are often reciprocally mistaken by mankind, and do frequently pass in the world the one for the other. The reason of which, as I take it, and as he in Plato indeed intimates, is, that the former are for the most part fools, and the latter are men of sense.

If I could so far prevail, however, as to deprive this Axylus of all the praise which he receives from his actions, and to show him in an opprobrious light to the world, I might perhaps be contented, and wish him ill no longer. And yet I am not positive that this would be the case; for what amends can it make to a man who sees his mistress in his rival's arms, that the world in general are persuaded that he himself alone enjoys her? or could all the flattery of his courtiers, and all the Te Deums of his priests, satisfy Lewis the Fourteenth, and prevent his envying the Duke of Marlborough. I am well apprised that the reputation of goodness is all which I aim at, and is all which a wise man would desire; notwithstanding which, I am convinced that praise sounds most harmonious to that ear where it finds an echo from within; nay, who knows the secret comforts which a good heart may dictate from within, even when all without are silent! I perceive symptoms of such inward satisfaction in Axylus, and for that reason I envy and hate him from the bottom of my soul.

You will perhaps say, why then do you not imitate him? Your servant, Sir; shall I imitate a fool because I see him happy in his folly? for folly I am convinced it is to interest yourself in the happiness, or in the concerns of others. Horace, who

was a sensible writer, and knew the world, advises every man to roll himself up in himself, as a polished bowl, which admits of no rubs from without; and the old Greek, like a wise rogue, exclaims: 'When I am dead, let the earth be consumed by fire. It is no concern of mine; all my affairs are well settled.'

Here again it may be objected, why do you envy one whom you condemn as a fool? To this, I own it is not easy to give an answer. In fact, nature hath moulded up with the wisest clay of man some very simple ingredients. Hence we covet those commendations which we know are seldom bestowed without a sneer, and which are annexed to characters that we despise. The truth I am afraid is, that I would willingly be this very man. That I have sometimes such a fear, I confess to you, as I think it impossible you should ever guess from whence the confession comes; for I would not for ten thousand pounds, that any man should know, I had ever such a wish; nay, I would not for an equal sum know myself that I had it.

And from this fear, this suspicion (for I once more assure you, and myself, that it is no more than a suspicion), I heartily detest this Axylus. For this reason, I have hitherto pursued him with the most inveterate hatred; have industriously taken every occasion to plague him, and have let slip no opportunity of ruining his reputation.

I am aware I may have let drop something which may lead you into an opinion, that I really esteem this character, which I would endeavour persuade you I despise; but, before I finish this letter, I flatter myself I shall place this fellow in so contemptible a light, that I shall have no rea-

son to apprehend your drawing any such conclusion.

First, notwithstanding all the secret comforts which Axylus pretends to receive from the energies of benevolence, as he calls them, I cannot persuade myself, that there is really any pleasure in a good action. I must own to you, I do not speak this absolutely on my own knowledge, for I do not remember to have done one truly good benevolent action in my whole life. Indeed, I should heartily despise myself, if I had any such recollection.

And if there be no pleasure in goodness, I am sure there is no profit in it. This Axylus himself will, I doubt not, be ready to confess. No man hath ever made or improved, though many have injured, and some have destroyed, their fortunes this way.

In the last place, as to the motives which arise from our vanity, and which, as that very wise writer Mr. Mandevil observes are much the strongest supports of what is generally called benevolence, I think to make the folly of doing good from such motives very plainly appear. I am far from being an enemy to praise, or from expressing that contempt for a good character, which some have affected. But, surely, it becomes a man to purchase every thing as cheap as he can; now, why should he be at the pains and expence of being good in reality, when he may so certainly obtain all the applause he aims at merely by pretending to be so.

An instance of this I give you in myself, who, without having ever done a single good action, have universally a good character; and this I have

acquired by only taking upon me the trouble of supporting one constant series of hypocrisy all my days.

Axylus, on the contrary, for want of undergoing this trouble, hath missed the praises he deserves. While he carelessly doth a hundred good actions, without being at the pains of displaying them, they are all overlooked by the world; nay, often by my means (for I am always watchful on such occasions) his most disinterested benevolence is seen in a disadvantageous light; and his goodness, instead of being commended, turns to his dishonour.

An example of this I saw the other day, when you published his last letter, where all that is said of an unhappy woman, drawn in to be guilty of the highest degree of wickedness, by the most wicked and profligate of men, I am convinced flowed immediately from that compassion which is the constant energy of these good hearts. Now, Sir, even this I turned against him. I represented it as a barbarous attempt to revile the character of a man before he had undergone his trial; and can you believe it? such is the nature of man, I found some persons who could not, or would not, see the difference between concluding a person guilty who is in custody, and who is to undergo a legal disquisition into his crimes, and concluding one to be guilty of a fact, for which he hath fled from justice, and who, even by the evidence given on oath in the solemn trial of another, appears to all the world to be guilty.

But perhaps it may be said, though the world in general do not commend your actions, still you are repaid for them sufficiently, by having the esteem, the love, the gratitude, of those to whom they are

done. To this purpose I will tell you a short story The fact is true, and happened to Mr. Axylus himself.

That silly good man had done many great services to a private family. Indeed, the very bread they eat was for a long time owing to his foolish generosity, and at length, by his advice and assistance, this family was brought from a state of poverty and distress to what might be called affluence in their condition. I was acquainted with the whole scene, and often present at it, and, indeed, it was one of the pleasantest I ever saw; for while the good man was rejoicing in his own goodness, and feeding his foolish vanity with fond conceits of the grateful returns which were made to him in the bosoms of the obliged, they, on the other side, were continually laughing at his folly amongst themselves, and flattering their own ingenuity with their constant impositions on his good-nature, and ascribing every thing which they obtained of him to their own superior cunning and pówer of over-reaching him.

When I had enjoyed this scene till I was weary of it, I was resolved to work myself another satisfaction out of it, by tormenting the man I hate. I accordingly communicated the secret to Axylus, and gave him almost demonstration of the truth of what I told him. He answered with a smile, he hoped I was mistaken; but if not, he was answerable for the means only, and not for the end; and the very same day did a new favour to one of the family.

I will conclude by telling you, that it was I who sent him the trial of Miss Blandy to vex him, and I hope you will print this letter, that he may have the plague of guessing at me, for I am sure he will

guess wrong, and, perhaps may fix on one of his best friends; which will be doing him a very great injury, and will, consequently give great pleasure to,

Sir, yours,

IAGO.

I cannot dismiss this letter without observing, that if there really be such a person as this writer describes himself, the possession of his own bad mind is a worse curse to him than he himself will ever be able to inflict on the happy Axylus.

N° 23. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1752.

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,
Εἷς Βασιλεὺς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
Σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλεύῃ.

HOMER.

---------- Here is not allow'd,
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway:
His are the laws, and him let all obey. POPE.

THOUGH of the three forms of government acknowledged in the schools all have been very warmly opposed, and as warmly defended; yet, in this point, the different advocates will, I believe, very readily agree, that there is not one of the three which is not greatly to be preferred to a total anarchy; a state in which there is no subordination, no lawful power, and no settled government;

but where every man is at liberty to act in whatever manner it pleaseth him best.

As this is in reality a most deplorable state, I have long lamented, with great anguish of heart, that it is at present the case of a very large body of people in this kingdom. An assertion which, as it may surprise most of my readers, I will make haste to explain, by declaring, that I mean the fraternity of the quill; that body of men to whom the public assign the name of authors.

However absurd politicians may have been pleased to represent the *imperium in imperio*, it will here, I doubt not, be found on a strict examination to be extremely necessary. The commonwealth of literature being, indeed, totally distinct from the greater commonwealth, and no more dependent upon it, than the kingdom of England is on that of France. Of this our legislature seems to have been at all times sensible, as they have never attempted any provision for the regulation or correction of this body. In one instance, it is true, there are (I should rather, I believe, say there were) some laws to restrain them; for writers, if I am not mistaken, have been formerly punished for blasphemy against God, and libels against the government; nay, I have been told, that to slander the reputation of private persons, was once thought unlawful here as well as among the Romans, who, as Horace tells us, had a severe law for this purpose.

In promulging these laws (whatever may be the reason of suffering them to grow obsolete) the state seems to have acted very wisely; as such kind of writings are really of most mischievous consequence to the public; but, alas! there are many abuses, many horrid evils, daily springing up in the commonwealth of literature, which ap-

pear to affect only that commonwealth, at least immediately, of which none of the political legislators have ever taken any notice; nor hath any civil court of judicature ever pretended to any cognizance of them. Nonsense and dulness are no crimes in *foro civili:* no man can be questioned for bad verses in Westminster-hall; and amongst the many indictments for battery, not one can be produced for breaking poor Priscian's head, though it is done almost every day.

But though immediately, as I have said, these evils do not affect the greater commonwealth; yet as they tend to the utter ruin of the lesser, so they have a remote evil consequence, even on the state itself; which seems, by having left them unprovided for, to have remitted them, for the sake of convenience, to the government of laws, and to the superintendence of magistrates of this lesser commonwealth; and never to have foreseen or suspected that dreadful state of anarchy, which at present prevails in this lesser empire; an empire which hath formerly made so great a figure in this kingdom, and that, indeed, almost within our own memories.

It may appear strange, that none of our English historians have spoken clearly and distinctly of this lesser empire; but this may be well accounted for, when we consider that all these histories have been written by two sorts of persons; that is to say, either politicians or lawyers. Now the former of these have had their imaginations so entirely filled with the affairs of the greater empire, that it is no wonder the business of the lesser should have totally escaped their observation. And as to the lawyers, they are well known to have been very little acquainted with the commonwealth of literature, and

to have always acted and written in defiance to its laws.

From these reasons it is very difficult to fix, with certainty, the exact period when this commonwealth first began among us. Indeed, if the originals of all the greater empires upon earth, and even of our own, be wrapped in such obscurity that they elude the inquiries of the most diligent sifters of antiquity, we cannot be surprised that this fate should attend our little empire opposed as it hath been by the pen of the lawyer, overlooked by the eye of the historian, and never once smelt after by the nose of the antiquary.

In the earliest ages, the literary state seems to have been an ecclesiastical democracy; for the clergy are then said to have had all the learning among them; and the great reverence paid at that time to it by the laity, appears from hence, that whoever could prove in a court of justice that he belonged to this state, by only reading a single verse in the Testament, was vested with the highest privileges, and might do almost what he pleased; even commit murder with impunity. And this privilege was called the benefit of the clergy.

This commonwealth, however, can scarce be said to have been in any flourishing state of old time, even among the clergy themselves; inasmuch as we are told, that a rector of a parish going to law with his parishioners, about paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter, *Paveant illi, non paveam ego.* Which he construed thus: 'They are to pave the church, 'and not I.' And this by a judge, who was likewise an ecclesiastic, was allowed to be very good law.

The nobility had clearly no ancient connection

with this commonwealth, nor would submit to be bound by any of its laws, witness that provision in an old act of parliament: 'That a nobleman shall 'be entitled to the benefit of his clergy (the pri-'vilege above-mentioned) even though he cannot 'read.' Nay, the whole body of the laity, though they gave such honours to this commonwealth, appear to have been very few of them under its jurisdiction; as appears by a law cited by Judge Rolls in his Abridgment, with the reason which he gives for it: 'The command of the sheriff,' says this writer, 'to his officer, by word of 'mouth, and without writing, is good; for it 'may be, that neither the sheriff nor his officer can 'write or read.'

But not to dwell on these obscure times, when so very little authentic can be found concerning this commonwealth, let us come at once to the days of Henry the Eighth, when no less a revolution happened in the lesser than in the greater empire; for the literary government became absolute, together with the political, in the hands of one and the same monarch; who was himself a writer, and dictated not only law, but common sense too, to all his people; suffering no one to write or speak, but according to his own will and pleasure.

After this King's demise, the literary commonwealth was again separated from the political; for I do not find that his successor on the greater throne, succeeded him likewise in the lesser. Nor did either of the two Queens, as I can learn, pretend to any authority in this empire, in which the Salique law hath universally prevailed; for though there have been some considerable subjects of the female sex in the literary commonwealth, I never remember to have read of a Queen.

It is not easy to say with any great exactness, what form of government was preserved in this commonwealth, during the reigns of Edward VI. queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth; for though there were some great men in those times, none of them seemed to have affected the throne of wit: nay, Shakspeare, who flourished in the latter end of the last reign, and who seemed so justly qualified to enjoy this crown, never thought of challenging it.

In the reign of James I. the literary government was an aristocracy, for I do not choose to give it the evil name of oligarchy, though it consisted only of four, namely, Master William Shakspeare, Master Benjamin Jonson, Master John Fletcher, and Master Francis Beaumont. This quadrumvirate, as they introduced a new form of government, thought proper, according to Machiavel's advice, to introduce new names; they therefore called themselves *The Wits*, a name which hath been affected since by the reigning monarchs in this empire.

The last of this quadrumvirate enjoyed the government alone, during his life; after which the troubles that shortly after ensued, involved this lesser commonwealth in all the confusion and ruin of the greater, nor can any thing be found of it with sufficient certainty, till the *Wits*, in the reign of Charles the Second, after many struggles among themselves for superiority, at last agreed to elect John Dryden to be their king.

This king John had a very long reign, though a very unquiet one; for there were several pretenders to the throne of wit in his time, who formed very considerable parties against him, and gave him great uneasiness, of which his successor hath made mention in the following lines:

Pride, folly, malice, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus.

Besides which, his finances were in such disorder, that it is affirmed, his treasury was more than once entirely empty.

He died, nevertheless, in a good old age, possessed of the kingdom of wit, and was succeeded by king Alexander, surnamed Pope.

This prince enjoyed the crown many years, and is thought to have stretched the prerogative much farther than his predecessor: he is said to have been extremely jealous of the affections of his subjects, and to have employed various spies, by whom, if he was informed of the least suggestion against his title, he never failed of branding the accused person with the word *dunce* on his forehead in broad letters; after which the unhappy culprit was obliged to lay by his pen for ever; for no bookseller would venture to print a word that he wrote.

He did indeed put a total restraint on the liberty of the press; for no person durst read any thing which was writ without his licence and approbation; and this licence he granted only to four during his reign, namely, to the celebrated Dr. Swift, to the ingenious Dr. Young, to Dr. Arbuthnot, and to one Mr. Gay, four of his principal courtiers and favourites.

But without diving any deeper into his character, we must allow that king Alexander had great merit as a writer, and his title to the kingdom of wit, was better founded at least than his enemies have pretended.

After the demise of king Alexander, the literary state relapsed again into democracy, or rather in-

deed, into downright anarchy; of which, as well as of the consequences, I shall treat in a future paper.

N° 24. TUESDAY, March 24, 1752.

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum. Hor.

Trifling pursuits true wisdom casts away;
And leaves to children all their childish play.

The mind of man is compared by Montaigne to a fertile field, which, though it be left entirely uncultivated, still retains all its genial powers; but instead of producing any thing lovely or profitable, sends forth only weeds and wild herbs of various kinds, which serve to no use or emolument whatsoever.

The human mind is, indeed, of too active a nature to content itself with a state of perfect rest or sloth. There are few men such arrant stocks or stones as to be always satisfied with idleness, or to come up to that description in Lucretius:

Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivo, atque videnti,
Qui somno partem majorem conterit ævi,
Et vigilans stertit.

St. Paul describes these men better, when, writing to the Thessalonians, he says, some of them are μηδὲν ἐργαζόμενοι, ἀλλὰ περιεργαζόμενοι: 'Doing no work, but busying themselves in impertinence.' Or, as the Latin author expresses the same sentiment; *Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens*: 'Puffing and sweating to no pur-

'pose; employed about many things, and doing 'nothing.'

The original of diversions is certainly owing to this active temper; for to what purpose were they calculated, but as the very word in our language implies to cast off idleness? than which, to the generality of mankind, there is not, I believe, a much heavier burthen.

But if we look a little deeper into this matter, we shall find, that there is implanted in our nature a great love of business, and an equal abhorrence of idleness. This discovers itself very early in children; most of whom, as I have observed, are never better pleased, than when they are employed by their elders.

The same disposition we may perceive in men, in those particularly to whom fortune hath made business unnecessary, and whom nature very plainly appears never to have designed for any. And yet, how common is it to see these men playing at business, if I may use the expression, and pleasing themselves all their lives with the imagination that they are not idle?

From this busy temper may be derived almost all the works with which great men have obliged the world. Hence it was that the great artifex, Nero, arrived at so great skill, as he himself tells us he did, in music; to which he applied with such unwearied industry on the stage, that several persons counterfeited death, in order to be carried out of the theatre from hearing him; for it would have been very unsafe for the *town* of Rome to damn his performances.

If Domitian had not been of a busy, as well as a cruel temper, he would never have employed so many hours in the ingenious employment of fly-

spitting, which he is supposed to have brought to the highest degree of perfection of which the art is capable. Hence it is, so many industrious critics have spent their lives in all such reading as was never read, as Mr. Pope hath it; witness the laborious and all-read Dr. Zachary Grey, who, to compile those wonderful notes to his Hudibras, must have ransacked not only all the stalls, but all the trunks and band-boxes in the world.

Didymus, the grammarian, was another labourer of this kind. Seneca tells us, 'that he writ four 'thousand books; in some of which he inquires 'into the country of Homer; in others, who was 'the true mother of Æneas; whether Anacreon 'loved wenching or drinking most; whether Sap-'pho was a common prostitute;' with other such learning, with which, if you had already stuffed your head, your study ought to be, how to get it out again.

Tiberius, wise as he was in policy, had a great inclination to this king of knowledge. 'He pur-'sued it,' says Suetonius, '*usque ad ineptias et* '*derisum*, &c. to a degree of folly and ridicule; for 'he used to ask the grammarians, of whose com-'pany he was very fond, such kind of questions 'as these: Who was the mother of Hecuba? 'By what name Achilles passed among the daugh-'ters of Lycomedes? What songs the Syrens used 'to sing? &c.'

Cardinal Chigi, who was afterwards Pope Alexander the Seventh, was a genius of this kind. He proclaimed a public prize for that learned man who could find a Latin word for the word Chaise. He likewise spent seven or eight days in searching whether Musca, a fly, came from Mosco, or Mosco from Musca. De Retz, from whose memoirs I

have taken this story, says, That he had formerly discovered that the cardinal was *Homme de minutiis*; for that the said cardinal, in a discourse on the studies of his youth, had told De Retz, that he had writ two years with the same pen.

I cannot omit the excellent remark of my author, though not to my present purpose. 'It is 'true,' says he, 'this is but a trifle; but I have 'often observed, that little things afford us truer 'symptoms of the dispositions of men, than great 'ones.'

What, but the utmost impatience of idleness, could prompt men to employ great pains and trouble, and expence too, in making large collections of butterflies, pebbles, and such other wonderful productions; while others, from the same impatience, have been no less busy in hunting after monsters of every kind, as if they were at enmity with Nature, and desirous of exposing all her errors.

The Greeks have a word for this industry. They call it Κενοσπουδία; and oftener Πολυπραγμοσύνη. Neither of which words I can translate without a periphrasis. By both is meant a vain curiosity and diligence in trifles.

I make no doubt, but that the same industry would often make a man of a moderate capacity a very competent master of some notable science, which hath made him a proficient in some contemptible art, or rather knack. The dexterous juggler might have made a complete mechanic. The same labour, and, perhaps, the same genius, which brings a man to a perfection at the game of chess, would make a great proficiency in the mathematics. Many a beau might have been a scholar, if he had consulted books with the same at-

tention with which he hath consulted a looking-glass; and many a fox-hunter might, to his great honour, have pursued the enemies of his country with less labour and with less danger than he hath encountered in the pursuit of foxes.

I am almost inclined to think, that if a complete history could be compiled of the eminent works of the Κενόσπουδοι, the triflers, it would manifestly appear, that more labour and pains, more time (I had almost said, more genius) have been employed in the service of folly, than have been employed by the greatest men in inventing and perfecting the most erudite and consummate works of art or wisdom.

I will conclude this paper with a passage from the excellent and truly learned doctor Barrow, which gives a very serious, but very just turn to this subject.

'*Aliud agere*, to be impertinently busy, doing 'that which conduceth to no good purpose, is in 'some respect worse than to do nothing, or to 'forbear all action; for it is a positive abuse of 'our faculties, and trifling with God's gifts; it is 'throwing away labour and care, things valuable 'in themselves; it is often a running out of the 'way, which is worse than standing still; it is a 'debasing our reason, and declining from our 'manhood; nothing being more foolish or childish, 'than to be solicitous and serious about trifles; 'for who are more busy and active than children? 'Who are fuller of thoughts and designs, or more 'eager in prosecution of them than they? But all 'is about ridiculous toys, the shadows of business, 'suggested to them by apish curiosity and imi'tation. Of such industry we may understand 'that of the preacher, "The labour of the foolish

"wearieth every one of them;" for that a man 'soon will be weary of that labour which yieldeth 'no profit or beneficial return.

N° 33. SATURDAY, April 23, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgus. Hor.

I hate profane rascals.

SIR,

In this very learned and enlightened age, in which authors are almost as numerous as booksellers, I doubt not but your correspondents furnish you with a sufficient quantity of waste paper. I perhaps may add to the heap; for as men do not always know the motive of their own actions, I may possibly be induced, by the same sort of vanity as other puny authors have been, to desire to be in print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my judge, and if you should not think proper to take any notice of the hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude, that I am an impertinent correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial critic. In my own defence, however, I must say, that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary abilities employed in the support of His honour and religion, who has so bountifully bestowed them. It is for this reason that I wish you would take some notice of the character, or rather story, here sent you. In my travels westward last summer, I lay at an inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant situation, and the obliging behaviour of the landlord, who, though a downright rustic, had an

aukward sort of politeness, arising from his good-nature, that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, was a sort of good-breeding undressed. As I intended to make a pretty long journey the next day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious luminary the sun set out on his course, which, by the bye, is one of the finest sights the eye can behold; and as it is a thing seldom seen by people of fashion, unless it be at the theatre at Covent-Garden, I could not help laying some stress upon it here. The kitchen in this inn was a very pleasant room; I therefore called for some tea, sat me in the window, that I might enjoy the prospect which the country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the power of imagination to frame. This house was situated on the top of a hill; and for two miles below, its meadows enlivened with variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight. At the bottom of this vale ran a river, which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle. The eye was next presented with fields of corn that made a kind of an ascent, which was terminated by a wood, at the top of which appeared a verdant hill, situate as it were in the clouds, where the sun was just arrived, and peeping o'er the summit, which was at this time covered with dew, gilded it over with his rays, and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me, filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with such pleasing meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this state of joyous tranquillity was not of long duration: I had scarce begun my breakfast, when my ears were saluted with a genteel whistle, and the noise

of a pair of slippers descending the staircase; and soon after I beheld a contrast to my former prospect, being a very beauish gentleman, with a huge laced hat on, as big as Pistol's in the play; a wig somewhat dishevelled, and a face, which at once gave you a perfect idea of emptiness, assurance, and intemperance. His eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixed on me with a stare, which testified surprize, and his coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand gold-laced waistcoat. In one hand, he had a pair of saddle-bags, and in the other a hanger of mighty size, both of which, with a graceful G—d d—n you, he placed upon a chair. Then advancing towards the landlord, who was standing by me, he said, 'By G—, landlord, your wine is damnable 'strong.' 'I don't know,' replied the landlord; 'it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it 'all from London.' 'Pray, who is your wine-'merchant?' says the man of importance. 'A 'very great man,' says the landlord, 'in his way; 'perhaps you may know him, sir; his name is 'Kirby.' 'Ah? what honest Tom; he and I 'have cracked many a bottle of claret together; 'he is one of the most considerable merchants in 'the city; the dog is hellish poor, damnable poor; 'for I don't suppose he is worth a farthing more 'than a hundred thousand pound; only a plumb, 'that's all; he is to be our lord-mayor next year.' 'I ask pardon, sir, that is not the man, for our 'Mr. Kirby's name is not Thomas, but Richard.' 'Ay!' says the gentleman, 'that's his brother; 'they are partners together.' 'I believe,' says the landlord, 'you are out, sir, for that gentleman 'has no brother,' 'D—n your nonsense, with 'you and your outs,' says the beau, 'as if I should 'not know better than you country puts; I who

'have lived in London all my life-time.' 'I ask 'a thousand pardons,' says the landlord, 'I hope 'no offence, sir.' 'No, no,' cries the other, 'we 'gentlemen know how to make allowance for 'your country-breeding.' Then stepping to the kitchen-door, with an audible voice he called the ostler, said, 'D—n your blood, you cock-ey'd 'son of a bitch, bring me my boots; did not you 'hear me call?' Then turning to the landlord, said, 'Faith! that Mr. What-de-callum, the excise-'man, is a damn'd jolly fellow.' 'Yes, sir,' says the landlord, 'he is a merryish sort of a man.' 'But,' says the gentleman, 'as for that school-'master, he is the queerest bitch I ever saw; he 'looks as if he could not say boh to a goose.' 'I 'don't know, sir,' says the landlord, 'he is reck-'oned to be a desperate good scollard about us, 'and the gentry likes him vastly, for he under-'stands the measurement of land and timber, 'knows how to make dials and such things; and 'for cyphering, few can out-do'en.' 'Ay!' says the gentleman, 'he does look like a cypher in-'deed; for he did not speak three words all last 'night.' The ostler now produced the boots, which the gentleman taking in his hand, and having placed himself in the chair, addressed in the following speech: 'My good friends, Mr. 'Boots, I tell you plainly, that if you plague me 'so damnably as you did yesterday morning, by 'G— I'll commit you to the flames; stap my 'vituals, as my lord Huntingdon says in the play:' he then looked full in my face, and asked the landlord, if he had ever been at Drury-Lane playhouse? which he answered in the negative. 'What,' says he, 'did you never hear talk of Mr. Garrick 'and king Richard?' 'No, sir,' says the land-lord. 'By G—,' says the gentleman 'he is the

'cleverest fellow in England;' he then spouted a speech out of king Richard, which begins, Give me an horse, &c. 'There,' says he, 'that, 'that is just like Mr. Garrick.' Having pleased himself vastly with this performance, he shook the landlord by the hand with great good-humour, and said, 'By G— you seem to be an honest fellow, 'and good blood; if you'll come and see me in 'London, I'll give you your skinful of wine, 'and treat you with a play and a whore every 'night you stay. I'll shew you how it is to live, 'my boy. But here, bring me some paper, my 'girl; come, let us have one of your love-letters 'to air my boots.' Upon which, the landlord presented him with a piece of an old news-paper, 'D—n you,' says the gent. 'this is not half enough: 'have you never a Bible or Common-prayer-book 'in the house? Half a dozen chapters of Genesis, 'with a few prayers, make an excellent fire in a 'pair of boots.' 'Oh! Lord forgive you,' says the landlord, 'sure you would not burn such books 'as those.' 'No!' cries the spark, 'where was 'you born; go into a shop of London, and buy 'some butter, or a quartern of tea, and then you'll 'see what use is made of these books.' 'Ay!' says the landlord, 'we have a saying here in our 'country, that 'tis as sure as the devil is in Lon-'don, and if he was not there, they could not be 'so wicked as they be.' Here a country fellow who had been standing up in one corner of the kitchen, eating of cold bacon and beans, and who, I observed, trembled at every oath this spark swore, took his dish and pot, and marched out of the kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learned, that the house would fall down about his ears, for he was sure, he said. 'That man in the gold-laced 'hat was the devil.' The young spark having

now displayed all his wit and humour, and exerted his talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my favour, and convinced me he was a gentleman. He therefore with an air addressed himself to me, and asked me, which way I was travelling? To which I gave him no answer. He then exalted his voice; but at my continuing silent, he asked the landlord if I was deaf? Upon which the landlord told him, he did not believe the gentleman was dunch, for that he talked very well just now. The man of wit whispered in the landlord's ear, and said, 'I suppose he is either a parson or a fool.' He then drank a dram, observing that a man should not cool too fast; paid sixpence more than his reckoning, called for his horse, gave the ostler a shilling, and galloped out of the inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever fellow, and a man of great importance. The landlord smiling, took up his money, and said he was a comical gentleman, but that it was a thousand pities he swore so much; if it was not for that, he was a very good customer, and as generous as a prince, for that the night before, he had treated every body in the house. I then asked him, if he knew that comical gentleman as he called him? 'No really, sir,' said the landlord, 'though a gentleman was saying last night, 'that he was a sort of rider, or rideout, to a linen-'draper at London.' This, Mr. Censor, I have since found to be true; for having occasion to buy some cloth, I went last week into a linen-draper's shop, in which I found a young fellow, whose decent behaviour, and plain dress, shewed he was a tradesman. Upon looking full in his face, I thought I had seen it before, nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that

this was the same beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The difference in the same man in London, where he was known, and in the country where he was a stranger, was beyond expression; and was it not impertinent to make observations to you, I could enlarge upon this sort of behaviour; for I am firmly of opinion, that there is neither spirit nor good sense in oaths, nor any wit or humour in blasphemy. But as vulgar errors require an abler pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that task to you, and am, sir,

Your humble servant,

R. S.

N° 34. TUESDAY, April 28, 1752.

Natio comœda est. JUVENAL.

We are a nation of players.

It is the advice of Solomon, to train up a child in the way he shall go; and this, in the opinion of Quintilian, can never be undertaken too early. He, indeed, begins his institution even with the very nurse.

The wise man here, very plainly supposes a previous determination in the parent in what way he intends his child shall go; for without having fixed this with certainty, it will be impossible for any man to fulfil the precept.

Now all the ways of life in which, in this country, men walk themselves, and in which they so manifestly intend to train their children, seem to me to be reducible to two; *viz.* the way of

spending an estate, and the way of getting one. These may, indeed, in this sense, be called the two great high roads in this kingdom.

As to the former, it is much the less beaten and frequented track, as it requires a certain viaticum obvious to the reader, which is not in the possession of every one; in this way, therefore, the eldest sons of great families, and heirs of great estates, can only be trained. The methods of training here, are no more than twofold, both very easy and apposite; it is therefore no wonder that they are both pursued with very little deviation by almost every parent. The one, which is universally practised in the country, contains very few rules, and these extremely simple; such as drinking, racing, cock-fighting, hunting, with other rural exercises. The other, which is proper to the town, and indeed, to the higher people, is somewhat more complex, This includes dancing, fencing, whoring, gaming, travelling, dressing, French connoisseurship, and perhaps two or three other less material articles.

But the great and difficult point is that of training youth in the other great road, namely in the way to get an estate. Here, as in our journey over vast and wide plains, the many different tracks are apt to beget uncertainty and confusion, and we are often extremely puzzled which of these to choose for ourselves, and which to recommend to our children.

The most beaten tracks in this road are those of the professions, such as the church, the law, the army, &c. In some one of these, the younger children of the nobility and gentry have usually been trained, often with very ill success; arising sometimes from a partial opinion of the talents of the child; and more often from flattering ourselves

with hopes of more interest with the great than we have really had.

To all these professions many things may be objected, as we shall presently see, when we compare them with the path in life, which I am about to recommend to my reader, and which we shall find clear from most of the objections that may be raised against any other.

Without farther preface, the way of life which I mean to recommend, is that of the stage, in which I shall hope for the future to see several of our young nobility and gentry trained up, and particularly those of the most promising parts.

In the first place then, the stage at present promises a much better provision than any of the professions; for though perhaps it is true that there are in the church, the law, the state, the army, &c. some few posts which yield the professors greater profit than is to be acquired on the stage; yet these bear no proportion to the infinite numbers who are trained in the several professions, and who almost literally starve. The income of an actor of any rank, is from six to twelve hundred a year; whereas, that of two-thirds of the gentlemen of the army is considerably under one hundred; the income of nine-tenths of the clergy is less than fifty pounds a year; and the profits in the law, to ninety-nine in a hundred, amount not to a single shilling.

And as for those few posts of great emolument, upon which we all cast our eyes, as the adventures in a lottery do on the few great prizes, if we impartially examine our own abilities, how few of us shall dare to aspire so high? whereas on the stage, scarce any abilities are required, and we see men, whom nobody allows to deserve the name of

actors, enjoying salaries of three, four, and five hundred a year.

Again, if we consider the great pains and time, the head-achs, and the heart-achs, which lead up to the top of either the army or the law:

> *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,*
> *Multa tulit, fecitque puer;*

This consideration will sufficiently discourage our attempts, especially when, on the other hand, we may on the stage leap all at once into eminence; and if we expect no more than four or five hundred pounds for the first year of our acting, our demands will be thought modest.

And farther, in any of the professions all our abilities will be thrown away, and all our time and labour lost, unless we have other ingredients to recommend us. Unless we have some powerful friend or relation, or some beautiful wife or sister, we shall never procure an opportunity of shewing the world what we are; whereas to the stage no interest is necessary to introduce you. The publishing the name of a gentleman who never acted before in the play-bills, will fill the house as surely as if he proposed to get into a bottle, and no manager is ashamed of putting you at first into any of his principal parts.

And if we view this in the light of ambition, the stage will have no less advantage over the professions. To personate a great character three hours in the twenty-four, is a matter of more consequence than it is generally esteemed. The world itself is commonly called a stage; and in the eye of the greatest philosophers, the actions in both appear to be equally real, and of equal consequence. Where then is the mighty difference be-

tween personating a great man on the great theatre, or on the less? In both cases we often assume that character when it doth not really belong to us, and a very indifferent player acts it sometimes better than his right honourable brother, and with ten thousand times the applause.

It was not therefore without reason that our worthy Laureat, in the excellent apology for his life, gave thanks to Providence that he did not in his youth betake himself either to the gown or the sword. Wise, indeed, as well as happy was his choice, as many of his contemporaries, whose ill stars led them to the way of those professions, had the question been put to them on their death-bed, must have acknowledged. How many of these his contemporaries who have professed the laws or religion of their country; how many others who have fought its battles, after an obscure and wretched life of want and misery, have bequeathed their families to the stalls and the streets?

That the reverse hath been the fate of this gentleman I need not mention, and am pleased to think. And yet in the days of his acting, nothing like to the present encouragement was given on the stage. Mrs. Oldfield herself (as I have been informed) had not half the theatrical income of our present principal actresses. To what greater height it may rise I know not; but from the present flourishing condition of the stage, and from the proportionable decline of the learned professions, I think it may be prophesied, that it will be as common hereafter to say, that such a particular estate was got by the stage, as it was formerly to see great houses rise by the law.

N° 35. SATURDAY, May 2, 1752.

Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας.
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφὸς,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες·
Πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτόν. ANACREON.

[See the translation afterwards.]

TO SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

SIR, Bedlam, April 1, 1752.

I MAKE no question but before you have read half through my letter you will be surprised at its being dated as above; and may perhaps agree with the conclusion which I have made long ago, that this place is set apart by the English for the confinement of all those who have more sense than the rest of their countrymen.

However that be, I shall begin by telling you very bluntly, that if you really intend to bring about any reformation in this kingdom, you will certainly miss your end, and for this simple reason, because you are absolutely mistaken in the means.

Physicians affirm, that before any vicious habits can be repaired in the natural constitution, it is necessary to know and to remove their cause. The same holds true in the political. Without this, in both instances we may possibly patch up and palliate, but never can effectually cure.

Now, sir, give me leave to say, you do not appear to me to have in the least guessed at the true source of all our political evils, neither do you seem to be in any likelihood of ever acquiring even a glimpse of any such knowledge. It is no

wonder therefore, that, instead of pursuing the true method of cure, you should more than once, in the course of your lucubrations, have thrown out hints which would actually tend to heighten the disease.

Know then, sir, that it is I alone who have penetrated to the very bottom of all the evil. With infinite pains and study I have discovered the certain cause of all that national corruption, luxury, and immorality, which have polluted our morals; and of consequence it is I alone who am capable of prescribing the cure.

But when I lay this sole claim to such discovery, I would be understood to have respect only to the moderns. To the philosophers among the antients, and to some of their poets, I am well apprised that this invaluable secret was well known, as I could prove by numberless quotations. It occurs indeed, so very often in their works, that I am not a little surprised how it came to escape the observation of a gentleman who seems to have been so conversant with those illustrious lamps of real knowledge and learning.

Without farther preface then, what is the true fountain of that complication of political diseases which infests this nation, but money? Money! which, as the Greek poet says in my motto, 'May 'he perish that first invented; for this it is which 'destroys the relation of brother and of parent, 'and which introduces wars and every kind of 'bloodshed into the world.'

If this be granted, as it surely must, where is the remedy? Is it not to remove the fatal cause, by extirpating this poisonous metal, this Pandora's box, out of the nation.

But though the advantages arising from this abolition, are in my opinion, extremely self-evi-

dent; yet as they may possibly not strike with equal force upon the minds of others, since no man hath in my memory given the least obscure hint of such a project, I shall mention some few of the greatest; and to avoid a common place of those authors I have above mentioned, I shall confine myself to such instances as particularly affect this country.

First then, it would effectually put an end to all that corruption which every man almost complains of, and of which every man almost partakes; for by these means those contentions which have begun and continued this corruption, and which always will continue it, will immediately subside. The struggle will be then, not who shall serve their country in great and difficult posts and employments; but who shall be excused from serving it; and the people being left to themselves, will always fix upon the most capable, who, by the fundamental laws of our constitution, will be compelled to enter into their service. Thus a certain method called election, which is of very singular use in a nation of freedom, will be again revived; otherwise it may possibly sink only to a name.

For though I admit it possible, that bare ambition may incite some persons to attempt employments for which they are utterly unfit, yet the very powers of bribery would be thus taken away, or would be rendered so public, that it would then be easily within the power of law to suppress it: for no man could distribute a herd of cattle, or a flock of sheep in private.

Secondly, this method would effectually put a stop to luxury, or would reduce it to that which was the luxury of our ancestors, and which may more properly be called hospitality.

Thirdly, it would be of the highest advantage

to trade, for it would prevent our dealing any longer with those blood-sucking nations, who take not our own commodities in barter for theirs. This kind of traffic, I might perhaps be expected to speak more favourably of, as it so plainly tends to remove the evil of which I complain, and in process of time would possibly effect that excellent purpose. But I must observe, that however advantageous the end may be, the means are not so adviseable; nay, if we suffer any money to remain among us, I think there may be good reasons shewed, why we should retain as much as we can. It is often, indeed, mischievous to do that by halves, which it would be highly useful to do effectually; for this must certainly be allowed, that while money is permitted to be the representative of all things, as it is at present, none but a nation of idiots would constantly put it into the hands of their enemies.

Fourthly, it would restore certain excellent things, such as piety, virtue, honour, goodness, learning, &c. all which are totally abolished by money; or so counterfeited by it, that no one can tell the true from the false; the word rich, indeed, is at present considered to signify them all; but of this enough may be found in the old philosophers and poets, whom I have before mentioned.

Again, how desirous would the lawyers be to put a speedy end to a suit, or the physical people to a disease, if once my scheme should take place? It may be said, indeed, that they would then carry away men's goods and chattels, as they do now from those who have no money; but I answer, that this is done in order to convert them into money; for otherwise they would hardly admit the ragged and lousy bed of a poor wretch into their houses.

For the same reason my scheme would effectually put an end to all robberies; a matter which seems so much to puzzle the legislature: for though our goods are sometimes stolen as well as our money, yet the former are only taken in order to convert them into the latter. It is not the use, but the value of a watch, snuff-box, or ring, that is considered by the robber, who always thinks with Hudibras,

> What is the worth of any thing,
> But so much money as t'will bring?

I shall add but one particular more; which is, that my scheme would most certainly provide for the poor, and that by an infallible (perhaps the only infallible) method, by removing the rich. Where there are no rich, there will of consequence be found no poor; for Providence hath in a wonderful manner provided in every country a plentiful subsistence for all its inhabitants; and where none abound, none can want.

Having long meditated on this excellent scheme, so long that, if you will believe some people, I have cracked my brain, I was resolved to acquit myself, and to shew by way of example, how fully I was convinced of the truth of my principles. I therefore converted an estate of three hundred pounds a-year into money; of this I put a competent sum in my pocket, and took my next heir with me upon the Thames, where I began to unload my pockets into the water. But I had scarce discharged three handfuls, before my heir seized me, and with the assistance of the waterman, conveyed me back to shore. I was for a day secured in an apartment of my own house; and thence the next morning, by a conspiracy among my relations, brought hither, where I am like to

remain, till the rest of mankind return to their senses.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
MISARGURUS.

N° 37. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1752.

Scilicet in vulgus manent exempla regentum.
CLAUDIAN.
The creatures will endeavour to ape their betters.

THERE are many phrases that custom renders familiar to our ears, which, when looked into, and closely examined, will appear extremely strange, and of which it must greatly puzzle a very learned etymologist to account for the original.

Of this sort is the term, *People of Fashion.* An expression of such very common use, and so universally understood, that it is entirely needless to set down here what is meant by it; but how it first acquired its present meaning, and became a title of honour and distinction, is a point, I apprehend, of no small difficulty to determine.

I have on this occasion consulted several of my friends who are well skilled in etymology. One of these traces the word Fashion through the French language up to the Latin. He brings it from the verb *facio,* which, among other things, signifies *to do.* Hence he supposes *People of Fashion,* according to the old derivation of *lucus à non lucendo,* to be spoken of those who do nothing. But this is too general, and would include all the beggars in the nation.

Another carries the original no farther than the French word *Facon,* which is often used to signify

affectation. This likewise will extend too far, and will comprehend attornies' clerks, apprentices, milliners, mantua-makers, and an infinite number of the lower people.

A third will bring fashion from Φάσις. This in the genitive plural makes Φάσεων, which in English is the very word. According to him, by People of Fashion, are meant people whose essence consisteth in appearances, and who, while they seem to be something, are really nothing.

But though I am well apprised that much may be said to support this derivation, there is a fourth opinion, which, to speak in the proper language, hath yet a more smiling aspect. This supposes the word Fashion to be a corruption from Fascination, and that these people were formerly believed by the vulgar to be a kind of conjurors, and to possess a species of the black art.

In support of this opinion, my friend urges the use which these people have always made of the word Circle, and the pretence to be inclosed in a certain circle, like so many conjurors, and by such means to keep the vulgar at a distance from them.

To this purpose likewise he quotes the phrases, a polite circle, the circle of one's acquaintance, people that live within a certain circle, and many others. From all which he infers, that in those dark and ignorant ages, when conjurors were held in more estimation than they are at present, the credulous vulgar believed these people to be of the number, and consequently called them *People of Fascination*, which hath been since corrupted into *People of Fashion*.

However whimsical this opinion may seem, or however far-fetched the derivation may sound to those who have not much considered the barbarous

corruption of language, I must observe in its favour, how difficult it is, by any other method, to account not only for that odd phrase, People of Fashion; but likewise for that circle within which those people have always affected to live.

Even now, when conjurors have been long laughed out of the world, the pretence to the circle is nevertheless maintained, and within the circle the People of Fascination do actually insist upon living at this day.

It is moreover extremely pleasant to observe what wonderful care these people take to preserve their circle safe and inviolate, and with how jealous an eye they guard against any intrusion of those whom they are pleased to call the vulgar; who are on the other hand as vigilant to watch, and as active to improve every opportunity of invading this circle, and breaking into it.

Within the memory of many now living, the circle of the People of Fascination included the whole parish of Covent Garden, and great part of St. Giles's in the Fields; but here the enemy broke in, and the circle was presently contracted to Leicester-Fields and Golden-Square. Hence the People of Fashion again retreated before the foe to Hanover-Square; whence they were once more driven to Grosvenor-Square, and even beyond it, and that with such precipitation, that, had they not been stopped by the walls of Hyde-Park, it is more than probable they would by this time have arrived at Kensington.

In many other instances we may remark the same flight of these people, and the same pursuit of their enemies. They first contrived a certain vehicle called a hackney-coach, to avoid the approach of the foe in the open streets. Hence they were soon routed, and obliged to take shelter in

coaches of their own. Nor did this protect them long. The enemy likewise in great numbers mounted into the same armed vehicles *. The People of Fascination then betook themselves to chairs; in which their exempt privileges being again invaded, I am informed that several ladies of quality have bespoke a kind of couch somewhat like the Lectica of the Romans; in which they are next winter to be carried through the streets upon mens' shoulders.

The reader will be pleased to observe, that, besides the local circle which I have described above, there is an imaginary or figurative one, which is invaded by every imitation of the vulgar.

Thus those People of Fascination, or, if they like it better, of Fashion, who found it convenient to remain still in coaches, observing that several of the enemy had lately exhibited arms on their vehicles, by which means those ornaments became vulgar and common, immediately ordered their own arms to be blotted out, and a cypher substituted in their room; perhaps cunningly contrived to represent themselves instead of their ancestors.

Numberless are the devices made use of by the People of Fashion of both sexes, to avoid the pursuit of the vulgar, and to preserve the purity of the circle. Sometimes the perriwig covers the whole beau, and he peeps forth from the midst like an owl in an ivy-bush; at other times his ears stand up behind half a dozen hairs, and give you the idea of a different animal. Sometimes a large black bag, with wings spread as broad as a raven's, adorns his back; at other times, a little lank silk appears like a dead blackbird in his neck. To-day

* Rather coat of arms.

he borrows the tail of a rat, and to-morrow that of a monkey; for he will transform himself into the likeness of the vilest animal, to avoid the resemblance of his own species.

Nor are the ladies less watchful of the enemy's motions, or less anxious to avoid them. What hoods and hats, and caps and coifs, have fallen a sacrifice in this pursuit? Within my memory the ladies of the circle covered their lovely necks with a cloak; this being routed by the enemy, was exchanged for the manteel; this again was succeeded by the pelorine; the pelorine by the neckatee; the neckatee by the capuchine; which hath now stood its ground a long time, but not without various changes of colour, shape, ornaments, &c.

And here I must not pass by the many admirable arts made use of by these ladies, to deceive and dodge their imitators; when they are hunted out in any favourite mode, the method is to lay it by for a time, and then to resume it again all at once, when the enemy least expect it. Thus patches appear and disappear several times in a season. I have myself seen the enemy in the pit, with faces all over spotted like the leopard, when the circle in the boxes have, with a conscious triumph, displayed their native alabaster, without a simple blemish, though they had a few evenings before worn a thousand; within a month afterwards, the leopards have appeared in the boxes, to the great mortification of the fair faces in the pit.

In the same manner the ruff, after a long discontinuance, some time since began to revive in the circle, and advanced downwards, till it almost met the tucker. But no sooner did the enemy pursue, than it vanished all at once, and the boxes

became a collection of little hills of snow extremely delightful to the eyes of every beholder.

Of all the articles of distinction the hoop hath stood the longest, and with the most obstinate resistance. Instead of giving way, this, the more it hath been pushed, hath increased the more; till the enemy hath been compelled to give over the pursuit from mere necessity; it being found impossible to convey seven yards of hoop into a hackney-coach, or to slide with it behind a counter.

But as I have mentioned some of the arts of the circle, it would not be fair to be silent as to those of the enemy, among whom a certain citizen's wife distinguished herself very remarkably, and appeared long in the very top of the mode. It was at last, however, discovered, that she used a very unfair practice, and kept a private correspondence with one of those milliners who were entrusted with the secrets of the circle.

N° 42. TUESDAY, May 26, 1752.

——— *Me literulas stulti docuere parentes.* MART.

My father was a fool,
When he sent me to school.

MR. CENSOR,

IT hath been a common observation, 'That great 'scholars know nothing of the world.' The reason of this is not, as generally it is imagined, that the Greek and Latin languages have a natural tendency to vitiate the human understanding; but in solemn truth, gentlemen who obtain an early ac-

quaintance with the manners and customs of the antients, are too apt to form their ideas of their own times, on the patterns of ages which bear not the least resemblance to them. Hence they have fallen into the greatest errors and absurdities; and hence, I suppose, was derived the observation above mentioned.

Numberless are the instances which may be produced of these errors of the literati; so many indeed, that I have often thought there is no less difference between those notions of the world which are drawn from letters, and those which are drawn from men, than there is between the ideas of the human complexion which are conceived by one in perfect health and one in the jaundice.

Let us suppose a man, possessed of this jaundice of literature, conveyed into the levees of the great. What notion will he be likely to entertain of the several persons who compose that illustrious assembly, from their behaviour? How will he be puzzled when he is told that he hath before his eyes a number of freemen! How much more will he be amazed when he hears, that all the servility he there beholds arises only from an eager desire of peing permitted to serve the public?

Again, convey the same gentleman to a hunting-match, a horse-race, or any other meeting of patriots; will he not immediately conclude from all the roaring and ranting, the hallowing and huzzaing, the gaming and drinking, which he will there observe, that he is actually present at the orgia of Bacchus, or the celebration of some such festival? How then will he be astonished to find that he is in the company of a set of honest fellows, who are the guardians of liberty, and are actually getting drunk in the service of their country.

Introduce him next to a drum or a rout, and if the blaze of beauty doth not blind him to any other contemplation, how greatly superior will he think the British ladies to all those of Greece and Rome—at their needles? when he views all the exquisite decorations of art which set off the persons of his fair countrywomen, how will he despise all the compliments paid heretofore to the personages of the Greek and Roman ladies of quality, who claimed a preference over each other from their superior skill in handling their needles? But what must be his amazement, when he is assured, that not one of these ladies ever handled any such instrument; that all the ornaments of the best dressed woman there are owing to the handywork of others, and that the whole business of the lives of all present is only to toss about from the one to the other certain peices of painted paper, being a pastime common to grown persons and children; with this difference only, that the former play for the higher wagers!

What idea can we suppose such a person could conceive of the word Beau; and if he could have no adequate notion of the word, much less would he be able to obtain any such notion of the thing! should he behold a little dapper effeminate spark, carried through the sunshine in a soft machine by two labourers; his body dressed in all the tinsel which serves to trick up a harlot, and his hair appearing to have been decked by the same tirewoman with her's; would such a sight as this recall to the mind of our learned friend any image of a Greek and Roman soldier; or could he be easily persuaded, that the insect before his eyes was a military commander; in rank a centurion, or perhaps a tribune?

In one particular, and in one alone, it is possible

he might form a true judgment. The many eulogiums on the chastity of the ancient Spartan and Roman dames, and on the extraordinary modesty of their young females of rank, must give him a perfect idea of our present ladies of fashion.

With this single exception, I think I may aver, that a scholar, when he first comes to this town from the university, comes among a set of people, as entirely unknown to him, and of whom he hath no more heard or read, than if he was to be at once translated into one of the planets; the world in the town and that in the moon being equally strange to him, and equally unintelligible.

How wise therefore is the conduct of the present age, in laying aside that foolish custom of our ancestors, who used to throw away many of the most precious years of their sons' lives by confining them to schools and universities; where what they learnt, was so far from being of any use to them upon their coming into the world, as it is called, that it served only to puzzle and mislead them. They were indeed obliged to unlearn all that had been taught them, before they could acquire that useful knowledge mentioned in the beginning of my paper.

Whereas by the present method of bringing youth to town, about the age of fifteen or sixteen, and entering them immediately in those several schools, where the knowledge of the world is taught; such as the play-houses, gaming-houses, and bawdy-houses; a young gentleman of any tolerable docility, becomes at the age of eighteen, a perfect master of all the knowledge of the world at home; and it is then a proper time for him to set out on his travels into foreign parts, and to make himself acquainted with the world abroad.—This completes his education; and he returns

at one-and-twenty, a most accomplished fine gentleman; having visited all the principal courts of Europe, and become versed in all their fashions, at a season of life when our dull forefathers knew nothing of those foreign people but from history, nor even of their countries but from geography.

It was my misfortune, however, to have a father of the antique way of thinking; by which means, I lost the best part of my youth in turning over those books in which I have said there is little useful to be learned. I remember a passage out of Horace, who is the best of them, and who seems to be very particularly a favourite of yours. His words are these,

> *Vitæ summa brevis*
> *Spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*

Which may be thus rendered after your paraphrastical manner: 'The shortness of life affords no 'time for a tedious education.' How many indeed of my own acquaintance have I known to die of old age at twenty-five! so that by the antient method of educating our sons at schools and universities, a great part of them will be in danger of going out of the world before they know any thing of it.

> Life (says Mr. Pope) can little more supply,
> Than just to look about us, and to die.

Is it not therefore the duty of a father to give his son an opportunity of looking about him as soon as he can?

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
TOM TELLTRUTH.

N° 44. TUESDAY, June 2, 1752.

----O bone, ne te
Frustrere, insanis et tu.--- Hor.

My good friend, do not deceive thyself; for with all thy charity, thou also art a silly fellow.

I have in a former paper endeavoured to shew, that a rich man without charity is a rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult matter to prove, that he is also a fool. If a man, who doth not know his true interest, may be thought to deserve that appellation; in what light shall we behold a Christian, who neglects the cultivation of a virtue which is in Scripture said *to wash away his sins*, and without which all his other good deeds cannot render him acceptable in the sight of his Creator and Redeemer.

Even in this world, it is surely much too narrow a view to confine a man's interest merely to that which loads his coffers. To pursue that which is most capable of giving him happiness is indeed the interest of every man; and there are many who find great pleasure in emptying their purses with this view, to one who hath no other satisfaction than in filling it. Now what can give greater happiness to a good mind than the reflection on having relieved the misery, or contributed to the well-being, of his fellow-creature. It was a noble sentiment of the worthy Mr. Thomas Firmin, 'That to relieve the poor, and to provide work 'and subsistence for them, gave to him the same 'pleasure as magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, 'well-cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity

'of music and wine, or the charms of love and 'study, gave to others.' This is recorded in the life of a plain citizen of London, and it as well deserves to be quoted as any one apophthegm, that is to be found in all the works of Plutarch.

A Christian therefore, or a good man, though no Christian, who is void of charity, is ignorant of his own interest, and may with great propriety be called a silly fellow. Nay, if we will believe all the great writers whom I cited in my former paper, to which I might add Plato and many more, a mere human being who places all his happiness in selfish considerations, without any relative virtues, any regard to the good of others, is, in plain truth, a downright fool.

I have been encouraged to treat the want of charity with the more freedom, as I am certain of giving little offence to any of my readers by so doing. Charity is in fact the very characteristic of this nation at this time.—I believe we may challenge the whole world to parallel the examples which we have of late given of this sensible, this noble, this Christian virtue.

We cannot therefore surely be arraigned of folly, from the want of charity; but is our wisdom altogether as apparent in the manner of exerting it? I am afraid the true answer here would not be so much to our advantage. Are our private donations generally directed by our judgment to those who are the properest objects? Do not vanity, whim, and weakness, too often draw our purse-strings? Do we not sometimes give because it is the fashion, and sometimes because we cannot long resist importunity? May not our charity be often termed extravagance or folly; nay, is it not often vicious, and apparently tending to the increase and encouragement of idle and dissolute persons?

It would be almost endless to attempt to be particular on this head. I shall mention therefore only one instance, namely, the giving our money to common beggars. This kind of bounty is a crime against the public. It is assisting in the continuance and promotion of a nuisance. Our wise ancestors prohibited it by a law, which would probably have remained in force and use to this day, had not the legislature conceived, that, after the severe penalties which have been since inflicted on beggars, none would have the boldness to become such; and that, after the sufficient legal provision which hath been made for the poor, no persons would have so little regard either to common sense or to the public as to relieve them.

But instead of staying to argue with such people, I shall hasten to the other branch of charity, which is of a public nature; of which there are many species in this kingdom.

The origin of this kind of charity was no better than priestcraft and superstition. When men began to perceive the near approach of that great enemy of human nature who was to deprive them of all their ill-gotten possessions, and not only so, but might, as they apprehended, deliver them into the hands of an Almighty justice, to punish them for all those knavish arts by which these possessions were acquired; the priest stepped in, took advantage of the terrors of their consciences, and persuaded them, that by consigning over a great part (sometimes the whole) of their acquisitions to the use of the church, a pardon for all kind of villainy was sure to be obtained.

In this attempt the priest found but little difficulty when he had to do with a mind tainted with superstition, and weakened with disease; espe-

cially when he could back all his other arguments with one truth at least, namely,—Give us that *which you can by no possible means keep any longer yourself.*

Thus the unwilling will, as Dr. Barrow pleasantly calls it, was at last signed. The fruits of fraud and rapine were trusted to the use of the church, and the greatest rascals died very good saints, and their memories were consecrated to honour and good example.

How notably these attempts succeeded is well known to all who are versed either in our law or our history. So common was it for men to expiate their crimes in this manner; and to finish all their other robberies, by robbing their heirs; that had not the legislature often and stoutly interfered in crushing these superstitious (or as they were called charitable) uses, they seemed to have bid fair for swallowing up the whole property of the nation.

In process of time, however, the lawyer came to the assistance of the priest; (for, like the devil, he is always ready at hand when called for;) and formed a distinction between the superstitious and charitable use. Henceforward, instead of robbing their relations for the use of the church, a method was devised of robbing them for the use of the poor. Hence poor-houses, alms-houses, colleges, and hospitals, began to present themselves to the view of all travellers, being always situated in the most public places, and bearing the name and title of the generous founder in vast capital letters; a kind of ΚΤΗΜΑ ΕΣ ΑΕΙ, a monument of his glory to all generations.

Thus we see the foundation of this kind of charity, and a very strong one it is, being in-

deed no other than fear and vanity, the two srongest passions which are to be found in human nature.

It may be thought, perhaps, that I have omitted a third, which some may imagine to be the strongest and greatest of all, and this is benevolence, or the love of doing good; but that these charitable legacies have no such motive, appears to me from the following considerations:

First, if a man was possessed of real benevolence, and had (as he must then have) a delight in doing good, he would no more defer the enjoyment of this satisfaction to his death-bed, than the ambitious, the luxurious, or the vain, would wait till that period for the gratification of their several passions.

Secondly, if the legacy be, as it often is, the first charitable donation of any consequence, I can never allow it possible to arise from benevolence; for he who hath no compassion for the distresses of his neighbours whom he hath seen, how should he have any pity for the wants of posterity which he will never see?

Thirdly, if the legacy be, as is likewise very common, to the injury of his family, or to the disappointment of his own friends in want, this is a certain proof that his motive is not benevolence; for he who loves not his own friends and relations most certainly loves no other person.

Lastly, if a man hath lived any time in the world, he must have observed such horrid and notorious abuses of all public charities, that he must be convinced (with a very few exceptions) that he will do no manner of good by contributing to them. Some, indeed, are so very wretchedly contrived in their institution that they seem not to have had the public utility in their view; but

to have been mere jobs *ab initio*. Such are all hospitals whatever, where it is a matter of favour to get a patient admitted, and where the forms of admission are so troublesome and tedious, that the properest objects (those I mean who are most wretched and friendless) may as well aspire at a place at court as at a place in the hospital.

From what I have here advanced I know I have rendered myself liable to be represented by malice and ignorance as an enemy to all public charity: I hope to obviate this opinion effectually in a future paper, in which I shall endeavour to point out who are really the objects of our benevolence, as well as to propose some expedients by which the obstructions which attend some of our best calculated charities of the public kind may be removed. I cannot, however, conclude this, without paying a compliment to the present age for two glorious benefactions, I mean that to the use of the foundling infants, and that for the accommodation of poor women in their lying-in.

N° 47. SATURDAY, June 13, 1752.

--------*Heu plebes scelerata!* Sil. Ital.

--------O ye wicked rascallions!

It may seem strange that none of our political writers, in their learned treatises on the English constitution, should take notice of any more than three estates, namely, Kings, Lords, and Commons, all entirely passing by in silence that very large and powerful body which form the fourth

estate in this community, and have been long dignified and distinguished by the name of *The Mob*.

And this will seem still the more strange, when we consider that many of the great writers above mentioned have most incontestibly belonged to this very body.

To say precisely at what time this fourth state began first to figure in this commonwealth, or when the footsteps of that power which it enjoys at this day were first laid, must appear to be a matter of the highest difficulty, perhaps utterly impossible, from that deplorable silence which I have just mentioned. Certain however it is, that at the time of the Norman conquest, and long afterwards, the condition of this estate was very low and mean, those who composed it being in general called villains; a word which did not then bear any very honourable idea, though not so bad a one perhaps as it hath since acquired.

The part which this fourth estate seems anciently to have claimed, was to watch over and controul the other three. This, indeed, they have seldom asserted in plain words, which is possibly the principal reason why our historians have never explicitly assigned them their share of power in the constitution, though this estate have so often exercised it, and so clearly asserted their right to it by force of arms; to wit, by fists, staves, knives, clubs, scythes, and other such offensive weapons.

The first instance which I remember of this was in the reign of Richard I. when they espoused the cause of religion; of which they have been always stout defenders, and destroyed a great number of Jews.

In the same reign we have another example in

William Fitz-Osborne, *alias* Longbeard, a stout asserter of the rights of the fourth estate. These rights he defended in the city of London, at the head of a large party, and by force of the arms above-mentioned; but was overpowered, and lost his life by means of a wooden machine called the gallows, which hath been very fatal to the chief champions of this estate; as it was in the reign of Henry III. to one Constantine, who having, at the head of a London mob, pulled down the house of the high-steward of Westminster, and committed some other little disorders of the like kind, maintained to the chief justiciary's face, 'that he had 'done nothing punishable by law,' *i. e.* 'contrary to the rights of the fourth estate.' He shared however the same fate with Mr. Fitz-Osborne.

We find in this reign of Henry III. the power of the fourth estate grown to a very great height indeed; for, whilst a treaty was on foot between that king and his barons, the mob of London thought proper not only to insult the queen with all manner of foul language, but likewise to throw stones and dirt at her. Of which assertion of their privilege we hear of no other consequence than that the king was highly displeased; and indeed it seems to be allowed by most writers, that the Mob in this instance went a little too far.

In the time of Edward II. there is another fact upon record, of a more bloody kind; though perhaps not more indecent; for the bishop of Exeter being a little too busy in endeavouring to preserve the city of London for the king his master, the Mob were pleased to cut his head off.

I omit many lesser instances, to come to that glorious assertion of the privileges of the Mob under the great and mighty Wat Tyler, when they

not only laid their claim to a share in the government, but in truth to exclude all the other estates; for this purpose, one John Staw, or Straw, or Ball, a great orator, who was let out of Maidstone gaol by the Mob, in his harangues told them, that as all men were sons of Adam, there ought to be no distinction; and that it was their duty to reduce all men to perfect equality. This they immediately set about, and to do it in the most effectual manner, they cut off the heads of all the nobility, gentry, clergy, &c. who fell into their hands.

With these designs they encamped in a large body at Blackheath, whence they sent a message to King Richard II. to come and talk with them, in order to settle the government; and when this was not complied with, they marched to London, and the gates being opened by their friends, entered the city, burnt and plundered the duke of Lancaster's palace, that of the archbishop, and many other great houses and put to death all of the other three estates with whom they met, among whom was the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord treasurer.

The unhappy end of this noble enterprise is so well known, that it need not to be mentioned. The leader being taken off by the gallantry of the lord mayor, the whole army, like a body when the head is severed, fell instantly to the ground; whence many were afterwards lifted to that fatal machine, which is above taken notice of.

I shall pass by the exploits of Cade and Ket, and others. I think I have clearly demonstrated, that there is such a fourth estate as the Mob, actually existing in our constitution; which, though, perhaps, for very politic reasons, they keep themselves generally like the army of Mr. Bayes, in disguise, have often issued from their

lurking places, and very stoutly maintained their power and their privileges in this community.

Nor hath this estate, or their claims, been unknown to the other three; on the contrary, we find in our statute books, numberless attempts to prevent their growing power, and to restrain them at least within some bounds; witness the many laws made against ribauds, roberdsmen, drawlatches, wasters, rogues, vagrants, vagabonds; by all which, and many other names, this fourth estate hath been from time to time dignified and distinguished.

Under all these appellations they are frequently named in our law-books; but I do not perfectly remember to have seen them mentioned under the term of fourth estate in all my reading; nor do I recollect that any legislative or judicial power is expressly allowed to belong to them. And yet certain it is, that they have from time immemorial been used to exercise a judicial capacity in certain instances wherein the ordinary courts have been deficient for want of evidence; this being no let or hindrance to the administration of justice before the gentlemen who compose this fourth estate, who often proceed to judgment without any evidence at all. Nor must I admit the laudable expedition which is used on such occasions, their proceedings being entirely free from all those delays which are so much complained of in other courts. I have indeed known a pickpocket arrested, tried, convicted, and ducked almost to death, in less time than would have been consumed in reading his indictment at the Old-Bailey. These delays they avoid chiefly by hearing only one side of the question, concluding, as judge Gripus did of old, that the contrary method serves only to introduce incertainty and confusion.

I do not however pretend to affirm any thing of the legal original of this jurisdiction. I know the learned are greatly divided in their opinions concerning this matter, or rather perhaps in their inclinations; some being unwilling to allow any power at all to this estate, and others as stoutly contending, that it would be for the public good to deliver the sword of justice entirely into their hands.

So prevalent hath this latter opinion grown to be of modern days, that the fourth estate hath been permitted to encroach in a most prodigious manner. What these encroachments have been, and the particular causes which have contributed to them shall be the subject of my next Saturday's paper.

N° 48. TUESDAY, June 16, 1752.

Ὦ μεγίστη τῶν θεῶν
Νῦν οὖσ' Ἀναίδεια. MENANDER.

O thou greatest of all the deities,
Modern Impudence!

THERE is a certain quality which, though universal consent hath not enrolled it among the cardinal virtues, is often found sufficient, of itself, not only to carry its possessor through the world, but even to carry him to the top of it. It is almost perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader, that the quality I mean is impudence; so dear is this to one female at least, that it effectually recommends a man to fortune without the assistance of any

other qualification. She seems indeed to think, with the poet, that,

> --------He who hath but impudence,
> To all things hath a fair pretence,

and accordingly provides that those who want modesty shall want nothing else.

What are the particular ingredients of which this quality is composed, or what temper of mind is best fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficult to ascertain; so far I think experience may convince us, that, like some vegetables, it will flourish best in the most barren soil. To say truth, I am almost inclined to an opinion, that it never arrives at any great degree of perfection unless in a mind totally unincumbered with any virtue, or with any great or good quality whatever. It would indeed seem that nature had agreed with fortune in setting a high value on impudence, and had accordingly decreed, that those of her children who had received this rich gift at her hands were amply provided for without any farther portion.

And surely it is not without reason that I call this the gift of nature; indeed, genius itself is not more so. We may here apply a phrase which the French use on an occasion not so proper to be mentioned, and affirm, 'That it is not in the 'power of every man to be impudent who would 'be so.' A man born without any genius may as reasonably hope to become such a poet as Homer, or such a critic as Longinus, as one born without impudence can pretend, without any merit, to aspire to these characters.

Though nature however must give the seeds, art may cultivate them. To improve or to depress their growth is greatly within the power of education. To lay down the proper precept for this

purpose would require a large treatise, and such I may possibly publish hereafter. In the mean time it shall suffice to mention only two rules, which may be partly collected from what I have above asserted, and which are of universal use. This is with the utmost care to suppress and eradicate every seed or principle of what is any wise praiseworthy out of the mind; and, secondly, to preserve this in the purest state of ignorance, than which nothing more contributes to the highest perfection and consummation of impudence; the more a man knows the more inclined is he to be modest; it is indeed within the province only of the highest human knowledge to survey its own narrow compass.

It may, I think, be predicated in favour of impudence, that it is the quality which, of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greatest height; so far, indeed, that did not the strongest force of evidence convince us of the truth of some examples, we should be apt to doubt the possibility of their existence. What but the concurrent testimony of historians, and the indubitable veracity of records, could impel us to believe, that there have been men in the world of such astonishing impudence, as, in opposition to the certain knowledge of many thousands, to take upon themselves to personate kings and princes as well in their lifetime as after their death? and yet our own, as well as foreign annals, afford us such instances.

But the greatest hero in impudence, whom, perhaps the world ever produced, appeared in France at the end of the last century. His name was Peter Mege, and he was a common soldier in the marines. This fellow had the assistance only of one who had been a footman to a certain man of quality, called Scipion le Brun de Castelane, Seig-

neur de Caille et de Rougon, a nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland, to avoid a religious persecution. With this confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing impudence to personate the young Seigneur de Caille, who was at that time dead; and this in the life-time of the father, in defiance of all his noble relations then in possession of his forfeited estate upon the spot where the young gentleman had lived to the age of twenty-one; and all this without the least resemblance of features, shape, or stature; without being acquainted with any part of the history of him whom he was to represent, or being able to give the least account of any of his family: indeed, without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the reader be surprised to hear, that this most impudent of all attempts succeeded so far as to obtain a sentence in the parliament of Provence in favour of the soldier? And this success would have been final, had not the canton of Berne interposed, and obtained an appeal to the parliament of Paris, where at last the impostor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to assuage his reader's astonishment, the very ingenious author of the trial, when he informs us that this impostor was confronted with twenty witnesses, who swore to the identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who had been fellow students with the young nobleman, and who, on their oaths, declared that this Peter was not the person, goes on thus: 'But 'what was most strange, was the steady countenance of the soldier, which never once betrayed 'him, nor gave the least symptom of any doubt of 'his success. It is in vain to form a project of 'usurping the name of another, to lay your plan 'ever so regularly and systematically, if you do

'not provide yourself with a stock of impudence to 'support every attack to which you may be exposed. In such an attempt the forehead must 'be furnished as well without as within; more 'indeed will depend on the outside: for it is the 'steadiness of the front, hardiness, or downright 'audacity, which impose on mankind the most, 'and make amends for all defects in the understanding. The soldier had made many blunders; 'but his invincible assurance repaired all, and 'brought over even his enemies to his side.' And to say truth, I know scarce any thing to which such a degree of assurance is not equal.

This attempt, indeed, of personating *who* you are not, seems to be attended with two great difficulties: and to succeed in it, is, perhaps, beyond the power of impudence; we are not therefore to wonder, that all the heroes in this way have been unsuccessful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole attention on the undaunted impudence of engaging in such a design, and not to suffer the defeat to lessen our admiration; but to say of such a hero, with Ovid,

———*Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

But if in personating the *who*, impudence is found unequal to the task; in personating *what* we are not, it is almost sure to come off triumphant. Here I believe the undertaker seldom fails, but through his own fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My lord Bacon advises a modest man to shelter his vices under those virtues to which they are nearest allied. The avaricious man, he would have to affect frugality; the extravagant, liberality; and so of the rest. Now the reverse of this should be the rule of our impudent man.——If you are a

blockhead, my friend, be sure to commence writer; and if entirely illiterate, be sure to pretend to learning. If you are a coward, be a bully, and always talk of feats of bravery; if again you are a beggar, boast of your riches. In short, whatever vice or defect you have, set up for its opposite virtue or endowment. And if you are possessed of every ill quality, you may assert your title to every good one.

The last species of impudence which I shall mention, is to assert openly and boldly what you really are, let this be ever so bad. Own your vices, and be proud of them; and in time, perhaps, you may laugh virtue out of countenance, and bring your vices into fashion. This, however, is a little unsafe to attempt, unless you are very sure of yourself, and of the degree of impudence which you possess. A modest woman may be a w——e; but to behave with indecency in public, indeed, to throw off all that would recommend a woman to a vicious man of sense and taste; to shew, as De Roty says of a court lady, not the least sense of virtue in the practice of every vice; this requires the highest degree of impudence; that degree indeed which is inconsistent with every great or good quality whatever.

N° 49. SATURDAY, June 20, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgus. Hor.

I hate the mob.

In a former paper I have endeavoured to trace the rise and progress of the power of the fourth

estate in this constitution. I shall now examine that share of power which they actually enjoy at this day, and then proceed to consider the several means by which they have attained it.

First, though this estate have not *as yet* claimed that right which was insisted on by the people or mob in old Rome, of giving a negative voice in the enacting laws, they have clearly exercised this power in controlling their execution. Of this it is easy to give many instances, particularly in the case of the gin-act some years ago; and in those of several turnpikes which have been erected against the good-will and pleasure of the mob, and have by them been demolished.

In opposing the execution of such laws, they do not always rely on force; but have frequent recourse to the most refined policy; for sometimes, without openly expressing their disapprobation, they take the most effectual means to prevent the carrying a law into execution; those are by discountenancing all those who endeavour to prosecute the offences committed against it.

They well know that the courts of justice cannot proceed without informations; if they can stifle these, the law of course becomes dead and useless. The informers therefore in such cases they declare to be infamous, and guilty of the crime *læsæ mobilitatis*. Of this whoever is suspected (which is with them a synonymous term with convicted) is immediately punished by buffeting, kicking, stoning, ducking, bemudding, &c. in short, by all those means of putting (sometimes quite, sometimes almost) to death, which are called by that general phrase of mobbing.

It may, perhaps, be said, that the mob do, even at this day, connive at the execution of some

laws, which they can by no means be supposed to approve.

Such are the laws against robbery, burglary, and theft. This is, I confess, true; and I have often wondered that it is so. The reason perhaps is, the great love which the mob have for a holiday, and the great pleasure they take in seeing men hanged; so great, that, while they are enjoying it, they are all apt to forget that this is hereafter, in all probability, to be their own fate.

In all these matters, however, the power of this estate is rather felt than seen. It seems, indeed, to be like that power of the crown of France, which Cardinal de Retz compares to those religious mysteries that are performed in the *sanctum sanctorum*; and which, though it be often excercised, is never expressly claimed.

In other instances the fourth estate is much more explicit in their pretensions, and much more constant in asserting and maintaining them; of which I shall mention some of the principal.

First, they assert an exclusive right to the river of Thames. It is true, the other estates do sometimes venture themselves upon the river; but this is only upon sufferance; for which they pay whatever that branch of the fourth estate, called watermen, are pleased to exact of them. Nor are the mob contented with all these exactions. They grumble whenever they meet any persons in a boat, whose dress declares them to be of a different order from themselves. Sometimes they carry their resentment so far as to endeavour to run against the boat, and overset it; but if they are too good-natured to attempt this, they never fail to attack the passengers with all kind of scurrilous, abusive, and indecent terms, which, indeed, they claim as their own, and call mob language.

The second exclusive right which they insist on is to those parts of the streets which are set apart for the foot-passengers. In asserting this privilege, they are extremely rigorous; insomuch, that none of the other orders can walk through the streets by day without being insulted, nor by night without being knocked down. And the better to secure these foot-paths to themselves, they take effectual care to keep the said paths always well blocked up with chairs, wheel-barrows, and every other kind of obstruction; in order to break the legs of all those who shall presume to encroach upon their privileges by walking the streets.

Here it was hoped their pretensions would have stopped; but it is difficult to set any bounds to ambition; for, having sufficiently established this right, they now begin to assert their right to the whole street, and to have lately made such a disposition with their waggons, carts, and drays, that no coach can pass along without the utmost difficulty and danger. With this view we every day see them driving side by side, and sometimes in the broader streets three abreast; again, we see them leaving a cart or waggon in the middle of the street, and often set across it, while the driver repairs to a neighbouring alehouse, from the window of which he diverts himself, while he is drinking, with the mischief or inconvenience which his vehicle occasions.

The same pretensions which they make to the possession of the streets they make likewise to the possession of the highways. I doubt not I shall be told they claim only an equal right; for I know it is very usual when a carter or drayman is civilly desired to make a little room, by moving out of the middle of the road either to the right or left, to hear the following answer: 'D—n your eyes,

'who are you? Is not the road, and be d—n'd 'to you, as free for me as you?' Hence it will, I suppose, be inferred, that they do not absolutely exclude the other estates from the use of the common highways. But notwithstanding this generous concession in words, I do aver this practice is different, and that a gentleman may go a voyage at sea with little more hazard than he can travel ten miles from the metropolis.

I shall mention only one claim more, and that a very new and a very extraordinary one. It is the right of excluding all women of fashion out of St. James's Park on a Sunday evening. This they have lately asserted with great vehemence, and have inflicted the punishment of mobbing on several ladies, who had transgressed without design, not having been apprised of the good pleasure of the mob in this point And this I the rather publish, to prevent any such transgressions for the future, since it hath already appeared, that no degree of either dignity or beauty can secure the offender *.

Many things have contributed to raise this fourth estate to that exorbitant degree of power which they at present enjoy, and which seems to threaten to shake the balance of our constitution. I shall name only three, as these appear to me to have had much the greatest share in bringing it about.

The first is that act of parliament which was made at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and which I cannot help considering as a kind of compromise between the other three estates and this. By this act it was stipulated, that the fourth

* A lady of great quality and admirable beauty, was mobbed in the Park at this time,

estate should annually receive out of the possessions of the others, a certain large proportion yearly, upon an implied condition (for no such was expressed) that they should suffer the other estates to enjoy the rest of their property without loss or molestation.

This law gave a new turn to the minds of the mobility. They found themselves no longer obliged to depend on the charity of their neighbours, nor on their own industry, for a maintenance. They now looked upon themselves as joint proprietors in the land, and celebrated their independency in songs of triumph; witness the old ballad which was in all their mouths,

> Hang sorrow, cast away care;
> The parish is bound to find us, &c.

A second cause of their present elevation has been the private quarrels between particular members of the other estates, who, on such occasions, have done all they could on both sides to raise the power of the mob, in order to avail themselves of it, and to employ it against their enemies.

The third, and the last which I shall mention, is the mistaken idea which some particular persons have always entertained of the word liberty; but this will open too copious a subject, and shall be therefore treated in a future paper.

But before I dismiss this, I must observe that there are two sorts of persons of whom this fourth estate do yet stand in some awe, and whom consequently they have in great abhorrence: these are a justice of peace, and a soldier. To these two it is entirely owing that they have not long since rooted all the other orders out of the commonwealth.

N° 51. SATURDAY, June 27, 1752.

Hæ tibi erunt artes —— Virg.

These must be your golden rules.

Of all our manufactures there is none at present in a more flourishing condition, or which hath received more considerable improvement of late years, than the manufacture of paper. To such perfection is this brought at present, that it almost promises to rival the great staple commodity of this kingdom.

The two principal branches of this manufacture are carried on by painting and printing. To what a degree of excellence the artists are arrived in the former I need not mention. Our painted paper is scarcely distinguishable from the finest silk; and there is scarce a modern house which hath not one or more rooms lined with this furniture.

But however valuable this branch may be, it is by no means equal to that which is carried on by printing. Of such consequence indeed to the public may this part of the paper manufacture be made, that I doubt not but that, with proper care, it would be capable of finding an ample provision for the poor. To which purpose it seems better adapted than any other, for a reason which I shall presently assign.

Of printing likewise there are two kinds; that of the rolling, and that of the letter press,—or perhaps I shall be better understood by most of my readers by the terms prints and books.

The former (though of infinitely the less consequence) hath been of late much improved; and though it doth not consume a great quantity of

paper, doth, however, employ a great number of hands. This was formerly an inconsiderable business, and very few got their bread by it; but some ingenious persons have of late so greatly extended it, that there are at present almost as many print-shops as there are bakers in this metropolis.

This improvement hath been owing to a deep penetration into human nature, by which it hath been discovered, that there are two sights which the generality of mankind do hunger after with little less avidity than after their daily bread. The one is, to behold certain parts which are severally common to one half of the species exhibited to view, in the most amiable and inviting manner; the other is, to see certain faces, which belong to individuals, exposed in a ridiculous and contemptible light. By feeding both which appetites, the print-makers have very plentifully fed themselves.

I come now to the second branch of printing, namely, to that which is performed at the letter-press, and which consists of books, pamphlets, papers, &c. The flourishing state of this manufacture needs no kind of proof. It is indeed certain, that more paper is now consumed this way in a week than was formerly the consumption of a year.

To this notable increase nothing perhaps hath more contributed, than the new invention of writing without the qualifications of any genius or learning. The first printers, possibly misled by an old precept in one Horace, seem to have imagined that both those ingredients were necessary in the writer, and accordingly, we find they employed themselves on such samples only as were produced by men in whom genius and learning concurred;

but modern times have discovered that the trade is very well to be carried on without either; and this by introducing several new kind of wares, the manufacture of which is extremely easy, as well as extremely lucrative. The principal of these are blasphemy, treason, bawdry, and scandal. For in the making up of all these, the qualifications above-mentioned, together with that modesty which is inseparable from them, would rather be an incumbrance than of any real use.

No sooner were these new-fashioned wares brought to market, than the paper-merchants, commonly called booksellers, found so immense a demand for them, that their business was to find hands sufficient to supply the wants of the public. In this, however, they had no great difficulty, as the work was so extremely easy that no talents whatever (except that of being able to write), not even the capacity of spelling, were requisite.

The methods, however, which have been used by the paper-merchants to make these new-fashioned wares universally known are very ingenious, and worthy our notice.

The first of these methods was for the merchant himself to mount in the most public part of the town into a wooden machine called the pillory, where he stood for the space of an hour, proclaiming his goods to all that passed that way. This was practised with much success by the late Mr. Curll, Mr. Mist, and others, who never failed of selling several large bales of goods in this manner.

Notwithstanding, however, the profits arising from this method of publication, it was not without objections; for several wanton persons among the mob were used on such occasions to divert themselves by pelting the merchant while he stood exposed on the *publishing-stool*, with rotten eggs

and other mischievous implements, by which means he often came off much bedaubed, and sometimes not without bodily hurt

Some of the more cunning, therefore, among the merchants began to decline this practice themselves, and employed their understrappers, that is to say, their writers, for such purposes; for it was conceived a piece of blasphemy, bawdry, &c. would be as well sold by exhibiting the author, as by exhibiting the bookseller.

Of this, probably, they received the first hint from the case of one Mr. Richard Savage, an author whose manufactures had long lain uncalled for in the warehouse, till he happened, very fortunately for his bookseller, to be found guilty of a capital crime at the Old Bailey. The merchant instantly took the hint, and the very next day advertised the Works of Mr. Savage, now under sentence of death for murder. This device succeeded, and immediately (to use their phrase) carried off the whole impression.

Encouraged by this success, the merchant, not doubting the execution of his author, bad very high for his dying speech, which was accordingly penned and delivered. Savage, however, was, contrary to all expectation, pardoned, and would have returned the money; but the merchant insisted on his bargain, and published the dying speech which Mr. Savage should have made at Tyburn, of which, it is probable, as many were sold as there were people in town who could read.

The gallows being thus found to be a great friend to the press, the merchants, for the future, made it their chief care to provide themselves with such writers as were most likely to call in this assistance; in other words, who were in the fairest

way of being hanged: and though they have not always succeeded in their wish, yet whoever is well read in the productions of the last twenty years, will be more inclined perhaps to blame the law than the sagacity of the booksellers.

The whipping-post hath been likewise of eminent use to the same purposes; and though, perhaps this may raise less curiosity than the gallows, in one instance, at least, it hath visibly the advantage; for an author, though he may deserve it often, can be hanged but once, but he may be whipped several times, indeed, six times by one sentence, of which we have lately seen an instance in the person of Stroud *, who is a strong proof of the great profits which the paper merchants derive from the whipping one of their manufacturers.

Mr. Stroud, in imitation of several eminent persons, thought proper to publish an apology for his life. The public, however, were less kind to him than they have been to other great apologists, and treated his performance with contempt. But no sooner was he tied to the cart's tail than the work began to sell in great numbers; and this sale revived with every monthly whipping: so that if he had been whipped, as some imagined he was to have been, once a month during life, the merchant possibly might have sold as many bales of his works as have been sold of those of Swift himself.

I shall conclude with hoping, that, as the merchants seem at present to have their eye chiefly on the whipping-post for the advancement of their manufactures, it is to be hoped courts of justice will do all that in them lies to encourage a trade of

* A noted swindler, wh was ordered to be whipped several times through the streets. C.

such wonderful benefit to the kingdom, and which seems more likely than any other to provide a maintenance for our poor; as no qualification is required to the production of these wares besides that of being able to write, nor any tools or stock to set up a manufacture besides pen and ink, and a small quantity of paper; so that an author may indeed be equipped at a cheaper rate than a blacker of shoes.

N° 53. SATURDAY, July 4, 1752.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu? HOR.

What will this gascoon be able to perform after this puff?

TO THE CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

YOUR predecessors in the censorship were used to celebrate the several extraordinary personages who appeared in their time. As I doubt not to find in yourself the same good disposition, I here send you an advertisement printed in the Daily Advertiser of Monday last: the author of which must, I think, be esteemed the most extraordinary person whom any age hath produced.

'UN François, homme de lettres, est arrivé 'de Paris à Londres, pour y enseigner le François, la Fable, la Poësie, la Blason, la Philosophie Françoise, le Latin, sans exiger acune étude de son disciple; l'étude étant un obstacle à sa methode. S'il y a des temperamens trop foibles 'pour les contraindre, des caracteres trop vifs 'pour les fixer, des personnes trop agées pour

's'appliquer à l'étude, et qu'ils veuillent apprendre 'quelqu'une de ces sciences sur une methode si 'simple, plus courte, et plus solide que tout ce 'qui a precedé; they are desired to enquire at 'Mr. Bezançon's Snuff-shop in Little Earl-street, 'the Black-boy, by the Seven Dials.'

As it is possible that some of your readers may not have yet conversed with this surprising master, I shall, for his and their sakes, endeavour to render it in English.

Thus then it runs:

'A Frenchman, a man of learning, is arrived at 'London from Paris, in order to teach the French 'language, Fables, Poetry, Heraldry, *French Phi-'losophy*, and the Latin tongue; without exacting 'any study from his scholars, *all study being an 'obstacle to his method.* If there be any consti-'tutions too weak to bear contradiction, any cha-'racters too lively to be capable of attention, any 'persons too far advanced in life to apply them-'selves to study, and who are willing to learn any 'of the above sciences, by a simple method, and 'one shorter as well as more solid than any which 'hath been hitherto practised, they are desired to 'enquire,' &c. as above.

I must confess myself so ignorant, that till I read this wonderful performance, I did not know there was a philosophy which was peculiar to France, and that went under the name of French Philosophy! Perhaps this is what is meant by the French marquè de St. Evremont, when he says 'Premiérement, j'aime la guerre, après la guerre 'madame de ——, après madame de —— la re-'ligion, après la religion *la philosophie.*—Voilà ce

'que j'aime, Morbleu!' My first passion is *the* '*war*; my second is *madame* de ——; my third is '*religion*, and my fourth passion is *philosophy*. 'Now I have told you what my passions are, 'd—n me!' In which passage it seems pretty plain, that *la philosophie* is no other than what the French likewise call *la danse*; and then it will be plain that the artist above-mentioned is no other than a dancing-master, to whose method of teaching, I do readily agree that study is often a very deplorable obstacle.

But this will by no means solve all the difficulties; for though dancing will possibly make a man a great adept in the French philosophy, how he will be able to dance into any English science, or into the Latin tongue, is somewhat hard to conceive. Perhaps, by French philosophy, the author means what is also called *l'industrie, ou l'art de voler bien les poches*, which I must beg to be excused from translating into our coarser language; in barbarous French it may be called the art of *peka de poka*. But if this be his meaning, I fancy he will be greatly deceived in his views, since I believe it is impossible to find more able masters than some of his countrymen have already shewn themselves here in that art. Nor do I believe, that study or intense application can be an enemy to this art, since I know several of the English who have plodded on all their lives on this very science, and have at last, by mere dint of study, become very great proficients in it.

To say the truth, I am inclined to think, that by *à la Philosophie Françoise*, is meant no other than *la bonne assurance*; that assurance which the French alone call good, and which, it is very probable, they alone may call philosophy.

All this I the rather conclude to be the under-

taker's meaning, as it is certain, that, to the making any considerable progress in this French philosophy, study is of all things the greatest obstacle. I have, indeed, observed in a late paper, that no man of learning was ever a proficient in this art. I must farther observe, that the disciples which our master seems to have principally chosen, such, I mean, as can bear no contradiction, such as are incapable of any attention, and such aged persons who are willing, all at once, without any labour, to leap, as it were, into science, are all excellently adapted to receive the strongest and most immediate impressions of this philosophy.

Nor can I help observing, which is a farther confirmation of my opinion, how nobly our artist hath contrived to convince the world of his fitness for the task he hath undertaken. I defy the ingenuity of man to invent a better method of conveying to the public, in so few lines, an idea of a capacity for any undertaking whatever, than this astonishing Frenchman hath made use of to shew this nation how well qualified he is to teach them the French philosophy, or the good assurance. I will not venture to prophesy what success may attend so new and so extraordinary a proposal. This, however, I cannot avoid remarking, that it seems to indicate what opinion of the understandings of the good people of this island at present prevails among the French philosophers abroad. I am well convinced, it would be extremely difficult to persuade the greatest adept in the good assurance which this kingdom ever produced, to expect any success from such a proposal even among the Hottentots, if he could make himself enough understood to publish his scheme among them.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

ANTIGALLICUS.

N° 54. SATURDAY, July 11, 1752.

—— *His juventus orta parentibus*
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico. Hor.

Such were the heroes of that glorious reign,
That humbled to the dust the pride of Spain.

Mr. Censor,

You have formerly entertained the public by representing to them the opinions which posterity will be supposed to conceive of the present age; you will possibly furnish no less amusement to your readers, by casting your eyes backwards into our annals, as the manners of their ancestors will, I apprehend, appear no less strange to the present age, than the history of these our times can be thought hereafter.

After this short introduction, I shall present you with a curious dialogue which seems to have been written towards the end of the reign of queen Elizabeth. I have taken the liberty to modernize the language, without doing the least violence to the sentiments of the original.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ENGLISH, MADAM ENGLISH, MISS BIDDY ENGLISH, AND MISTRESS PLUMTREE, THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.

Mrs. Plum. I hope your ladyship is very well this morning after the fatigue of your journey.

Mrs. Eng. Indeed, Mrs. Plumtree, I never was more fatigued in my life. Four days together

upon a hard trotting horse are enough to tire any one; besides my pillion was horridly uneasy, and I rode behind the footboy, who was hardly able to support my leaning against him; but here's Biddy not in the least the worse for her journey.

Miss Biddy. Upon my word, mamma, I never was in better spirits in my life. My ride hath given me an appetite; I have eat above half a pound of beef-steaks this morning for breakfast.

Mrs. Eng. I could have gone through any thing at your age, my dear, though I was never many miles from home before I was married. The young ladies have more liberty in these days, than they had formerly. Indeed, it was entirely owing to your father's goodness that you came to London now.

Mrs. Plum. O! madam, I am sure your ladyship would not have left miss in the country. It would have been barbarous not to have let her see the Tower, and the Abbey, and Bedlam, and two or three plays.

Mrs. Eng. Fie! Mrs. Plumtree, with what are you filling the child's head? one play she is to see and no more. The terms are all settled. One play, one new gown, and one ruff. But now I mention these things, pray, Mrs. Plumtree, what is become of the mantua-maker I employed last parliament when I was here.

Mrs. Plum. Alas! poor woman, she is dead; but I can recommend your ladyship to another, one of the best in all London; she makes gowns for the Lady Mayoress herself.

Mrs. Eng. I shall be obliged to you, good Mrs. Plumtree, to send for her to-day, for I have three visits to make in London, and I shall like to do it in my new clothes. O! Sir John, are you come

at last? Dinner has stayed for you till, I suppose, it is spoiled. It is almost two o'clock.

Mr. Eng. The house is but just up, my dear. We sat very late to-day. I assure you I was invited very much to dine with one of our knights of the shire at his lodgings; he had a haunch of venison, a fat goose, and an apple-pye, for dinner, and all this I left for your company.

Mrs. Eng. Well, Sir John, I do not blame you. But parliament hours are very dreadful things.

Mr. Eng. We must suffer some inconveniences for the good of our country, and we are employed upon a scheme now that is of the utmost consequence to the nation. We are going to make such a provision for the poor, that there will never be another beggar in the kingdom *.

Mrs. Plum. I am heartily glad of that; and I am sure it is high time, for it was no longer ago than last summer that I saw two poor wretches in one day, actually begging in the open street.

Mr. Eng. Well, dame, and how doth my good friend master Plumtree hold it? We shall have another game at lantry-loo.

Mrs. Plum. Indeed, Sir John, you are too hard for my husband. You won above ten shillings of him last parliament.

Mrs. Eng. Your family is not hurt by it; for, I believe, you are as much in my debt on the same account; but I beg you will not encourage this girl to play; for she is too much inclined to idleness.

* By this passage it is supposed this dialogue happened in the forty-third year of queen Elizabeth, when the famous statute was made for providing for the poor; and which is the corner stone of our excellent poor laws.

Miss Biddy. Nay, mamma, I am sureI never desire to play but in the Christmas-holidays.

Mrs. Plum. O! madam, miss will have something else to think on. Here is a young squire that lodges in our neighbourhood. A fine hardy young spark. There are but few, they tell me, that can either run or wrestle with him, and heir to a noble estate he is.

(*At these words Miss Biddy blushed extremely.*)

Mr. Eng. Well, let him look to it. Biddy won't turn her back to him. But, my dear, I have a show for you. The queen goes to the parliament-house to-morrow; and there will be all the fine lords and ladies of the court. I have hired a balcony, and my little Biddy shall go too.

Mrs. Eng. You see, Biddy, how good your papa is: and now, I hope, you will be satisfied, and not desire to go out any more, except to one play and to church, whilst you stay in London. I am sure he is so liberal, he will be forced to send up for the other twenty pound.

Mr. Eng. Never mind that, my dear; your prudence in the country will soon make it up. But now I talk of court ladies, I have a piece of news for you. Indeed, I can hardly believe it myself, and yet I was told it by a very great person.

Mrs. Eng. What can it be, my dear, that you introduce with all this preface?

Mrs. Plum. I hope there are no more Spanish armadas coming.

Mr. Eng. No, no, nothing of that kind —— In short, it is so strange a thing, I scarce know how to mention it.——But can you think it? they say there is a court lady that hath made a cuckold of her husband——A woman of very great quality, I assure you.

Mrs. Eng. This is strange news, indeed, and impossible to be true.

Mr. Eng. Hardly impossible, my dear; such things have been in nature.—

Mrs. Eng. And what is become of the lady, pray?

Mr. Eng. Why, she is at court still.

Mrs. Eng. Then it is impossible to be true; for if I could believe there was one such woman of quality, I am well convinced there are no other that would own her.

Mr. Eng. I only tell you what I hear.——But come, dame Plumtree, is not your dinner ready? Upon my word, I have been half-starved. My constituents shall find out some other to serve them in the next parliament. It is a hard duty, Mrs. Plumtree, and a very expensive one too. I never come up myself under twenty pounds; and if my wife comes with me, the expence is almost double.

Mrs. Plum. Well, sir,——but you know all men must serve their country.

Mr. Eng. Yes, madam, and if all would, the burthen would be less severe; but I have discovered a most wicked corruption in the borough I serve for:—There are three gentlemen in the neighbourhood who have as good estates as I have, and yet, because they entertain the mayor and aldermen with more strong drink than I do, they have never once attempted to choose them. The moment there is but a discourse of an election, to toping they go.——So that they are sure always of escaping, and I am likely to serve my country as long as I live.

Mrs. Plum. It is very hard, I must confess, squire, but then you will consider you have all the

honour.——However, sir, dinner is upon the table at present.

Mr. Eng. Lead on then, my dame, and I will shew you what a stomach I have got in the service of my country.

N° 55. SATURDAY, July 18, 1752.

——*Juvat integros accedere fontes,*
Atque haurire—— LUCRETIUS.

———— It is pleasant to handle
An untouched subject.

It hath been observed, that characters of humour do abound more in this our island, than in any other country; and this hath been commonly supposed to arise from that pure and perfect state of liberty which we enjoy in a degree greatly superior to every foreign nation.

This opinion I know hath great sanction, and yet I am inclined to suspect the truth of it, unless we will extend the meaning of the word Liberty farther than I think it hath been yet carried, and will include in it not only an exemption from all restraint of municipal laws, but likewise from all restraint of those rules of behaviour which are expressed in the general term of good-breeding. Laws which, though not written, are perhaps better understood, and though established by no coercive power, much better obeyed within the circle where they are received, than any of those laws which are recorded in books, or enforced by public authority.

A perfect freedom from these laws, if I am not

greatly mistaken, is absolutely necessary to form the true character of humour; a character which is therefore not to be met with among those people who conduct themselves by the rules of good-breeding.

For, indeed, good-breeding is little more than the art of rooting out all those seeds of humour which nature had originally implanted in our minds.

To make this evident, it seems necessary only to explain the terms, a matter in which I do not see the great difficulty which hath appeared to other writers. Some of these have spoken of the word humour, as if it contained in it some mystery impossible to be revealed, and no one, as I know of, hath undertaken to shew us expressly what it is, though I scarce doubt but it was amply done by Aristotle in his treatise on Comedy, which is unhappily lost.

But what is more surprising, is, that we find it pretty well explained in authors, who at the same time tell us, they know not what it is. Mr. Congreve, in a letter to Mr. Dennis, hath these words: 'We cannot certainly tell what wit is, or what 'humour is;' and within a few lines afterwards he says, 'There is a great difference between a 'comedy wherein there are many things humour-'ously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken; 'and one where there are several characters of 'humour, distinguished by the particular and dif-'ferent humours appropriated to the several per-'sons represented, and which naturally arise from 'the different constitutions, complexions, and dis-'positions of men. And again, I take humour to 'be a singular and unavoidable manner of saying 'or doing any thing peculiar and natural to one 'man only; by which his speech and actions are

'distinguished from those of other men. Our hu-
'mour hath relation to us, and to what proceeds
'from us, as the accidents have to a substance; it
'is a colour, taste, and smell diffused through all;
'though our actions are ever so many, and different
'in form, they are all splinters of the same wood,
'and have naturally one complexion, &c.

If my reader hath any doubt whether this is a just description of humour, let him compare it with those examples of humorous characters, which the greatest masters have given us, and which have been universally acknowledged as such, and he will be perhaps convinced.

Ben Jonson, after complaining of the abuse of the word, proceeds thus:

> Why humour (as 'tis ens) we thus define it,
> To be a quality of air, or water,
> And in itself holds these two properties,
> Moisture and fluxure; as for demonstration,
> Pour water on this floor; 'twill wet and run;
> Likewise the air forc'd thro' a horn, or trumpet,
> Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
> A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
> That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
> As wanting power to contain itself,
> Is humour. So in every human body,
> The choler, melancholy, phlegm and blood,
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and are not continent,
> Receive the name of humours. Now thus far,
> 'It may, by metaphor, apply itself
> 'Unto the general disposition;
> 'As when some one peculiar quality
> 'Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> 'All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
> 'In their confluxions all to run one way,'
> *This may be truly said to be a humour.*
> But that a rook by wearing a py'd feather,
> The cable hatband, or the three piled ruff,
> A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
> On his French garters, should affect a humour!
> O! it is more than most ridiculous.

This passage is in the first act of *Every man out of his humour*; and I question not but to some readers, the author will appear to have been out of his wits when he wrote it; but others, I am positive, will discern much excellent ore shining among the rubbish. In truth, his sentiment, when let loose from that stiff boddice in which it is laced, will amount to this, that as the term humour contains in it the ideas of moisture and fluxure, it was applied to certain moist and flux habits of the body, and afterwards metaphorically to peculiar qualities of the mind, which, when they are extremely prevalent, do, like the predominant humours of the body, flow all to one part, and as the latter are known to absorb and drain off all the corporeal juices and strength to themselves, so the former are no less certain of engaging the affections, spirits, and powers of the mind, and of enlisting them as it were, into their own service, and under their own absolute command.

Here then we have another pretty adequate notion of humour, which is, indeed, nothing more than a violent bent or disposition of the mind to some particular point. To enumerate, indeed, these several dispositions would be, as Mr. Congreve observes, as endless as to sum up the several opinions of men; nay, as he well says, the *quot homines tot sententiæ* may be more properly interpreted of their humours, than their opinions.

Hitherto there is no mention of the Ridiculous, the idea of which, though not essential to humour, is always included in our notions of it. The Ridiculous is annexed to it these two ways, either by the manner, or the degree in which it is exerted.

By either of these, the very best and worthiest disposition of the human mind may become ridiculous. Excess, says Horace, even in the pursuit of

virtue, will lead a wise and good man into folly and vice——So will it subject him to ridicule; for into this, says the judicious abbé Bellegarde, a man may tumble headlong with an excellent understanding, and with the most laudable qualities. Piety, patriotism, loyalty, parental affection, &c. have all afforded characters of humour for the stage.

By the manner of exerting itself likewise, a humour becomes ridiculous. By this means chiefly the tragic humour differs from the comic; it is the same ambition which raises our horror in Macbeth, and our laughter at the drunken sailors in the Tempest; the same avarice which causes the dreadful incidents in the fatal curiosity of Lillo, and in the Miser of Moliere; the same jealousy which forms an Othello, or a Suspicious Husband. No passion or humour of the mind is absolutely either tragic or comic in itself. Nero had the art of making vanity the object of horror; and Domitian, in one instance, at least, made cruelty ridiculous.

As these tragic modes however never enter into our notion of humour, I will venture to make a small addition to the sentiments of the two great masters I have mentioned, by which I apprehend my description of humour will pretty well coincide with the general opinion. By humour then, I suppose, is generally intended a violent impulse of the mind, determining it to some one particular point, by which a man becomes ridiculously distinguished from all other men.

If there be any truth in what I have now said, nothing can more clearly follow than the manifest repugnancy between humour and good-breeding. The latter being the art of conducting yourself by certain common and general rules, by which

means, if they were universally observed, the whole world would appear (as all courtiers actually do) to be, in their external behaviour, at least, but one and the same person.

I have not room at present, if I were able, to enumerate the rules of good-breeding: I shall only mention one, which is a summary of them all. This is the most golden of all rules, no less than that *of doing to all men as you would they should do unto you.*

In the derivation from this law, as I hope to evince in my next, all that we call humour principally consists. I shall at the same time, I think, be able to shew, that it is to this derivation we owe the general character mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as well as to assign the reasons why we of this nation have been capable of attracting to ourselves such merit in preference to others.

N° 56. SATURDAY, July 25, 1752.

Hoc fonte derivata. HOR.

These are the sources.

AT the conclusion of my last paper, I asserted that the summary of good-breeding was no other than that comprehensive and exalted rule, which the greatest authority hath told us is the sum total of all religion and all morality.

Here, however, my readers will be pleased to observe that the subject matter of good-breeding being only what is called behaviour, it is this only to which we are to apply it on the present occa-

sion. Perhaps, therefore, we shall be better understood, if we vary the word, and read it thus: *Behave unto all men, as you would they should behave unto you.*

This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing which we desire more than to be treated so by them. This will most effectually restrain the indulgence of all those violent and inordinate desires, which, as we have endeavoured to shew, are the true seeds of humour in the human mind; the growth of which, good-breeding will be sure to obstruct; or will at least so overtop and shadow, that they shall not appear. The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are all lost in the character of the well-bred man; or, if Nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and doth not shew enough of herself to become ridiculous.

Now humour arises from the very opposite behaviour, from throwing the reins on the neck of our favourite passion, and giving it a full scope and indulgence. The ingenious abbé, whom I quoted in my former paper, paints this admirably in the characters of ill-breeding, which he mentions as the very first scene of the ridiculous. 'Ill-breeding (l'impolitesse)' says he, 'is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour, which soars above

'all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced
'by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers
'itself (*qui trouve du ragoût*) with a rude and
'disobliging behaviour.'

Having thus shewn, I think very clearly, that good-breeding is, and must be, the very bane of the ridiculous, that is to say, of all humorous characters; it will perhaps be no difficult task to discover why this character hath been in a singular manner attributed to this nation.

For this I shall assign two reasons only, as these seem to me abundantly satisfactory, and adequate to the purpose.

The first is, that method so general in this kingdom of giving no education to the youth of both sexes; I say general only, for it is not without some few exceptions.

Much the greater part of our lads of fashion return from school at fifteen or sixteen, very little wiser, and not at all the better, for having been sent thither. Part of these return to the place from whence they came, their fathers country seats; where racing, cock-fighting, hunting, and other rural sports, with smoking, drinking, and party, become their pursuit, and form the whole business and amusement of their future lives. The other part escape to town, in the diversions, fashion, follies, and vices of which they are immediately initiated. In this academy some finish their studies, while others by their wiser parent are sent abroad, to add the knowledge of the diversions, fashions, follies, and vices of all Europe, to that of those of their own country.

Hence then we are to derive two great general characters of humour, which are the clown and the coxcomb, and both of these will be almost infinitely diversified according to the different pas-

sions and natural dispositions of each individual; and according to their different walks in life. Great will be the difference, for instance, whether the country gentleman be a whig or a tory; whether he prefers women, drink, or dogs; so will it be, whether the town spark be allotted to serve his country as a politician, a courtier, a soldier, a sailor, or possibly a churchman (for by draughts from this academy all these offices are supplied); or lastly, whether his ambition shall be contented with no other appellation than merely that of a beau.

Some of our lads, however, are destined to a farther progress in learning; these are not only confined longer to the labours of a school, but are sent thence to the university. Here, if they please, they may read on; and if they please, they may (as most of them do) let it alone, and betake themselves as their fancy leads, to the imitation of their elder brothers either in town or country.

This is a matter which I shall handle very tenderly, as I am clearly of opinion that an university education is much the best we have; for here at least there is some restraint laid on the inclinations of our youth. The sportsman, the gamester, and the sot, cannot give such a loose to their extravagance, as if they were at home and under no manner of government; nor can our spark who is disposed to the town pleasures, find either gaming-houses or play-houses, nor half the taverns or bawdy-houses which are ready to receive him in Covent-Garden.

So far however, I hope, I may say without offence, that, among all the schools at the universities, there is none where the science of good-breeding is taught; no lectures like the excellent lessons on the ridiculous, which I have quoted above, and which I do most earnestly recommend to all my

young readers. Hence the learned professions produce such excellent characters of humour; and the rudeness of physicians, lawyers, and parsons, however dignified or distinguished, affords such pleasant stories to divert private companies, and sometimes the public.

I come now to the beautiful part of the creation, who, in the sense I here use the word, I am assured can hardly (for the most part) be said to have any education.

As to the counterpart of my country squire, the country gentlewoman, I apprehend, that, except in the article of the dancing-master, and perhaps in that of being barely able to read and write, there is very little difference between the education of many a squire's daughter, and that of his dairy-maid, who is most likely her principal companion; nay, the little difference which there is, I am afraid, is not in the favour of the former; who, by being constantly flattered with her beauty and her wealth, is made the vainest and most self-conceited thing alive, at the same time that such care is taken to instil into her the principles of bashfulness and timidity, that she becomes ashamed and afraid of she knows not what.

If by any chance this poor creature drops afterwards, as it were, into the world, how absurd must be her behaviour! If a man looks at her, she is confounded; and if he speaks to her, she is frightened out of her wits. She acts, in short, as if she thought the whole sex was engaged in a conspiracy to possess themselves of her person and fortune.

This poor girl, it is true, however she may appear to her own sex, especially if she is handsome, is rather an object of compassion, than of just ridicule; but what shall we say when time or

marriage have carried off all this bashfulness and fear, and when ignorance, aukwardness, and rusticity, are embellished with the same degree, though perhaps not the same kind of affectation, which are to be found in a court? Here sure is a plentiful source of all that various humour which we find in the character of a country gentle woman.

All this, I apprehend, will be readily allowed; but to deny good-breading to the town lady may be the more dangerous attempt. Here, besides the professors of reading, writing, and dancing, the French and Italian masters, the music-master, and of modern times, the whist-master, all concur in forming this character. The manners-master alone, I am afraid, is omitted. And what is the consequence? not only bashfulness and fear are entirely subdued, but modesty and discretion are taken off at the same time. So far from running away from, she runs after, the men; and instead of blushing when a modest man looks at her, or speaks to her, she can bear, without any such emotion, to stare an impudent fellow in the face, and sometimes to utter what, if he be not very impudent indeed, may put him to the blush.—Hence all those agreeable ingredients which form the humour of a rampant woman of——the town.

I cannot quit this part of my subject, in which I have been obliged to deal a little more freely than I am inclined with the loveliest part of the creation, without preserving my own character of good-breeding, by saying that this last excess is by much the most rare; and that every individual among my female readers, either is already, or may be when she pleases, an example of a contrary behaviour.

The second general reason why humour so much abounds in this nation, seems to me to arise from the great number of people who are daily raised by trade to the rank of gentry, without having had any education at all; or, to use no improper phrase, without having served any apprenticeship to this calling. But I have dwelt so long on the other branch, that I have no room at present to animadvert on this; nor is it indeed necessary I should, since most readers, with the hints I have already given them, will easily suggest to themselves, a great number of humorous characters with which the public have been furnished this way. I shall conclude by wishing, that this excellent source of humour may still continue to flow among us, since, though it may make us a little laughed at, it will be sure to make us the envy of all the nations of Europe.

N° 59. SATURDAY, August 15, 1752.

> --------- *Illachrymabiles*
> *Urgentur, ignotique longâ*
> *Nocte, carent quia vato sacro.* Hor.

> Without a tear they fall, without a name,
> Unless some sacred bard records their fame.

There is a certain affection of the mind, for which, though it be common enough in the people of this country, we have not, I think, any adequate term in our language. The Greeks, though they likewise want a name for the abstract, called a man so affected ΥΠΕΡΦΡΩΝ, a word which I shall not attempt to translate otherwise than by a paraphrase;

I understand by it a man so intoxicated with his own great qualities, that he despises and overlooks all other men. In this sense, the participle passive of the verb ὑπερφρονέω is used in Thucydides, ὑπὸ τῶν ἐυπραγούντων ὑπερφρονούμενος. The sentiment is in the mouth of Alcibiades, and it is a very fine one. 'As no man,' says he, 'will even speak to 'us when we are unfortunate, so must they bear 'in their turn to be despised by us when we are 'intoxicated with our successes.'

This disdainful temper, notwithstanding its haughty aspect, proceeds, if I am not much mistaken, from no higher principle than rank timidity. We endeavour to elevate ourselves, and to depress others, lest they should be brought into some competition with ourselves. We are not sufficiently assured of our own footing in the ascent to greatness, and are afraid of suffering any to come too near us, lest they should pull us down, and advance into our place.

Of this pitiful temper of mind, there are no persons so susceptible as the brethren of the quill. Not only such authors as have been a little singular in their opinions concerning their own merit, and in whom it seems more excusable to bear a jealous eye towards others; but even those who have far outstripped their fellow-coursers in the race of glory, stretch their scornful eyes behind them, to express their disdain of the poor wretches who are limping and crawling on at however great a distance.

Many are the methods by which this passion is exerted. I shall mention only one, as it is much the most common, and perhaps the most invidious. This is a contemptuous silence. A treatment not much unlike to that which the Buccaneers formerly used to treat their conquered ene-

mies, when they sunk, or, as they phrased it, hid them in the sea.

How many names of great writers may we suppose to have been sunk by this base disposition! Homer, as I remember, hath not perpetuated the memory of a single writer, unless that of Thersites, who was, I make no doubt, from the character given of him in the Iliad, an author of no small estimation. And yet there were probably as many of the function in those days, as there are in this; nay, Homer himself in his Odyssey, mentions the great honours which poets then received in the courts of all princes, whence we may very reasonably conclude that they swarmed in those courts; and yet the names of three only of his contemporaries have triumphed over the injuries of time, and the malice of their brethren, so as to reach our age.

The learned Vossius, who seems to have employed no little pains in the matter, hath not been able to preserve to us many more than two hundred down to the death of Cleopatra, and yet we are assured, that the famous Alexandrian library contained no less than six hundred thousand volumes, of which, as the humour of those ages ran, we may conceive a sixth part at least to have consisted of poetry.

Among the Latins, how many great names may we suppose to have been hid by the affected taciturnity of Virgil, who appears to have mentioned only those writers of quality to whom he made his court! Of his friend Horace, he had not the gratitude to take any notice; much less to repay those praises which this latter poet had so liberally bestowed on him.

Horace again, though so full of compliments to

Virgil, of poor Ovid is altogether as cruelly and invidiously silent.

Ovid, who was, I am confident, one of the best-natured of human kind, was of all men most profuse in the praises of his contemporaries; and yet even he hath been guilty of sinking. Numberless were the poets in his time, whose names are no where to be found in his works; nay, he hath played the Buccaneer with two, one of whom is celebrated by Horace, and both of them by Virgil. The learned reader well knows I mean the illustrious names of Bavius and Mævius; whose merits were so prevalent with Virgil, that though they were both his bitter revilers, he could not refrain from transmitting them to posterity. I wish he had dealt as generously by all his censurers, and I make no doubt but we should have been furnished with some hundreds of names, *quæ nunc premit nox.*

Among our own writers, too many have been guilty of this vice. Had Dryden communicated all those who drew their pens against him, he would have preserved as many names from oblivion as a land-tax act; but he was, I am afraid, so intoxicated with his own merit, that he overlooked and despised all the great satirists who constantly abused, I had almost said libelled, his works, unless they were some other way eminent, besides by their writings, such as Shadwell, who was poet laureat, and Buckingham, who was a duke.

Of all the chief favourites and prime ministers of the muses, the late ingenious Mr. Pope was most free from this scornful silence. He employed a whole work for the purpose of recording such writers as no one without his pains, except he had lived at the same time and in the same street, would ever

have heard of. He may indeed be said to have raked many out of the kennels to immortality, which, though in somewhat a stinking condition, is to an ambitious mind preferable to utter obscurity and oblivion; many, I presume, having, with the wretch who burnt the Temple of Ephesus, such a love for fame, that they are willing even to creep into her common sewer.

In humble imitation of this great man, in the only instance of which I am capable of imitating him, I intend shortly to attempt a work of the same kind, in prose I mean, and to endeavour to do justice to a great number of my contemporaries, whose names, for far the greater part, are much less known than they deserve to be. And that I may be the better enabled to execute this generous purpose, I have employed several proper persons to find out these authors. To this end, I have ordered my bookseller to send me in the names of all these apprentices and journeymen of booksellers and printers who at present entertain and instruct the town with their productions. I have besides a very able and industrious person who hath promised me a complete list of all the hands now confined in the several Bridewells in and about this city, which carry on the trade of writing, in any of the branches of religion, morality, and government; in all which every day produces us some curious essay, treatise, remarks, &c. from those quarters.

I shall conclude this paper with some very fine lines from the third Book of the Dunciad, which gave indeed the first hint to my charitable design; for what a melancholy consideration is it that all these armies there spoken of should perish in the jaws of utter darkness, and that the names of such worthies should be as short-lived as their works!—

The verses are part of the speech of Settle to his son Cibber.

> And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
> That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
> This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
> Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
> Now look thro' fate! behold the scene she draws!
> What aids, what armies to assist her cause!
> See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
> Behold, and count them as they rise to light.
> As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
> In homage to the mother of the sky,
> Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
> An hundred sons, and every son a God;
> Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
> Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;
> And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
> Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.

N° 60. SATURDAY, August 22, 1752.

Ὑπὲρ σεαυτοῦ μὴ φράσῃς ἐγκώμια·

Be not the trumpeter of your own praise.

A French author, a great favourite of mine, and whom I have often quoted in my Lucubrations, observes, 'That it is very common for men to talk 'of themselves, and their children, and their family, 'and always in the terms of commendation. But,' says he, 'if those who accustom themselves to such 'narratives could conceive how troublesome and 'tiresome they are to the rest of the world, they 'would possibly learn to contain themselves a little 'better, and to shew more complaisance to the 'patience of their hearers. It is moreover matter

'of great astonishment to me, that men who are 'perpetually praising themselves scarce ever mention the name of another person but in order to 'abuse it. Perhaps they intend to avail themselves 'of the contrast, and to recommend their own conduct to general approbation by the censure of their 'neighbours.'

The motive to the former of these vices is clearly vanity; which, as the ingenious doctor Young says,

> Makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
> And I the little hero of each tale.

The motive to the latter is malice; and, to say a plain truth, I firmly believe there is no bosom where vanity is to be found in any great degree, which is not at the same time pretty considerably tainted with malice. Praise is a mistress in the pursuit of which every vain man must have many rivals, and what temper of mind men preserve to a rival need not to be here repeated.

To both these impulses of mind there is no man, I am afraid, so liable as the writer. Fame is sometimes his only pursuit; but this is always blended with his other views, even in the most mercenary, and for this simple reason, that it leads directly to pudding. He must at least respect fame, as the Cit in the play doth his reputation, because the loss of it may tend to loss of money. But, in fact, his views are commonly more noble; vanity, not avarice, is the passion he would feed; and there is scarce an inhabitant of Parnassus, even among the poor of that parish, who will not be more pleased with one who commends his works than with one who gives him a dinner; which being the case, it follows of course that they must be all rivals for

the aforesaid mistress, and may consequently be all suspected of bearing malice to each other.

Again, there is no writer who can so easily indulge both these inclinations as the writer of Miscellaneous Essays. It required the genius of Cicero or Bolingbroke to introduce their own praises into every political oration or pamphlet; or the wit of Lucian or South to drag the philosophers and dissenters into almost every subject. But such essayist having a full liberty to write not only what, but on what he pleases, may fill up every page with his own commendations, and with the abuse of all other writers.

When I meditate on these matters I can scarce refrain from taking some praise to myself; I am even vain enough to think the public have some little obligation to me, for that silence which I have hitherto so inviolably maintained with regard to my own perfections; and perhaps the more candid among my readers would allow some applause to this forbearance, if they knew what a sacrifice I make of my own inclinations, by thus consulting their ease and pleasure; for surely nothing can equal the satisfaction which a man feels in writing encomiums on himself, unless it be the disgust which every other person is as sure to conceive at reading them.

In this mood of thinking likewise, I am apt to challenge to myself some degree of merit towards my contemporary writers, especially those who write in my own way. As these gentlemen are, I doubt not, well assured of that immoderate envy which I must bear to their great genius and learning, they will certainly acknowledge, that to confine all this to myself, to smother these scorching flames within my own breast, without suffering

even a spark to escape, seems a little to deserve their commendation.

But to deal ingenuously on this occasion, I must acknowledge there are some prudential as well as generous motives to this silence. Two considerations may perhaps be suspected of having some little weight in dissuading a man, even for his own sake, from exhibiting his own praise. First, that he will be sure of being very little read, and in the next place of being much less believed. The fear of this latter fate may likewise have some share in prevailing on a man to stifle his envy, notwithstanding all the pleasure which is to be found in giving it vent. However sweet it was to those great men whose names are recorded in the preface to the Dunciad, and in the Dunciad itself, to abuse the characters of Pope and Swift, and to assert, as they did, that the one wanted humour and the other was no poet; I much doubt whether they would not have bought their pleasure too dear at the price of public scorn, even though the former had treated them with the same silent contempt with which they were treated by the latter. For this reason I shall carefully avoid any satire against the Popes and Swifts of the present age. Though envy of these great men should boil in my own bosom, I will never suffer it to boil over so as to run abroad into the public.

To suppress two such powerful passions as vanity and envy is by no means an easy task. It requires indeed little less resolution than what animated the Spartan youth who concealed a fox under his garment, and rather than he would produce him openly suffered the vermin to gnaw his very bowels. To say the truth, I am afraid I should not have been able to persevere so long, had I not contrived a certain cunning method of dis-

charging myself in private; and which, as it is a most curious secret, I shall now communicate for the use of others, who, if they pursue the same method, will, I doubt not, meet with the same success.

I will give it by way of receipt; and can truly say, it hath every quality with which remedies are usually recommended; being extremely cheap, easy, safe, and practicable.

A RECEIPT TO PREVENT THE ILL EFFECTS OF A RAGING VANITY IN AN AUTHOR.

When the fit is at the highest, take of pen, ink, and paper, Q. S. Make a panegyric on yourself; stuff it well with all the cardinal virtues; season to your taste with wit, humour, and learning. You may likewise add, as you see occasion, birth, politeness, and such like.

In the choice of your ingredients be sure to have a particular regard to your sore part. If your ears be sore with any fresh pulling, or your br—ch with any fresh kicking, infuse a double portion of courage. If you have lately betrayed your ignorance so grossly as to make Ovid guilty of two false quantities in one line, dash plentifully with learning.

If you are publicly known to be an infamous liar, season very high with honour; if you are notoriously sprung from the *dunghill*, take of ancestors from the English history at the least half a dozen. *Et sic de cæteris.*

When you have writ your panegyric you may read it as often as you please; but take care that nobody hears you, and then be sure to—burn your panegyric.

This last operation, I own, will cause some pain,

but when it is considered that if you do not burn it yourself other people will; nay, perhaps, will treat it yet worse, and bring it to a much more dishonourable and stinking end, a wise man will soon force himself to the resolution of putting his panegyric beyond the reach of malice.

As to the cure of envy I need not give the receipt for it at length. It is sufficient to direct the choice of the very contrary ingredients; that is to say, instead of all the good make use of all the bad qualities both of the head and heart.

And here likewise you are to examine your own sore part; if any man hath ridiculed you with wit and humour, take of blockhead, dunce, and fool, of each three penfuls. If another hath kicked and cuffed you lustily, be sure to becoward him well; and if the assault was in public, before the eyes of many gentlemen, the word coward can never be too often repeated.

But with regard to this last, great caution must be had; first, that the person so to be becowarded be first under a prosecution at law for the assault; and secondly, that he be then out of the kingdom. These precautions are however useless, if you apply your satire, as you are above advised to apply your panegyric, I mean to the flames; otherwise they will be abundantly necessary to prevent your ears from being pulled, till they resemble those of the ass lately exposed at the Bedford Coffee-house.

I shall conclude this paper with two quotations; the first is from the mouth of Socrates. 'Never 'speak of yourself; for he who commends him-'self is vain; and he who abuses himself is ab-'surd.' The other is from the witty Dr. South. He advises an abusive writer 'to be, of all others, 'most circumspect as to his own actions, seeing

'he is so sure of meeting with no quarter.' A man must, indeed, be most furiously mad, who sets up for a satirist, when it is scarce possible for him to discharge a single vice at any other that will not recoil on himself. In a word, with my friend Horace, *melius non tangere clamo*. A hint which those of my contemporary writers who understand Latin will for the future, I hope, observe.

N° 61. SATURDAY, August 29, 1752.

Τὸν ἐλάττω μὴ ἀποσκυβαλίσῃς. CLEOBUL.

Do not despise your inferiors.

THERE is not in human nature a more odious disposition than a proneness to contempt. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man; for in such a person wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence; and weakness and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that he will find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.

And however detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe, that the meanest and basest of all human beings are generally the most forward to

despise others. So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.

I have often wished that some of those curious persons who have employed their time in inquiring into the nature and actions of several insects, such as bees and ants, had taken some pains to examine whether they are not apt to express any contemptuous behaviour one towards another; the plain symptoms of which might possibly be discovered by the help of microscopes. It is scarce conceivable that the queen bee, amongst the hundred gallants which she keeps for her own recreation, should not have some especial favourites, and it is full as likely, that these favourites will so carry themselves towards their brethren as to display sufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate discoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many instances of contempt amongst animals, which I have farther observed to increase in proportion to the decrease of such species in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me that he never could discover any the least indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horse, I am sorry to say it, gives us some, the ass many more, the turkey-cock more still, and the toad is supposed to burst itself frequently with the violence of this passion. To pursue it gradually downwards would be too tedious. It may be reasonably supposed to arrive at a prodigious height before it descends to the louse. With what a degree of contempt may we conceive that a substantial freeholder of this kind, who is well established in the head of a beggar-wench, considers a poor vagabond louse who hath strayed into the head of a woman of quality; where it is in hourly danger of being arrested by the merciless hands of her woman!

This may perhaps seem to some a very ridiculous image, and as ridiculous as I apprehend to a being of a superior order, will appear a contemptuous man; one puffed up with some trifling, perhaps fancied superiority, and looking round him with disdain on those who are perhaps so nearly his equals, that to such a being as I have just mentioned the difference may be as inconsiderable and imperceptible between the despiser and the despised, as the difference between two of the meanest insects may seem to us.

And as a very good mind, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to any such affection; so neither will a sensible mind, I am persuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would make but a moderate use of that self-examination which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then perhaps, as their charity is said to do, begin at home. To say truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best.

But I am sliding into a more serious vein than I intended. In the residue of this paper, therefore, I will confine myself to one particular consideration only, one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as strong dissuasives against it, as any other which at present suggests itself.

The consideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at least, mutual, and that there is scarce any one man who despises another without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the right honourable the lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue, passes by Mr. Moses Buckram, citizen and tailor, in his chaise and one:

'See there!' says my lord, with an air of the highest contempt, 'That rascal Buckram, with his 'fat wife, I suppose he is going to his country-'house, for such fellows must have their country-'house as well as their vehicle. These are the 'rascals that complain of want of trade.' Buckram, on the other side, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being run over, before he could get out of the way, than, turning to his wife, he cries, 'Very fine, faith! an honest citizen is to be run 'over by such fellows as these, who drive about 'their coaches and six with other people's money. 'See, my dear! what an equipage he hath! and 'yet he cannot find money to pay an honest trades-'man! He is above fifteen hundred pounds deep 'in my books; how I despise such lords!'

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the side-box, casting her eyes on an honest pawn-broker's wife below her, bids lady Betty, her companion, take notice of that creature in the pit; 'Did you ever see, lady 'Betty,' says she, 'such a strange wretch? how 'the aukward monster is dressed!'—The good woman at the same time surveying lady Fanny, and offended, perhaps, at a scornful smile which she sees in her countenance,—whispers her friend, ——'Observe lady Fanny Rantun; as great airs 'as that fine lady gives herself, my husband hath 'all her jewels under lock and key; what a con-'temptible thing is poor quality!'

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than a poor scholar to a splendid beau; unless perhaps the splendid beau to the poor scholar; the philosopher and the world, the man of business and the man of pleasure, the beauty and the wit, the hypocrite and the profligate, the covetous and the squanderer, are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier, who hires himself out to be shot at for five pence a-day, who is the only slave in a free country, and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent, and whilst at home subject to the severest punishments for offences which are not to be found in our law books; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brickdust-coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a yard, the very gentleman soldier is as much despised in his turn by the whistling carter, who comforts himself that he is a free Englishman, and will live with no master any longer than he likes him; nay, and though he never was worth twenty shillings in his life, is ready to answer a captain if he offends him,— 'D—n you, sir, who are you? is it not WE that 'pays you?'

This contemptuous disposition is, in reality, the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke given by a black-shoe boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts. 'Why should you 'despise him, Jack?' said the honest lad; 'we 'are all what the Lord pleased to make us.'

I will conclude this paper with a story which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being stopped in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to custom, were

placed directly across the way; he observed a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud-cart, give another fellow several lashes with his whip, and at the same time heard him repeat more than once—'D—n you, I will teach you manners to 'your betters.' My friend could not easily from these words divine what might possibly be the station of the unhappy sufferer, till at length, to the great satisfaction of his curiosity, he discovered that he was the driver of a dust-cart drawn by asses.

PHILOSOPHICAL

TRANSACTIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1742-3.

THE CONTENTS.

Several Papers *relating to the* Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, *or* GUINEA, *an* Insect, *or* Vegetable, *which has this surprising* Property, *that being cut into several pieces, each piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an Insect, or Vegetable, as that of which it was originally only a Part.*

Abstract of *Part* of a Letter from the *Heer Rottenscrach*, in *Germany*, communicating Observations on the CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,

SOME time since died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, *a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the* Chrysipi, *an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you; as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the Paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times: and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the* Chrysipi, *as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned* Petrus, *after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either, while alive.—I am, Sir, &c.*

The Figure of the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS *sticking to a Finger.*

Observations and Experiments upon the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, *or* GUINEA, *by Mynheer* Petrus Gualterus.

Translated from the FRENCH *by* P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vegetable or insect, of which mention is made in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several years, as may be

seen in N° 000. Art. 0000.; and N° 00. Art. 002.; and N°—— Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as represented in the figure annexed; in which A, denotes the ruffle; B, the hand; *g*, the thumb of that hand; *d*, the finger; *e*, the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS sticks; *f, f, f, f*, four tubes, representing the Πέος*, or *man's staff*, mentioned by Galen in his Treatise *de Usu Partium;* and by Aristotle, in that little book called his Ἀρχιβιβλίον, or *Master-piece.* The *το θηλυκον*, or *woman's pipe*, an oblong perforated substance, to which the said Πεῆ directly tend, is represented by the letter C. *The mouth of the* Chrysipus *is in this anterior middle, it opens into the stomach, which takes up the whole length of the body.* The whole body forms but one pipe, a sort of gut, which can be opened but at one end, *i. e.* at letter C.

The size of the body of a Chrysipus varies according to its different species.

I know two species only, differing in extent almost one-half; which, for distinction sake, I call the *whole Chrysipus*, and the *hemi Chrysipus.* The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The length of the Πεῆ differ likewise in proportion to the different size or extension of these two.

The Πεῆ of those of a modern growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked eye, that it is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us: and, indeed, in England they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especiallly in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found: but at the same

* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *arbor vitæ, anno* 1732.

time it is remarked, that in some places of the Continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microscope, discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the *Flower-de-luce.* Not to repeat those parts above mentioned, which bear great analogy to the Ἀιδοια of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain letters forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time.

> *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum*
> *Nascuntur flores.*

Particularly as he adds,

> —— *Et Phyllida solus habeto.*

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion; but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be *absolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have, any progressive motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed, some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the *Chrysipus*.

"They make use of their progressive motion, "when communicated to them, to place them-"selves conveniently, so as to catch their prey. "They are voracious animals; their IIεῆ are so "many snares which they set for numbers of small "*insects*. As soon as any of them touches one of "the IIεῆ, it is caught."

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the consequence; for instead of making the *insect* its prey, it becomes itself a prey to it; and instead of conveying an *insect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysipus* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus*, or pouch of an *insect* a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that if the *insect* (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other *Chrysipi* to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned *Gualterus* goes on in these words: "A *Chrysipus*, by the simple contact of my own "finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, "that by the joint and indefatigable labour of "several of my friends, it could by no means be "severed, or made to quit its hold."

As to the generation of the *Chrysipus*, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever; for though it seems the best supplied for this natura

function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the *Polypus*, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciously remarks *: " I have (says " he) some of them, that have greatly *multiplied* " *under my eyes*, and of which I might almost say, " that they have produced young ones from all " the exterior parts of their body.

" I have learned by a *continual attention* to the " two species of them, that all the individuals of " these species produce young ones.

" I have for sixty years had under my eye thou- " sands of them; and though I have OBSERVED " THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so " as to watch them night and day, I never ob- " served any thing like the common animal-co- " pulation.

" I tried at first two of them; but these I found " would not produce a complete *Chrysipus*; at least " I had reason to think the operation would be so " slow, that I must have waited some years for its " completion. Upon this, I tried a hundred of " them together; by whose marvellous union " (whether it be, that they mix total, like those " heavenly spirits mentioned by Milton, or by any " other process not yet revealed to human wit) " they were found in the year's end to produce " three, four, and sometimes five complete *Chrysipi*. " I have indeed often made them in that space " produce ten or twenty; but this hath been by " some held a dangerous experiment, not only to " the parent *Chrysipi* themselves, which have by " these means been utterly lost and destroyed,

* Vid. Remarks on the *Polypus*, pag. 6.

"but even to the philosopher who hath attempted "it; for as some curious persons have, by hermetic "experiments, endangered the loss of their teeth, "so we, by a too intense application to this *Chrysipean* philosophy, have been sometimes found "to endanger our ears." He then proceeds thus:

* "Another fact, which I have observed, has "proved to me, that they have the faculty of multiplying, before they are severed from their parent. "I have seen a *Chrysipus*, still adhering, bring "forth young ones; and those young ones themselves have also brought forth others. Upon "supposition, that perhaps there was some *copulation between the parent and young ones*, whilst "they were yet united; or between the young "ones coming from the body of the same parent; "I made divers experiments, to be sure of the fact; "but not one of those experiments ever led me to "any thing that could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the singularities resulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chrysipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every substance being at least as large as the original *Chrysipus*. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier, and rather larger than the first *Chrysipus*. The only difference in this change, is that of the colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to

* Remarks, pag. 7.

lose in a great degree their adhersceent quality; notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a *Chrysipus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus;* for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise above mentioned, that

* " If the body of a *Polypus* is cut into two parts " transversely, each of those parts becomes a com- " plete *Polypus:* on the very day of the operation " the first part, or anterior end of the *Polypus,* " that is, the head, the mouth, and the arms—this " part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and " eats.

" The second part, *which has no head, gets one;* " a mouth forms itself at the anterior end; and " shoots forth arms. This reproduction comes " about more or less quickly, according as the " weather is more or less warm. In summer, I " have seen arms begin to sprout out twenty- " four hours after the operation, and *the new* " *head perfected in every respect in a few days.*

" Each of those parts thus becomes a perfect " *Polypus,* performs absolutely all its functions. " It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; " *and all that* as much as a *Polypus* which never " had been cut.

" In whatever place the body of a *Polypus* is cut, " whether in the middle, or more or less near the " head, or the posterior part, the experiment has " always the same success.

" If a *Polypus* is cut transversely at the same

* See *Polypus,* pag. 8, 9, 10.

" moment, into three or four parts, they all equally " become so many complete ones.

" The animal is too small to be cut at the same " time into a great number of parts; *I therefore* " *did it successively*. I first cut a *Polypus* into " four parts, and let them grow; next, I cut those " quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded, *till* " *I had made 50 out of one single one*: and here I " stopped, for there would have been *no end of the* " *experiment*.

" I have now actually by me several parts of the " same *Polypus* cut into pieces above a year ago, " since which time they have produced a great " number of young ones.

" *A Polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways.* " *Beginning by the head, one first splits the said* " *head, and afterwards the stomach:* the *Polypus* " being in the form of a pipe, each half of what is " thus cut lengthways forms a half pipe: the an- " terior extremity of which is terminated by the " half of the head, the half of the mouth, and part " of the arms. It is not long before the two edges " of those half pipes close after the operation; " they generally begin at the posterior part, and " close up by degrees to the anterior part. *Then* " *each half pipe becomes a whole one complete*: a " stomach is formed, in which nothing is want- " ing; and *out of each half-mouth a whole one* " *is formed also*.

" I have seen all this done in less than an hour; " and that the *Polypus* produced from each of " those halves, at the end of that time, did not " differ from the whole ones, except that it had " fewer arms; but in a few days more grew out.

" I have cut a *Polypus* lengthways, between " seven and eight in the morning; and between

" two and three in the afternoon, *each of the parts* " *has been able to eat a worm as long as itself.*

" If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at " the head, and the section is not carried quite " through; the result is, a *Polypus* with two bo- " dies, two heads, and one tail. Some of those " bodies and heads may again be cut lengthways " soon after. In this manner I have *produced a* " Polypus *that had several bodies, as many heads,* " *and one tail.* I afterwards at once cut off the " seven heads of this new *Hydra:* seven others " grew again; *and the heads that were cut off, be-* " *came each a complete* Polypus.

" I cut a *Polypus,* transversely, into two parts: " I put these two parts close to each other again, " and they reunited where they had been cut. " The *Polypus,* thus reunited, eat the day after it " had undergone this operation: it is since grown, " and has multiplied.

" *I took the posterior part of one* Polypus, *and* " *the anterior of another, and I have brought them* " *to reunite in the same manner as the foregoing.* " Next day, the *Polypus that resulted,* eat: it " has continued well these two months since the " operation: it is grown, and has put forth young " ones from each of the parts of which it was " formed. The two foregoing experiments do not " always succeed; it often happens, that the two " parts will not join again.

" In order to comprehend the experiment I am " now going to speak of, one should recollect, that " the whole body of a *Polypus* forms only one " pipe, a sort of gut or pouch.

" *I have been able to turn that pouch, that body* " *of the* Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE MAY " TURN A STOCKING.

"I have several by me, that have remained "turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME "THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: "they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they "had never been turned."

Now, in the division and subdivision of our *Chrysipus,* we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the schystic or devisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by suffocation. Indeed, there is a method called the *Kleptistic,* which hath been preferred to the metabolic: but this is too dangerous. The ingenious Gualterus never carried it further than the metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysipus* into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the *Polypus.* As to the age of the *Chrysipus,* it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests, in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus says, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly, or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

* We are told of the *Polypus,* 'That they are,

* *Polypus,* pag. 1, 2.

" to be looked for in such ditches whose water is " stocked with small insects. Pieces of wood, " leaves, aquatic plants, in short, every thing is to " be taken out of the water, that is met with at " the bottom, or on the surface of the water, on " the edges, and in the middle of the ditches. " What is thus taken out, must be put into a glass " of clear water, and these insects, if there are " any, will soon discover themselves; especially if " the glass is let stand a little, without moving it: " for thus the insects, which contract themselves " when they are first taken out, will again extend " themselves when they are at rest, and become " thereby so much the more remarkable."

The *Chrysipus* is to be looked for in scrutores, and behind wainscoats in old houses. In searching for them, particular regard is to be had to the persons who inhabit, or have inhabited, in the same houses, by observing which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young persons, and detest finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of *pieces of wood, iron,* &c. which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure methods of procuring them, which are all ascertained in a treatise on that subject, composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now, in the last place, to speak of the virtues of the *Chrysipus:* In these it exceeds not only the *Polypus,* of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables

whatever. Indeed, I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large volume.

First, then, A single *Chrysipus* stuck on to the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour, nay, will make him say whatever the person who sticks it on desires: and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they seldom or never fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed, it hath the powers of the prismatic glass, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex, that it hath often produced love in the finest women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit of our sex.

To give the strongest idea, in one instance, of the salubrious quality of the *Chrysipus*—it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient, without swallowing a dose of it.

To conclude, *facts like these I have related, to be admitted*, require the most convincing proofs. *I venture to say, I am able to produce such proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatise I have above mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I composed the above treatise, I have been informed, that these animals swarm in England all over the country, like the locusts, once in SEVEN years; and like them, too, they generally cause much mischief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have swarmed.

THE

PREFACE

TO

DAVID SIMPLE.

THE

PREFACE

TO

DAVID SIMPLE.

As so many worthy persons have, I am told, ascribed the honour of this performance to me, they will not be surprised at seeing my name to this preface: nor am I very insincere, when I call it an honour; for if the authors of the age are amongst the number of those who conferred it on me, I know very few of them to whom I shall return the compliment of such a suspicion.

I could indeed have been very well content with the reputation, well knowing that some writings may be justly laid to my charge of a merit greatly inferior to that of the following work; had not the imputation directly accused me of falsehood, in breaking a promise, which I have solemnly made in print, of never publishing even a pamphlet without setting my name to it—a promise I have always hitherto faithfully kept; and, for the sake of men's characters, I wish all other writers were by law obliged to use the same method; but, till they

are, I shall no longer impose any such restraint on myself.

A second reason which induces me to refute this untruth is, that it may have a tendency to injure me in a profession to which I have applied with so arduous and intent a diligence, that I have had no leisure, if I had inclination, to compose any thing of this kind. Indeed, I am very far from entertaining such an inclination: I know the value of the reward which Fame confers on authors too well, to endeavour any longer to obtain it; nor was the world ever more unwilling to bestow the glorious envied prize of the laurel or bays, than I should now be to receive any such garland or fool's cap. There is not, I believe (and it is bold to affirm), a single free Briton in this kingdom who hates his wife more heartily than I detest the Muses. They have, indeed, behaved to me like the most infamous harlots, and have laid many a spurious as well as deformed production at my door: in all which my good friends the critics have, in their profound discernment, discovered some resemblance of the parent; and thus I have been reputed and reported the author of half the scurrility, bawdy, treason, and blasphemy, which these few last years have produced.

I am far from thinking every person who hath thus aspersed me, had a determinate design of doing me an injury; I impute it only to an idle childish levity, which possesses too many minds, and makes them report their conjectures as matters of fact, without weighing the proof, or considering the consequence. But as to the former of these, my readers will do well to examine their own talents very strictly, before they are too thoroughly convinced of their abilities to distinguish an author's style so accurately, as from that only to pronounce

an anonymous work to be his; and as to the latter, a little reflexion will convince them of the cruelty they are guilty of by such reports. For my own part, I can aver that there are few crimes of which I should have been more ashamed than of some writings laid to my charge. I am as well assured of the injuries I have suffered from such unjust imputations, not only in general character, but as they have, I conceive, frequently raised me inveterate enemies, in persons to whose disadvantage I have never entertained a single thought; nay, in men whose characters and even names have been unknown to me.

Among all the scurrilities with which I have been accused (though equally and totally innocent of every one), none ever raised my indignation so much as the Causidicade; this accused me not only of being a bad writer and a bad man, but with downright idiotism, in flying in the face of the greatest men of my profession. I take therefore this opportunity to protest, that I never saw that infamous paltry libel till long after it had been in print; nor can any man hold it in greater contempt and abhorrence than myself.

The reader will pardon my dwelling so long on this subject, as I have suffered so cruelly by these aspersions in my own ease, in my reputation, and in my interest. I shall, however, henceforth treat such censure with the contempt it deserves; and do here revoke the promise I formerly made; so that I shall now look upon myself at full liberty to publish an anonymous work, without any breach of faith. For though probably I shall never make any use of this liberty, there is no reason why I should be under a restraint, for which I have not enjoyed the purposed recompence.

A third, and indeed the strongest, reason which

hath drawn me into print, is to do justice to the real and sole author of this little book; who, notwithstanding the many excellent observations dispersed through it, and the deep knowledge of human nature it discovers, is a young woman; one so nearly and dearly allied to me, in the highest friendship as well as relation, that if she had wanted any assistance of mine, I would have been as ready to have given it her, as I would have been just to my word in owning it; but, in reality, two or three hints which arose on the reading it, and some little direction as to the conduct of the second volume, much the greater part of which I never saw till in print, were all the aid she received from me. Indeed, I believe there are few books in the world so absolutely the author's own as this.

There were some grammatical and other errors in style in the first impression, which my absence from town prevented my correcting, as I have endeavoured, though in great haste, in this edition: by comparing the one with the other, the reader may see, if he think it worth his while, the share I have in this book as it now stands, and which amounts to little more than the correction of some small errors, which want of habit in writing chiefly occasioned, and which no man of learning would think worth his censure in a romance, nor any gentleman in the writings of a young woman.

And as the faults of this work want very little excuse, so its beauties want as little recommendation; though I will not say but they may sometimes stand in need of being pointed out to the generality of readers. For as the merit of this work consists in a vast penetration into human nature, a deep and profound discernment of all the mazes, windings, and labyrinths, which perplex the heart of man to such a degree that he is himself often in-

capable of seeing through them; and as this is the greatest, noblest, and rarest, of all the talents which constitute a genius; so a much larger share of this talent is necessary even to recognise these discoveries, when they are laid before us, than falls to the share of a common reader. Such beauties therefore in an author must be contented to pass often unobserved, and untasted; whereas, on the contrary, the imperfections of this little book, which arise, not from want of genius, but of learning, lie open to the eyes of every fool who has had a little Latin inoculated into his tail; but had the same great quantity of birch been better employed, in scourging away his ill-nature, he would not have exposed it in endeavouring to cavil at the first performance of one whose sex and age entitle her to the gentlest criticism, while her merit, of an infinitely higher kind, may defy the severest. But I believe the warmth of my friendship hath led me to engage a critic of my own imagination only; for I should be sorry to conceive such a one had any real existence. If however any such composition of folly, meanness, and malevolence, should actually exist, he must be as incapable of conviction as unworthy of an answer. I shall therefore proceed to the more pleasing task of pointing out some of the beauties of this little work.

I have attempted, in my Preface to Joseph Andrews, to prove, that every work of this kind is in its nature a comic epic poem, of which Homer left us a precedent, though it be unhappily lost.

The two great originals of a serious air, which we have derived from that mighty genius, differ principally in the action, which in the Iliad is entire and uniform; in the Odyssey, is rather a series of actions, all tending to produce one great end. Virgil and Milton are, I think, the only pure

imitators of the former: most of the other Latin, as well as Italian, French, and English epic poets, choosing rather the history of some war, as Lucan and Silius Italicus; or a series of adventures, as Ariosto, &c., for the subject of their poems.

In the same manner the comic writer may either fix on one action, as the authors of Le Lutrin, the Dunciad, &c.; or on a series, as Butler in verse, and Cervantes in prose have done.

Of this latter kind is the book now before us, where the fable consists of a series of separate adventures, detached from and independent on each other, yet all tending to one great end; so that those who should object want of unity of action here, may, if they please, or if they dare, fly back with their objection in the face even of the Odyssey itself.

This fable hath in it these three difficult ingredients, which will be found on consideration to be always necessary to works of this kind; *viz.* that the main end or scope be at once amiable, ridiculous, and natural.

If it be said that some of the comic performances I have above mentioned differ in the first of these, and set before us the odious instead of the amiable; I answer, that is far from being one of their perfections; and of this the authors themselves seem so sensible, that they endeavour to deceive the reader by false glosses and colours, and by the help of irony at least to represent the aim and design of their heroes in a favourable and agreeable light.

I might further observe, that as the incidents arising from this fable, though often surprising, are every where natural (credibility not being once shocked through the whole), so there is one beauty very apparent, which hath been attributed by the

greatest of critics to the greatest of poets, that every episode bears a manifest impression of the principal design, and chiefly turns on the perfection or imperfection of friendship; of which noble passion, from its highest purity to its lowest falsehoods and disguises, this little book is, in my opinion, the most exact model.

As to the characters here described, I shall repeat the saying of one of the greatest men in this age,—'That they were as wonderfully drawn by the 'writer, as they were by Nature herself.' There are many strokes in Orgueil, Spatter, Varnish, Levif, the Balancer, and some others, which would have shined in the pages of Theophrastus, Horace, or La Bruyere. Nay, there are some touches which I will venture to say might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakspeare himself.

The sentiments are in general extremely delicate; those particularly which regard friendship are, I think, as noble and elevated as I have any where met with; nor can I help remarking, that the author hath been so careful in justly adapting them to her characters, that a very indifferent reader after he is in the least acquainted with the character of the speaker, can seldom fail of applying every sentiment to the person who utters it. Of this we have the strongest instance in Cynthia and Camilla, where the lively spirit of the former, and the gentle softness of the latter, breathe through every sentence which drops from either of them.

The diction I shall say no more of, than as it is the last and lowest perfection in a writer, and one which many of great genius seem to have little regarded; so I must allow my author to have the least merit on this head; many errors in style existing in the first edition, and some, I am convinced, remaining still uncured in this; but expe-

rience and habit will most certainly remove this objection; for a good style, as well as a good hand in writing, is chiefly learned by practice.

I shall here finish these short remarks on this little book, which have been drawn from me by those people who have very falsely and impertinently called me its author. I declare I have spoken no more than my real sentiments of it, nor can I see why any relation or attachment to merit should restrain me from its commendation.

The true reason why some have been backward in giving this book its just praise, and why others have sought after some more known and experienced author for it, is, I apprehend, no other than an astonishment how one so young, and in appearance so unacquainted with the world, should know so much both of the better and worse part, as is here exemplified: but, in reality, a very little knowledge of the world will afford an observer, moderately accurate, sufficient instances of evil; and a short communication with her own heart, will leave the author of this book very little to seek abroad of all the good which is to be found in human nature.

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE

TO THE

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

THE

PREFACE

TO THE

FAMILIAR LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN DAVID SIMPLE,

AND SOME OTHERS.

THE taste of the public, with regard to epistolary writing, having been much vitiated by some modern authors, it may not be amiss to premise some short matter concerning it in this place, that the reader may not expect another kind of entertainment than he will meet with in the following papers, nor impute the author's designed deviation from the common road, to any mistake or error.

Those writings which are called letters, may be divided into four classes. Under the first class may be ranged those letters, as well ancient as modern, which have been written by men who have filled up the principal characters on the stage of life, upon great and memorable occasions. These have been always esteemed as the most valuable parts of history, as they are not only the most authentic memorials of facts, but as they serve greatly to il-

lustrate the true character of the writer, and do in a manner introduce the person himself to our acquaintance.

A second kind owe their merit not to truth, but to invention; such are the letters which contain ingenious novels, or shorter tales, either pathetic or humourous: these bear the same relation to the former as romance doth to true history; and as the former may be called short histories, so may these be styled short romances.

In the next branch may be ranked those letters which have passed between men of eminence in the republic of literature. Many of these are in high estimation in the learned world, in which they are considered as having an equal authority to that which the political world allows to those of the first class.

Besides these three kinds of letters, which have all their several merits, there are two more, with which the moderns have very plentifully supplied the world, though I shall not be very profuse in my encomiums on either: these are, love-letters and letters of conversation; in which last are contained the private affairs of persons of no consequence to the public, either in a political or learned consideration, or indeed in any consideration whatever.

With these two kinds of letters the French language in particular so vastly abounds, that it would employ most of the leisure hours of life to read them all; nay, I believe indeed they are the principal study of many of our fine gentlemen and ladies who learn that language.

And hence such readers have learnt the critical phrases of a familiar easy style, a concise epistolary style, &c.; and these they apply to all letters whatever.

Now, from some polite modern performances, written, I suppose, by this rule, I much doubt whether these French readers have any just and adequate notion of this epistolary style, with which they are so enamoured. To say the truth, I question whether they do not place it entirely in short, abrupt, and unconnected periods; a style so easy that any man may write it, and which, one would imagine, it must be very difficult to procure any person to read.

To such critics, therefore, I would recommend Ovid, who was perhaps the ablest writer of *les lettres galantes* that ever lived. In his *Arte Amandi*, they will find the following rule:

———*præsens ut videare loqui.*

viz. that these letters should preserve the style of conversation; and in his Epistles they will see this excellently illustrated by example. But if we are to form our idea of the conversation of some modern writers from their letters, we shall have, I am afraid, a very indifferent opinion of both.

But, in reality, this style of conversation is only proper, at least only necessary, to these, which I have called letters of conversation; and is not at all requisite, either to letters of business, which in after-ages make a part of history, or to those on the subject of literature and criticism.

Much less is it adapted to the novel or story writer; for what difference is there, whether a tale is related this or any other way? And sure no one will contend, that the epistolary style is in general the most proper to a novelist, or that it hath been used by the best writers of this kind.

It is not my purpose here to write a large dissertation on style in general; nor to assign what is proper to the historian, what to the romance, and what

to the novel writer; not to observe in what manner all these differ from each other—it is sufficient to have obviated an objection, which I foresaw might be made to these little volumes by some, who are in truth as incapable of knowing any of the faults, as of reaping any of the beauties of an author; and I assure them, there is no branch of criticism in which learning, as well as good sense, is more required than to the forming an accurate judgement of style, though there is none, I believe, in which every trifling reader is more ready to give his decision.

Instead of laying down any rules for the use of such tyros in the critical art, I shall recommend them to one who is master of style, as of every other excellence. This gentleman, in his Persian Letters, many of which are written on the most important subjects in ethics, politics, and philosophy, hath condescended to introduce two or three novels: in these they will find that inimitable writer very judiciously changing the style which he uses on other occasions, where the subjects of his letters require the air and style of conversation; to preserve which, in relating stories that run to any length, would be faulty in the writer and tiresome to the reader.

To conclude this point, I know not of any essential difference between this and any other way of writing novels, save only, that by making use of letters the writer is freed from the regular beginnings and conclusions of stories, with some other formalities, in which the reader of taste finds no less ease and advantage than the author himself.

As to the matter contained in the following volumes, I am not perhaps at liberty to declare my opinion: relation and friendship to the writer may draw upon me the censure of partiality, if I should be as warm as I am inclined to be in their commendation.

The reader however will excuse me, if I advise him not to run them over with too much haste and indifference; such readers will, I promise them, find little to admire in this book, whose beauties (if it have any) require the same attention to discover them with which the author herself has considered that book of Nature whence they are taken. In books, as well as pictures, where the excellence lies in the expression or colouring only, the first glance of the eye acquaints us with all the perfection of the piece; but the nicest and most delicate touches of nature are not so soon perceived. In the works of Cervantes or Hogarth, he is, I believe, a wretched judge, who discovers no new beauties on a second, or even a third perusal.

And here I cannot controul myself from averring, that many touches of this kind appear to me in these Letters; some of which I cannot help thinking as fine as I have ever met with in any of the authors who have made human nature their subject.

As such observations are generally supposed to be the effects of long experience in and much acquaintance with mankind, it may perhaps surprise many to find them in the works of a woman, especially of one, who, to use the common phrase, hath seen so little of the world: and I should not wonder, on this account, that these Letters were ascribed to another author, if I knew any one capable of writing them.

But in reality the knowledge of human nature is not learnt by living in the hurry of the world. True genius, with the help of a little conversation, will be capable of making a vast progress in this learning; and indeed I have observed, there are none who know so little of men as those who are placed in the crowds either of business or pleasure. The truth of this assertion, that pedants in colleges

have seldom any share of this knowledge, doth not arise from a defect in the college, but from a defect in the pedant, who would have spent many years at St. James's to as little purpose: for daily experience may convince us, that it is possible for a blockhead to see much of the world, and know little of it.

The objection to the sex of the author hardly requires an answer: it will be chiefly advanced by those who derive their opinion of women, very unfairly, from the fine ladies of the age; whereas, if the behaviour of their counterparts, the beaus, was to denote the understanding of men, I apprehend the conclusion would be in favour of the women, without making a compliment to that sex. I can of my own knowledge, and from my own acquaintance, bear testimony to the possibility of those examples which history gives, of women eminent for the highest endowments and faculties of the mind. I shall only add an answer to the same objection, relating to David Simple, given by a lady of very high rank, whose quality is, however, less an honour to her than her understanding. 'So far,' said she, 'from doubting David Simple to be the performance of a woman, I am well convinced it could not have been written by a man.'

In the conduct of women, in that great and important business of their lives, the affair of love, there are mysteries, with which men are perfectly unacquainted: their education being on this head in constraint of, nay, in direct opposition to truth and nature, creates such a constant struggle between nature and habit, truth and hypocrisy, as introduce often much humour into their characters; especially when drawn by sensible writers of their own sex, who are on this subject much more capable than the ablest of ours.

I remember it was the observation of a lady, for whose opinion I have a great veneration, that there is nothing more generally unnatural than the characters of women on the stage, and that even in our best plays. If this be fact, as I sincerely believe it is, whence can it proceed, but from the ignorance in which the artificial behaviour of women leaves us, of what really passes in their minds, and which, like all other mysteries, is known only to the initiated?

Many of the foregoing assertions will, I question not, meet with very little assent from those great and wise men, who are not only absolute masters of some poor woman's person, but likewise of her thoughts. With such opposition I must rest contented; but what I more dread is, that I may have unadvisedly drawn the resentment of her own lovely sex against the author of these volumes, for having betrayed the secrets of the society.

To this I shall attempt giving two answers: first, that these nice touches will, like the signs of masonry, escape the observation and detection of all those who are not already in the secret.

Secondly, if she should have exposed some of those nicer female foibles, which have escaped most other writers, she hath at the same time nobly displayed the beauties and virtues of the more amiable part, which abundantly overbalances in the account. By comparing these together, young ladies may, if they please, receive great advantages: I will venture to say, no book extant is so well calculated for their instruction and improvement. It is indeed a glass, by which they may dress out their minds, and adorn themselves with more becoming, as well as more lasting graces, than the dancing-master, the mantua-maker, or the milliner, can give them. Here even their vanity may be rendered

useful, as it may make them detest and scorn all base, mean, shuffling tricks, and admire and cultivate whatever is truly amiable, generous, and good. Here they must learn, if they will please to attend, that the consummation of a woman's character is to maintain the qualities of goodness, tenderness, affection, and sincerity, in the several social offices and duties of life; and not to unite ambition, avarice, luxury, and wantonness, in the person of a woman of the world; or to affect folly, childishness, and levity, under the appellation of a fine lady.

To conclude, I hope, for the sake of my fair countrywomen, that these excellent pictures of virtue and vice, which, to my knowledge, the author hath bestowed such pains in drawing, will not be thrown away on the world; but that much more advantage may accrue to the reader, than the good-nature and sensibility of the age have, to their immortal honour, bestowed on the author.

THE FIRST

OLYNTHIAC

OF

DEMOSTHENES.

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OF

DEMOSTHENES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Olynthus was a powerful free City of Thrace, on the Confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring Offers, Philip had tempted them into an Alliance with him, the Terms of which were a joint War against the Athenians, and if a Peace, a joint Peace. The Olynthians, some Time after, becoming jealous of his growing Power, detach themselves from his Alliance, and make a separate Peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this as a Breach of their former Treaty, and glad of an Opportunity, which he had long been seeking, immediately declares War against them, and besieges their City. Upon this, they dispatch an Embassy to Athens for Succour. The Subject of this Embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his Sentiments in the following Oration.

No treasures, O Athenians! can, I am confident, be so desirable in your eyes, as to discover

what is most advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you. And since it is of so important a nature, the strictest attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their opinions; for not only the salutary counsels which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received, but I consider it as peculiar to your fortune and good genius, that many things, highly expedient, may suggest themselves to the speakers, even extemporarily, and without premeditation; and then you may easily, from the whole, collect the most useful resolutions. The present occasion wants only a tongue to declare, that the posture of these affairs requires your immediate application, if you have any regard for your preservation. I know not what disposition we all entertain; but my own opinion is, that we vote a supply of men to the Olynthians, and that we send them immediately; and thus by lending them our assistance now, we shall prevent the accidents which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an embassy be dispatched, not only to declare these our intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest apprehension is, that the artful Philip, who well knows to improve every opportunity, by concessions, where they are most convenient, and by threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our absence to our allies, may draw from the whole some considerable advantage to himself. This however, O Athenians! will give some comfort, that the very particular circumstance which adds the greatest strength to Philip, is likewise favourable to us. In his own person he unites the several powers of general, of king, and of treasurer; he presides absolutely in all councils, and is constantly at the head of his army. This indeed will

contribute greatly to his successes in the field, but will have a contrary effect, with regard to that truce which he is so desirous to make with the Olynthians; who will find their contention not to be for glory, nor for the enlargement of dominion: the subversion or slavery of their country is what they fight against. They have seen in what manner he hath treated those Amphipolitans who surrendered their city to him; and those Pydnæans who received him into theirs: and indeed, universally, a kingly state is, in my opinion, a thing in which republics will never trust; and above all, if their territories border on each other. These things therefore, O Athenians! being well known to you, when you enter on this debate, your resolutions must be for war, and to prosecute it with as much vigour as you have formerly shown on any occasion. You must resolve to raise supplies with the utmost alacrity; to muster yourselves; to omit nothing; for no longer can a reason be assigned, or excuse alleged, why you should decline what the present exigency requires. For the Olynthians, whom with such universal clamours you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against Philip, are now embroiled with him by mere accident; and this most advantageously for you: since, had they undertaken the war at your request, their alliance might have been less stable, and only to serve a present turn: but since their animosity arises from injuries offered to themselves, their hostility will be firm; as well on account of their fears, as of their resentment. The opportunity which now offers is not, O Athenians! to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the Eubæans, when Hierax and Stratocles from

the Amphipolitans, in this very place, besought you to sail to their assistance, and to receive their city into your protection. Had we then consulted our own interest with the same zeal with which we provided for the safety of the Eubæans, we had then possessed ourselves of Amphipolis, and escaped the troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the sieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagasæ, and others (for I will not waste time in enumerating all), had we then assisted only one of these with proper vigour, we should have found Philip much humbler, and easier to be dealt with: whereas now, by constantly pretermitting the opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in fortune for the good success of future events, we have encreased the power, O Athenians! of Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O Athenians! it appears, that if we settle a just account with the gods, notwithstanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thanksgivings. For as to our losses in war, they are justly to be set down to our own neglect: but that we formerly suffered not these misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to balance these evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my opinion, must be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a man preserves the wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to fortune; but if he insensibly consumes it, his gratitude to fortune

is consumed at the same time. So in public affairs, if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods; for from the final event, we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O Athenians! to take effectual care, that by making a right use of the occasion now offered us, we wipe off the stains contracted by our former conduct: for should we, O Athenians! desert these people likewise, and Philip be enabled to destroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O Athenians! and see, by what means this Philip, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became master of Amphipolis, secondly of Pydna, next of Potidæa, and then of Methone. After these conquests, he turned his arms towards Thessaly, where having reduced Phera, Pagasæ, Magnesia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned some kings, and given crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small amendment of health, instead of refreshing himself wtth repose, he fell presently on the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pæonians, against Arymba, and who can recount all the other nations I omit. But should any man say, why therefore do you commemorate these things to us now? my answer is, that you may know, O Athenians! and sensibly perceive these two things: First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless disposition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in ease. If then his disposition be to aim still at greater and greater conquests,

and ours to neglect every brave measure for our defence; consider, in what event we can hope these things should terminate! Good gods! is there any of you so infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us, if we neglect it? and if this should happen, I fear, O Athenians! that we shall imitate those who borrow money at great usury, who, for a short affluence of present wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our sloth; and by giving our minds entirely up to pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous calamities, against our will shall be at last reduced to a necessity of action, and to contend even for our own country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find fault is easy, and within any man's capacity; but to advise proper measures to be taken in the present exigency, is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, O Athenians! that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety, that from any regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two: First, to preserve the Olynthian cities, by sending a supply of men to their assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this, take Olynthus; he will be easily able to re-

turn home, and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians; when Philip perceives himself safe at home, he will set down before Olynthus, and employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised; you have a treasury, O Athenians! you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund you may apply according to your pleasure, on this occasion: if the army be supplied this way, you will want no tax: if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What! says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army?—not I, truly; I only suggest that an army should be levied; that this fund should be applied to it; that those who do their duty to the public, should receive their reward from it; whereas, in celebrating the public festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think all should contribute largely, if much wanted—less, if little. Money is wanted; and without it, nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your preservation, while you have an opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the posture in which Philip's affairs now stand: for it appears to me, that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest situation. He would never have entered into this war, had he thought it would have been pro-

tracted. He hoped, at his very entrance, to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This, therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the first shock, and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Thessaly: for these are by nature the most perfidious of mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pagasæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magnesia. I have moreover heard it said, that the Thessalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor suffer his fleets to be victualled in their markets; for that these should go to the support of the republics of Thessaly, and not to the use of Philip. But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great straits to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we suppose that Pæonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will choose rather to be slaves, than free, and their own masters? They are not inured to bondage; and the man is, as they say, prone to insolence, which is indeed very credible; for unmerited success entirely perverts the understanding in weaker minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians! to take advantage of this distress of Philip, to undertake the business with the utmost expedition; not only to dispatch the necessary embassies, but to follow them with an army, and to stir up all his other enemies against him: for we may be assured of this, that had Philip the same opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity,

would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your option, whether you shall attack him abroad, or be attacked by him at home; for if the Olynthians, by your assistance, are preserved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded; and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city in safety; but should Philip once master the Olynthians, who would oppose his march hither? the Thebans? let me not be thought too bitter, if I say, they would be ready to assist him against us. The Phocians? they are not able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But, my friend, says one, Philip will have no desire to invade us.——I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference, whether the war be here or there, there is, I think, no need of argument; for if it was necessary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to sustain your army with your own product, supposing no enemy there at the same time; I say, the losses of your husbandmen, who supply those provisions, would be greater than the whole expense of the preceding war. But if an actual war should come to our doors, what losses must we then expect? Add to this, the insults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loss, the disgrace of such an incident. It becomes us all, therefore, when we consider all these things, to apply our utmost endeavours to expel this war from our borders; the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet possession of the rest; the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expence,

in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own; the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republic; since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy, for the sake of every one!

OF THE

REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

FOR THE

LOSS OF OUR FRIENDS.

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It would be a strange consideration (saith Cicero) that while so many excellent remedies have been discovered for the several diseases of the human body, the mind should be left without any assistance to alleviate and repel the disorders which befal it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to assuage and remove all those perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the same opinion were all those wise and illustrious ancients, whose writings and sayings on this subject have been transmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us, that *virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philosophy*, which consisted not in vain pomp, or useless curiosity, nor even in the search of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting habits of virtue, and ingrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing

the right way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious writers recommended and dignified by the august names of *philosophy* and *virtue;* which two words, if they did not always use in a synonymous sense, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the consummation of true philosophy.

Now that this supreme philosophy, this habit of virtue, which strengthened the mind of a Socrates or a Brutus, is really superior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt; but in truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly constitution. With all proper deference, therefore, to such great authorities, they seem to me to assert no more than that health is a remedy against disease; for a soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent—a soul, as Horace expresses it,

Totus teres atque rotundus;

or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from* WITHIN, *not from* WITHOUT; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern; such a soul is surely in a state of health which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, so doth it in constancy or duration. In the latter, the transition from perfect health to sickness is easy, and often sudden; whereas the former being once firmly established in the robust state above described, is never afterward liable to be shocked by any accident or impulse of fortune.

It must be confessed, indeed, that those great masters have pointed out the way to this philosophy, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others into it; but as it is certain that few of their disciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as several of the masters themselves have done little honour to their precepts by their examples, there seems still great occasion for a mental physician, who should consider the human mind (as is often the case of the body) in too weak and depraved a situation to be restored to firm vigour and sanity, and should propose rather to palliate and lessen its disorders, than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole catalogue of diseases to which our minds are liable, and to prescribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a particular species of that one, *viz.* to *affliction for the death of our friends.*

This is a malady to which the best and worthiest of men are chiefly liable. It is, like a fever, the distemper of a rich and generous constitution. Indeed, we may say of those base tempers which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty physician of the last age said of a shattered and rotten carcase, that they are not worth preserving.

For this reason the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philosopher, who, when he had lost his children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden tranquillity at so great a loss, to ostentation or obduracy, than to consummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affec-

tion than conquering it. To overcome the affliction arising from the loss of our friends, is great and praiseworthy; but it requires some reason and time. This sudden unruffled composure is owing to mere insensibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodness of the understanding.

But in a mind of a different cast, in one susceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to such a loss. It is tearing the heart, the soul from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the most cruel tormentors of the body soon destroy the subject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the soul having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this calamity be not in a more humane disposition to be presently or totally removed, an attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one half or a third of the pain, would, I apprehend, be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely, some palliative remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguish a hundred fold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to present my reader with the best prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some success. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a physician, who had himself had the disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that pretension to some confidence and regard.

And first, by way of preparative; while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholesomer than frequent reflexions on the certainty of this loss, however distant it may then appear to us; for if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us, how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the mind with every assistance to encounter a calamity which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first ingredients of a *wise* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen and unexpected. And this is surely the principal means of taking his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune. Pleasure or pain, which seize us unprepared, and by surprise, have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That pleasure is heightened by long expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the one, and bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that that have loved themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment: this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our passions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great measure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our consider-

ation on this head are too various, and many of them too obvious, to be enumerated; the principal are surely, First, the certainty of the dissolution of this alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme shortness of its duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wise man frequently meditated on these subjects, he would not have coolly answered the person who acquainted him with the death of his son—I KNEW *I had begot a mortal.* Whereas, by the behaviour of some on these occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality; that something uncommon, and beyond the general fate of men, had happened to them. In a word, that they had flattered their fondness for their children and friends as enthusiastically as the poets have their works, which

——nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

Nor is there any dissuasive from such contemplation: it is no breach of friendship, nor violence of paternal fondness; for the event we dread and detest is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged; for what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflexions, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet

fortunately escaped. If it be true, that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of loosing our friends, and the uncertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflexions, with the same eagerness and ecstacy, with which we receive those we love into our arms, when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment, as to lessen our future loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader some instructions for his conduct, when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness, than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistible, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw

away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued: in the former, it differs from the perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our passions at first attack us, they will in time subside. It is then that reason is to be called to our assistance, and we should use every suggestion which it can lend to our relief; our utmost force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an enemy when he begins to retreat: this, indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue happiness and avoid misery.

There are, however, two causes of our unwillingness to hearken to the voice of reason on this occasion. The first is, a foolish opinion, that friendship requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the superstition of the ancients) an agreeable sacrifice to their manes; the other, and perhaps the commoner motive is, the immediate satisfaction we ourselves feel in this indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful consequences, gives the same present relief to a tender disposition, that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no engagement with one another, hath dissolved all bonds of friendship between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices; can any thing be more vain

and ridiculous, than to nourish an affliction to our own misery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleasure to our friend! But I shall not dwell on an absurdity so monstrous in itself that the bare first mention throws it in a light which no illustration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the second, it is, as I have said, like those indulgences which, however pleasant they may be to the distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish temper of mind than this conduct; by which, like infants, we reject a remedy, if it be the least distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful food, without regarding the nourishment which at the same time we contribute to the disease.

Without staying, therefore, longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my disciple or patient, of another complexion, carefully to avoid all circumstances which may revive the memory of the deceased, whom it is now his business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the perverseness of our natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recal to our remembrance the words, looks, gestures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture; a second the hair; and others, some little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loss. What is all this less than being self-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed, time is the truest and best physician on these occasions; and our wisest parts is to lend him the utmost assistance we can; whereas, by pursuing the methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our might the aid and comfort

which that great reliever of human misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction; but for my part, I rather conceive they will increase than diminish it; especially where music is to make up any part of the entertainment; for the nature of this is to sooth or inflame, not to alter our passions. Indeed, I should rather propose such diversions by way of trial than of cure; for when they can be pursued with any good effect, our afflictiion is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the truth, the physic for this, as well as every other mental disorder, is to be dispensed to us by philosophy and religion. The former of these words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth surely convey, to those who understand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter sense, means no more than the love of wisdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it signifies the search after wisdom; or often, wisdom itself; for to distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer), is rather matter of vain curiosity than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations.

First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good, whose loss we deplore, *viz.* that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to fortune; and as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was

still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those favours, which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener, who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half, rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you at least half a year in the bargain.

But who will insure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for insuring you one! and great as it is, he who accepts it, is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common-place of the numberless avenues to death; a road almost as much beaten by writers, as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums them up in half a verse —

——*Leti mille repente viæ.*

Surely no accident can befal our friend which should so little surprise us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In poverty, pain, or other instances, his lot may be harder than his neighbours. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of mankind, share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be, death itself (which is a part of life) that we lament should happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We desire not a pardon, we desire a reprieve only. A reprieve!—for how long? *Sine die.* But if he could escape this fever, this small-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may so; but it is more probable he will not live ten; it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty years to come. In prospect, it is true, the term seems to have some duration; but cast your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the span appears: for it happens in life (however pleasant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller, the plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the possession of our wish, and give up this twenty years longer possession of our friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in imitation of a child who desires its mamma to stay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the case; seeing that neither our calamity, nor the child's physic, becomes less nauseous by the delay.

But, admitting this condition to be never so hard, will not philosophy show us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our sorrow mend our case? Can we wash back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our sighs and lamentations? It is a foolish mean-spiritedness in a criminal, to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate ca-

pable of remission; could our sorrows or sufferings restore our friends to us, I would recommend him who outdid the fabled Niobe in weeping. But since no such event is to be expected; since *from that bourne no traveller returns;* surely it is the part of a wise man to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our hearts, whether it is for the sake of our friends or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, That *the lamentation expressed for the loss of our dearest friends is often, in reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less consequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of those tears which are truly shed on account of the living:* concluding—that *in these afflictions men impose on themselves.* Now, if, on the inquiry, this should be found to be our case, I shall leave the patient to seek his remedy elsewhere, having first recommended to him an assembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he please, all of them; which will very speedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if, after the strictest examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the case) that our sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested affection which many minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no idea of it; in a word, if it be manifest that our fears are justly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to consider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him; and if, and duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dread-

ful calamity should exist only in opinion, and all its horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it must, of nesary consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an estimate of human life, which to do in the most concise manner would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more real happiness in life than the wisest men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every impartial man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former, I apprehend it will appear sufficiently for my purpose, that death is not that king of terrors as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now, if this be a point in judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wise men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their suffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all the philosophers, speaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero (to name no more) whose life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his old age, that *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of those and numberless other such autho-

rities—if we will still maintain that the pleasures of life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our regard and desire—we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these pleasures are lasting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the possession of them to our friend, nor secure him from all those evils which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real existence of; nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of women, and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering; *Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered?*— Some years afterwards, I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that *her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.*

In reality, she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and above all, folly may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon, which Crœsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines:

———*ultima semper*
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend; but if there be any whom neither his own observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædon; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his Tusculan questions; or Montaigne (if he hath a contempt for the ancients), can convince, that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation, let such a man comfort himself, that the evil which his friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will bring this about; and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction—that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much further, and gives us a most delightful assurance, that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer by his dissolution; that those virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth, are now become the foundation of his happiness and reward in a better world.

Lastly; it gives a hope, the sweetest, most endearing and ravishing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with friendship—the hope of again meeting the beloved person, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliss everlasting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmest imagination at a distance. *Who can conceive* (says Sherlock, in his Discourse on Death)

the melting caresses of two souls in paradise? What are all the trash and trifles, the bubbles, baubles, and gewgaws of this life to such a meeting? This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase; nor can any man show me its absolute impossibility, till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

What fellow art thou, who darest thus to lie at thy ease in our presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us homage?—Dost thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot say I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the splendor of thy habit, but above all by the vanity of thy appearance, and the arrogance of thy speech, I conceive thou mayst be Alexander, the son of Philip.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more justly challenge thy respect, than Alexander, a the head of that victorious army, who hath berformed such wonderful ex-

ploits*, and, under his conduct, hath subdued the world?

DIOGENES.

Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloke.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curiosity to know thy name.

DIOGENES.

I am not ashamed of it: I am called Diogenes: a name composed of as many and as well-sounding syllables as Alexander.

ALEXANDER.

Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which wish, since fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy conversation awhile: and that thou likewise mayst be pleased with our meeting, ask me some favour; and as thou knowest my power, so shalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

DIOGENES.

Why, then, Alexander the Great, I desire thee to stand from between me and the sun; whose beams thou hast withheld from me some time, a blessing which it is not in thy power to recompense the loss of.

* This is an anachronism; for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating the Grecian states in the Peloponnese before his Asiatic expedition; but that season would not have furnished suf-

ALEXANDER.

Thou hast a very shallow opinion of my power, indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many nations, to a fine purpose, truly.

DIOGENES.

That is not my fault.

ALEXANDER.

Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Artela still white with human bones? Will Susa show no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears, who, but for the valour of this heart, and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life and tranquillity? Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his

ficient matter for this dialogue: we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloke appears to be his only possession!

DIOGENES.

I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander! for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed all the exploits thou hast recounted, and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament, or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloke should be his only possession?

ALEXANDER.

Thou seemest, to my apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this disregard for the glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour which is the encouragement to, and reward of, every thing truly great and noble; for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame consist, but in the breath of that multitude, whose estimation, with such ill-grounded scorn, thou dost affect to despise?—a reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted souls; though, from their meanness, low minds may be incapable of tasting; or rather, for which pride, from the de-

spair of attaining it, may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit disdain. What other reward than this have all those heroes proposed to themselves, who rejected the enjoyments which ease, riches, pleasure, and power, have held forth to them in their native country, have deserted their homes, and all those things which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or desirable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and spoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inspired by the prospect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt?

DIOGENES.

Thy own words have convinced me (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please), that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them; nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants: in this instance, indeed, their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the shadow, till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

DIOGENES.

Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIOGENES.

I snarl at them because of their vice and folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as thee and thy followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldst confess the truth, envy is the true source of all thy bitterness; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirst of glory only is my motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I show to them when they are conquered.

DIOGENES.

Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou givest to one what thou hast by violence and plunder taken from another; and in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a second time by thyself, or by some

other like thee. My snarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives against vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which purpose thou hast forsworn society, and art retired to preach to trees and stones.

DIOGENES.

I have left society, because I cannot endure the evils I see and detest in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather because thou canst not enjoy the good thou dost covet in it. For the same reason I have left my own country, which afforded not sufficient food for my ambition.

DIOGENES.

But I come not like thee abroad, to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath destroyed a million, whereas I have never occasioned the death of a single man.

ALEXANDER.

Because thou hast not been able; but thou hast done all within thy power, by cursing and devoting to destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more greatness of soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor circumstances are clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess passions which fortune hath not put it in thy power to gratify. It is, therefore, that thou deniest ambition; for

hadst thou a soul as capacious as mine, I see no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition, than what thou hast chosen; for when alone in this retreat which thou hast chosen, thou mayest contemplate thy own greatness. Here no stronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of superior power, riches, or happiness, invade thy sight. But, be honest and confess, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army——

DIOGENES.

Had fortune placed me at the head of the world, it could not have raised me in my own opinion. And is this mighty soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its superiority on the backs of a multitude of armed slaves? And who in reality have gained these conquests, and gathered all these laurels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone past into Asia, the empire of Darius had still stood unshaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will say the same troops might not, under some other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater mischiefs? The honour, therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal share only. It is not, then, Alexander, but Alexander and his army are superior to Diogenes. And in what are they his superiors? In brutal strength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to do as much more mischief than themselves, as they are than Diogenes.

ALEXANDER.

Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the precedence over me; that I make use of others as the instruments of my conquests, whereas all thy raillery and curses against mankind proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curse it.

DIOGENES.

If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hatest all.

DIOGENES.

Thou art mistaken. Long life, to such as thee, is the greatest of curses; for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know, there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph, one equally miserable with thyself; for if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits, misery (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted), what can be more miserable, than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflexion will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? not pleasures: with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for, capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the con-

quest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the furthest limits of the world*, must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is?

ALEXANDER.

I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and, when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming, that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

DIOGENES.

They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punishment of such dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon share the same fate. They are both the nest of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to see the rascals, who have so openly in derision called me a snarling cur, roasting in their own houses!

* Which was then known to the Greeks.

ALEXANDER.

Yet on a second consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the cities, especially Corinth, which is so full of wealth, and only massacre the inhabitants?

DIOGENES.

D——n their wealth; I despise it.

ALEXANDER.

Well, then, let it be given to the soldiers, as the demolition of it will not increase the punishment of the citizens, when we have cut their throats.

DIOGENES.

True——Then you may give some of it to the soldiers; but as the dogs have formerly insulted me with their riches, I will, if you please, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more, to my own use. It will give me at least an opportunity of showing the world, I can despise riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

ALEXANDER.

Art not thou a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge! And hast thou the impudence to dispute any longer the superiority with me, who have it in my power to punish my enemies with death, while thou only canst persecute with evil wishes?

DIOGENES.

I have still the same superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy soldiers. I would

have made thee the tool of my purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the world besides. And may perdition seize thee, and all thy followers!

[*Here some of the army would have fallen upon him, but* Alexander *interposed.*

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone. I admire his obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.—— Farewel, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much, that *was I not* Alexander, *I could desire to be* Diogenes.

DIOGENES.

Go to the gibbet, and take with thee as a mortification—that *was I not* Diogenes, *I could almost content myself with being* Alexander.

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING.

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING

THE INTRODUCTION.

It is surprising, that while such trifling matters employ the masterly pens of the present age, the great and noble subject of this Essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a subject to which the genius of many of those writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to politics, religion, &c. is most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their unwillingness to handle what is of such importance may not improperly be ascribed to their modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this vice on every occasion. Indeed, I have heard it predicated of some, whose assurance in treating other subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the awe with which this Nothing inspires mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many persons of very high character among us, that were title, power, or riches to allure them, they would stick at it.

But whatever be the reason, certain it is, that except a hardy wit in the reign of Charles II., none ever hath dared to write on this subject. I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed, that most of our modern authors, however foreign

the matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the work to this in the end.

I hope, however, this attempt will not be imputed to me as an act of immodesty; since I am convinced there are many persons in this kingdom who are persuaded of my fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a man's self is generally suspected to arise from vanity, I shall, without any more excuse or preface, proceed to my Essay.

SECT I.

Of the Antiquity of Nothing.

THERE is nothing falser than that old proverb which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

Thus translated by Shakspeare, in Lear;

Nothing can come of nothing.

Whereas in fact from Nothing proceeds every thing. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects: the only point in controversy between them being, whether Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined

to the former, and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, &c. have embraced the latter.

But whether Nothing was the *artifex* or *materies* only, it is plain, in either case it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things.

And further; the great antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the accounts we have of the beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books, of all general historians; and indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labour and pains.

SECT. II.

Of the Nature of Nothing.

ANOTHER falsehood which we must detect in the pursuit of this Essay is an assertion, 'That no 'one can have an idea of Nothing:' but men who thus confidently deny us this idea, either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright cheat on the world: for, so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many ideas of it; though perhaps they may mistake them for the idea of Something.

For instance, is there any one who hath not an idea of * immaterial substance?—Now what is im-

* The Author would not be here understood to speak against the doctrine of immateriality, to which he is a hearty well-wisher; but to point at the stupidity of those, who instead of

material substance, more than Nothing? But here we are artfully deceived by the use of words: for were we to ask another what idea he had of immaterial matter, or unsubstantial substance, the absurdity of affirming it to be Something would shock him, and he would immediately reply it was Nothing.

Some persons perhaps will say, then we have no idea of it: but, as I can support the contrary by such undoubted authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle opinions, proceed to show; first, what Nothing is; secondly, I shall disclose the various kinds of Nothing; and, lastly, shall prove its great dignity, and that it is the end of every thing.

It is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing then is not something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest place on this earth; *viz.* the human brain. But indeed this mistake hath been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men; who, having spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded—*That there is nothing in this world.*

Further, as Nothing is not Something, so every thing which is not Something is Nothing; and wherever Something is not, Nothing is: a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is

immaterial *essence*, which would convey a rational meaning, have substituted immaterial *substance*, which is a contradiction in terms.

full of Something; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is Nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be bedaubed with lace, or with title, yet if he have not Something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate knowledge of the true essence of Nothing, no more than we can of matter, let us, in imitation of the experimental philosophers, examine some of its properties or accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite advantages which Nothing hath over Something; for, while the latter is confined to one sense, or two perhaps at the most, Nothing is the object of them all.

For, first, Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers; and perhaps may be suspected from some (at least) of those who have seen apparitions, both on earth and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw Nothing. Admitting then that there are two sights, *viz.* a first and second sight, according to the firm belief of some, Nothing must be allowed to have a very large share of the first; and as to the second, it hath it all entirely to itself.

Secondly, Nothing may be heard: of which the same proofs may be given as of the foregoing. The Argive mentioned by Horace is a strong instance of this.

> ——*Fuit haud ignoblis Argis*
> *Qui se credebat miros acedire Tragœdos*
> *In vacuo lætos sessor, Plausorque Theatro.*

That Nothing may be tasted and smelt is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils. How commonly do we hear, that such a thing smells or tastes of Nothing? The latter I have heard asserted of a dish compounded of five or six savoury ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly gentlewoman who had a great antipathy to the smell of apples; who, upon discovering that an idle boy had fastened some mellow apples to her tail, contracted a habit of smelling them whenever that boy came within her sight, though there were then none within a mile of her.

Lastly, feeling; and sure if any sense seems more particularly the object of matter only, which must be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted (and with a colour of truth) of several persons, that they can feel nothing but a cudgel. Notwithstanding which some have felt the motions of the spirit; and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain instances, that Nothing is an object of this sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that *he was sure he felt Nothing.*

Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, &c.

We have already mentioned three of the properties of a noun to belong to Nothing; we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claimed by it: and that Nothing is as often the object of the understanding as of the senses.

Indeed some have imagined that knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word

for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared he knew Nothing.

But, without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess, that if he understands them right, he understands Nothing.

This is a secret not known to all readers; and want of this knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a book, or chapter, or paragraph, hath seemed to the reader to contain Nothing, his modesty hath sometimes persuaded him, that the true meaning of the author hath escaped him, instead of concluding, as in reality the fact was, that the author, in the said book, &c. did truly, and *bonâ fide*, mean Nothing. I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself, casting his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dulness of his company; seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again; but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it.—Explain it! said the gentleman, why he means Nothing.

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among persons unacquainted with the mystery of writing, who imagine it impossible that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all!

whereas, in reality, nothing is more common: for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly set down to write this essay with Nothing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about Nothing, it may be incontestibly proved, *ab effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the moderns. The inimitable author of a preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young gentleman, says,—'There are men who sit down to write 'what they think, and others to think what they 'shall write. But indeed there is a third, and much 'more numerous sort, who never think either before 'they sit down or afterwards; and who, when they 'produce on paper what was before in their heads, 'are sure to produce Nothing.'

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the nature of Nothing, by showing first, definitively, *what it is not*; and, secondly, by describing *what it is*. The next thing therefore proposed is to show its various kinds.

Now some imagine these several kinds differ in name only. But, without endeavouring to confute so absurd an opinion, especially as these different kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the best authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the determination of the distinguishing reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, that they should all convey one and the same meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing; Nothing at all; Nothing in the least; Nothing in nature; Nothing in the world; Nothing in the whole world; Nothing in the whole universal world. And perhaps many others, of which we say—Nothing.

SECT. III.

Of the Dignity of Nothing; and an Endeavour to prove, that it is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.

NOTHING contains so much dignity as Nothing. Ask an infamous worthless nobleman (if any such be) in what his dignity consists? It may not be perhaps consistent with his dignity to give you an answer? but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in effect say? Should he say he had it from his ancestors, I apprehend a lawyer would oblige him to prove, that the virtues to which this dignity was annexed descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the title, might he not be told, that a title originally implied dignity, as it implied the presence of those virtues to which dignity is inseparably annexed; but that no implication will fly in the face of downright positive proof to the contrary. In short, to examine no further, since his endeavour to derive it from any other fountain would be equally impotent, his dignity arises from Nothing, and in reality is Nothing. Yet, that this dignity really exists—that it glares in the eyes of men, and produces much good to the person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestable.

Perhaps this may appear in the following syllogism.

The respect paid to men on account of their titles, is paid at least to the supposal of their superior virtues and abilities, or it is paid to Nothing.

But when a man is a notorious knave or fool, it is impossible there should be any such supposal.

The conclusion is apparent.

Now that no man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this respect I wonder not, since the great importance of Nothing seems, I think, to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshipped, and endeavour to represent Nothing as Something, is more worthy reprehension. This is a fallacy extremely common. I have seen a fellow, whom all the world knew to have Nothing in him, not only pretend to Something himself, but supported in that pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now whence can this proceed but from their being ashamed of Nothing? A modesty very peculiar to this age.

But, notwithstanding all such disguises and deceit, a man must have very little discernment who can live long in courts, or populous cities, without being convinced of the great dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through corruption or necessity, comply with the vulgar worship and adulation, he will know to what it is paid; namely, to Nothing.

The most astonishing instance of this respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less than Nothing; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of the vices directly opposite to the virtues whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Nothing, or (if I may be allowed the word), the Nothingest of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known, that respect may be aimed at Something and really light on Nothing. For instance, when mistaking certain things called gravity, canting, blustering, ostentation, pomp, and such like, for wisdom, piety, magnanimity,

charity, true greatness, &c. we give to the former the honour and reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my subject as to insinuate that gravity, canting, &c. are really Nothing; on the contrary, there is much more reason to suspect (if we judge from the practice of the world) that wisdom, piety, and other virtues, have a good title to that name. But we do not, in fact, pay our respect to the former, but to the latter: in other words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the dignity of the subject on which I am treating. I am now to show, that Nothing is the end as well as beginning of all things.

That every thing is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all philosophers. As, therefore, we have sufficiently proved the world came from Nothing, it follows, that it will likewise end in the same: but, as I am writing to a nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this head; since every one of my readers, by his faith, acknowledges that the world is to have an end, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

And, as nothing is the end of the world, so is it of every thing in the world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all passions, what doth it end in?—Nothing. What did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of that heroic band, who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labour, pain, fatigue, and danger?—Could they speak for themselves, must they not own, that the end of all their pursuit was Nothing? Nor is this the end of private ambition only. What is become of that proud

mistress of the world—the *Caput triumphati orbis?* that Rome, of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality. In what hath all her glory ended? Surely in Nothing.

Again, what is the end of avarice? Not power, or pleasure, as some think, for the miser will part with a shilling for neither; not ease or happiness, for the more he attains of what he desires the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every good in this world was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then he pursues misery only? That surely would be contradictory to the first principles of human nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the end of all this bustle and hurry, this watching and toiling, this self-denial and self-constraint?

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead, that his design is to amass a large fortune, which he never can nor will use himself, nor would willingly quit to any other person: unless he can show us some substantial good which this fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding, that his end is the same with that of ambition.

The great Mr. Hobbes so plainly saw this, that, as he was an enemy to that notable immaterial substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange doctrine, and asserted truly—That in all these grand pursuits the means themselves were the end proposed, *viz.* to ambition, plotting, fighting, danger, difficulty, and such like:—to avarice, cheating, starving, watching, and the numberless painful arts by which this passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the absurdity of this opinion, it will be needless to my purpose, since, if we are driven to confess that the means are the only end attained, I think we must likewise confess, that the end proposed is absolutely Nothing.

As I have shown the end of our two greatest and noblest pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every individual of the busy part of mankind, I shall not tire the reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the same conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this Essay with an inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said: seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity, and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard Nothing with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness. To which noble pursuit we have this great incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the end proposed. The virtuous, wise, and learned, may then be unconcerned at all the changes of ministries and of government: since they may be well satisfied, that while ministers of state are rogues themselves, and have inferior knavish tools to bribe and reward; true virtue, wisdom, learning, wit, and integrity, will most certainly bring their possessors—Nothing.

A FRAGMENT OF A COMMENT ON LORD BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS.

A

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I MUST confess myself to be one of those who brought with me to the perusal of the late published volumes of lord Bolingbroke a very high prejudice to the doctrines said to have been established in them: but, at the same time, can as truly assert, that I had the highest and strongest prepossession in favour of the abilities of the author. Such, indeed, was this prepossession, that it might, I think, be a sufficient warrant of a man's candour against any prejudice whatever; and it is in the true spirit of this candour that I declare, upon the perusal, I have found my prepossessions greatly abated, and my prejudices not in the least removed.

Could it therefore be supposed, that all mankind were alike able to try the cause of truth, and to form their judgment on the weight of argument and evidence only, I think there could be no danger in leaving the decision of this matter upon his lordship's own reasoning, without any attempt to answer him. But when we consider how very weak the abilities of mankind in general are in

disquisitions of this nature, how much weaker they are rendered for this purpose by want of due attention; and, lastly, how apt they are to carry any little partiality which they have preconceived before the examination of a cause up to the final decision of it in their minds, it may possibly be very dangerous to the society to suffer such pernicious doctrines to stand unobjected to with so great a name at their head. Many, I am convinced, will think the authority of this name alone sufficient to establish their own belief upon, without any further inquiry at all. Many others will imagine very little inquiry necessary, and, though they did not entirely acquiesce in taking his word, will be easily cajoled with his reasons, which, however little they may have of substance, have much of the specious ornaments of wit and language, with all the allurements of novelty both of style and manner; and, finally, with an appearance, at least, of reading very singular and extensive.

From which last particular may arise a third sort very worthy of receiving some assistance on this occasion; such, I mean, as have not the least inclination to his lordship's doctrines, nor would, indeed, assent to them on the authority of any man breathing, who may yet have wanted leisure or opportunity sufficient to provide themselves with a proper fund of knowledge, to give a ready answer to various assertions which will occur in the works now under consideration, and which, though they have the worst of tendencies, have in reality themselves no better support (and not always so good a one) than some very weak and slender hypotheses, and are at other times built on the revival of old chimerical principles which have been confuted and exploded long ago.

Now to all these different constitutions we shall

endeavour to apply our several antidotes. And here, luckily for us, we are provided with an argument which must most effectually silence those who are the most difficult of all others to be usually dealt with in the way of reasoning; such are the persons I mentioned in the first class, who believe from authority only, and who have not yet, with the schools, given up the irresistible argument of he himself said it.

The force of this argument, however, even in the days when it flourished most, drew all its strength from a supposition, that, if he himself said it, he himself believed it; for if it could have been proved of Aristotle that he had asserted *pro* and *con*, and had, with the same clearness, affirmed in one part of his works the same thing to be, and in another the same thing not to be, none of his scholars would have known which he believed, and all others would, perhaps, have thought that he had no belief at all in, or indeed any knowledge of, the matter.

If, therefore, his lordship shall appear to have made use of this duplicity of assertion, and that not in one or two, but in many instances, may we not draw the like conclusions? Luckily, perhaps, for his lordship, we may not be driven to the same absolute degree of uncertainty as must have resulted from the case of Aristotle, as I have put it above; since our noble author himself seems to have left us a kind of clue, which will sufficiently lead to the discovery of his meaning, and will show us, as often as he is pleased to assert both sides of a contradiction, on which side we are to believe him.

And here I shall premise two cautions: one of which I shall borrow from the rules established among writers; the reasonableness of the other I shall endeavour to evince from a rule given us by

one of the greatest lawyers whom this kingdom ever bred.

The first is, that of interpreting the sense of an author with the utmost candour, so as not to charge him with any gross and invidious meaning when his words are susceptible of a much more benign and favourable sense.

The second is, the observation formed upon the works of judge Littleton by lord chief justice Coke; that is, that whenever that great lawyer is pleased to put down two opinions directly contradicting each other, that the latter opinion is always the best, and always his own.

To apply these to the present purpose, I first of all recommend to the candour of the reader, that whenever he shall find two assertions directly contrary to each other (and many such we do promise to produce to him), one of which directly tends to take away all religion whatever, and the other as directly to establish natural religion at least, that he will be so kind, since it is impossible that my lord should have believed both, to imagine that he rather believed the latter; especially as this latter, from its contradicting the apparent purpose of the author, appears to have been last set down; and, consequently, will have my lord Coke's sanction in favour of the superior authority.

Lastly, if it should ever happen that his lordship's sentiments should be more clearly expressed in favour of the worst than of the better doctrine, we will endeavour all that in us lies to explain and illustrate those hints; by which, we trust, he will always assist a careful and accurate examiner in rescuing the esoteric purity of his doctrines from that less amiable appearance in which their exoteric garb represents them.

In short, we doubt not but to make it appear as

fact beyond all contest, that his lordship was in jest through the whole work which we have undertaken to examine. If an inflamed zealot should, in his warmth, compare such jesting to his in the Psalmist; or if a cooler disposition should ask how it was possible to jest with matters of such importance; I confess I have no defence against the accusation, nor can give any satisfactory answer to the question. To this, indeed, I could say, and it is all that I could say, that my lord Bolingbroke was a great genius, sent into the world for great and astonishing purposes. That the ends, as well as means, of action in such personages are above the comprehension of the vulgar. That his life was one scene of the wonderful throughout. That, as the temporal happiness, the civil liberties and properties of Europe, were the game of his earliest youth, there could be no sport so adequate to the entertainment of his advanced age as the eternal and final happiness of all mankind. That this is the noblest conservation of character, and might, if perceived in himself, possibly lead our great genius to see the Supreme Being in the light of a dramatic poet, and that part of his works which we inhabit as a drama. 'The sensitive inhabitants of our globe,' says lord Bolingbroke*, 'like the *dramatis personæ*, 'have different characters, and are applied to different purposes of action in every scene. The 'several parts of the material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the 'actors but for the action; and the whole order and 'system of the drama would be disordered and 'spoiled, if any alteration was made in either. The 'nature of every creature, his manner of being, is 'adapted to his state here, to the place he is to

* Vol. V. p. 377.

'inhabit, and, as we may say, to the part he is to 'act.' It hath been, I think, too common with poets to aggrandize their profession with such kind of similies; and I have, somewhere in an English dramatic writer, met with one so nearly resembling the above, that his lordship might be almost suspected to have read it likewise; but such conceits are inconsistent with any (even the least) pretence to philosophy. I recollect, indeed, a single instance, in the writings of Jordano Bruno, who was burnt at Rome for heresy; or, if we believe Scioppus, for most horrid blasphemy, the latter end of the fifteenth century; and who, from a want of a due correspondence between the passive powers of matter and the active power of God, compares the Supreme Being to a fiddler who hath skill to play but cannot for want of a fiddle. This, it must be confessed, is going somewhat further; as much further, in reality, as to descend from the stage to the orchestra. This ludicrous treatment of the Being, so universally (for half a dozen madmen must not be allowed to strip any opinion of universality) acknowledged to be the cause of all things, whilst it sounds so ill in the grave voice of reason, very well becomes the lips of a droll: for novelty, boldness, and even absurdity, as they all tend to surprise, do often give a poignancy to wit, and serve to enhance a jest. This affords a second reason why we may suspect his lordship was not over serious in the work before us.

Thirdly, that his lordship never thought proper to revise this performance, is a very strong argument that he could not be in earnest either in believing himself in his own doctrines, or in endeavouring to imprint such a belief on others. That he did not in fact revise his works is manifest, from the numerous contradictions that occur in them, and

these often in the same page; so that, for the most part they could not escape the dullest and bluntest degree of penetration; surely we cannot impute such repeated oversights to one who hath so explicitly asserted*, That to be liable to contradict yourself is to be liable to one of the greatest of human imperfections! An author, in the first hurry of setting down his thoughts on a subject which warms him, may possibly, indeed, assert two opinions not perfectly reconcileable with each other; nay, there are some writers from whom we can reasonably expect no less; since, as archbishop Tillotson observes, it is hard to contradict truth and nature without contradicting one's-self. But to expunge such mistakes is the office of revisal and correction; and therefore a work in which these mistakes abound is very justly called an incorrect performance. As this work therefore doth, more than any which I ever saw, afford us instances of what his lordship calls the greatest human imperfection, charity shows me no more candid way of accounting for them than this which I have mentioned.

Lastly, the very form and title under which the noble lord hath thought proper to introduce his philosophy into the world, is a very strong evidence of the justice of all the foregoing observations. We may form, I think, one general precept from the trite story of Archimedes; this is, not to undertake any great work without preconcerting such means as may be adequate to the execution. Now to turn the material world topsy-turvy is a project scarce more difficult in appearance than to perform the same notable exploit in the intellectual. And yet Archimedes might as judiciously have fixed his machine *in vacuo*, as his lordship hath chosen to

* Essays, p. 181.

argue against the best-established systems in the intellectual world in fragments of essays. This method, not to mention the indignity it offers to the subject in dispute, is treating the whole body of the learned with more supercilious disrespect than nature seems yet to have qualified any member of that body to express towards the rest of his brethren; and which must appear to be wonderful, if serious, in one who expresses so modest an opinion of his own critical talents; though, as to his modesty, it must indeed be confessed to be somewhat seasoned with a due mixture of contempt.

But, whatever may lessen the idea of his lordship's modesty, there is only one way to lessen that of his absurdity: this is to conclude that he was in jest: nay, there is one way to see this absurdity in an amiable light; for in such a light will he appear, if we suppose that he puts on the jack-pudding's coat with the noble view of exposing and ridiculing those pernicious tenets, which have lately been propagated, with a zeal more difficult to be accounted for than its success.

That such an attempt of exposing any popular error would always prove victorious, is, I think, extremely probable. My lord Shaftesbury hath been blamed for saying, 'That ridicule is one of those 'principal lights or natural mediums by which 'things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough 'recognition; for that truth, it is supposed, may 'bear all lights*.' Perhaps there may be some justice in this censure, as truth may by such a trial be subjected to misrepresentation, and become a more easy prey to the malice of its enemies; a flagrant instance of which we have in the case of Socrates.

* Essay on the freedom of wit and humour, part I. sect i.

But whatever objection there may be against trying truth by ridicule, there can be none, I apprehend, of making use of its assistance in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture, when once fairly convicted, out of society; and as this method is for this purpose very unexceptionable, so is it generally the most efficacious that can be invented; as will appear by some examples which will occur in the course of our comment on his lordship's essays, or fragments of essays, on which we shall now enter without further preface or apology.

SECT I.

And here, as a proof that we are as liable to be corrupted by our books as by our companions, I am in danger of setting out with a contradiction. Nay, I must yet venture to do this in some degree with my eyes open, and must lay my defence on a distinction rather too nice, and which relies too much on the candour of my reader.

The truth is, our noble author's chief strength lies in that very circumstance which I have before asserted to be of itself alone a sufficient argument of his weakness; whereas, on the contrary, his manner affords such a protection to his matter, that if he had designed to reserve to himself the sole privilege of answering his own doctrine, he could not have invented a more ingenious or effectual contrivance. It hath been alleged as a good reason for not answering certain books, that one must be obliged first to read them; but surely we shall find few men so very charitable, or so much our friends, to give them order and method with a view only of complimenting them with an answer.

This, however, I attempted, though I own with no great success; and that not so much, I apprehend, from want of sufficient matter to make out such colourable systems as may be expected in such a writer, as from a certain dark, cautious, and loose manner of expressing his sentiments, which must arise either from a writer's desire of not being very easily explained, or from an incapacity of making himself very clearly understood. The difficulties arising to the commentator on these fragments, will appear to be assignable only to the former cause: for a very indifferent reader will be seldom at a loss in comprehending his lordship in his own works; but to transfer his doctrines with their authority (*i. e.* the *ipse dixit* of the author) into another work, is often very difficult, and without long quotations—too apt to tire the reader—impossible. In this light a very fine thought of Mr. Pope's occurs to my memory.

'Tho' index learning turn no student pale,
'It holds the eel of science by the tail.'

The best way then of proceeding with so slippery a reasoner; the only way, indeed, in which I see any possibility of proceeding with him, is first to lay down some general rules, all of which will hereafter be proved out of his writings, and then pursuing him chapter by chapter, to extract the several proofs, however scattered and dispersed, which tend to establish both parts of the contradictions, which I shall now set down.

Our noble author sets out in his first section with a sly insinuation, that it is possible for the gravest of philosophers on the gravest of subjects, to advance propositions in jest. 'It is more probable,' says lord B———, and it is more candid to believe, 'that this philosopher (Descartes) was in earnest,

'than that he was in jest, when he advanced this 'proposition*,' *concerning the immutability and eternity of certain mathematical truths.* I will add, that I believe that an idea of such jesting had never any footing in a human head, till it first found admission into that of this noble lord.

In the same section his lordship proceeds thus: 'The ancients thought matter eternal, and assumed 'that the Demiurgus, or Divine Architect, composed the frame of the world with materials which 'were ready prepared, and, independently on him, 'in a confused chaos. Much in the same manner 'such metaphysicians as the learned Cudworth have 'imagined a sort of intellectual chaos, a chaos of 'eternal ideas, of incorporeal essences, independent 'on God, self-existent and therefore co-eval with 'the Supreme Being, and therefore anterior to all 'other natures. In this intellectual chaos God sees, 'and man must endeavour to see, the natures, the 'real essences of things; and thus the foundations of 'morality are laid higher than the existence of any 'moral agents, before there was any system of being from which the obligations to it could result, 'or to which they could be applied; just as 'the same philosophers suppose the incorporeal 'essences of white and black to have existed when 'there was no such thing as colour, and those of 'a square and circle, when there was neither form 'nor figure †.'

Here I am afraid the learned peer hath gone no further for his erudition than the first or second pages of Ovid's Metamorphoses; for could he be recalled from the dead, contrary to his own doctrine, as he hath recalled Descartes, and were asked whom he meant by the ancients, he could not cer-

* Essays, p. 4. † Essays, p. 6.

tainly answer in general, the ancient philosophers, for then the whole tribe of atheists would be ready to testify against him. If he should answer, that he meant the ancient theists only, and less he cannot be supposed to mean by those who are well-bred enough to suppose he meant any thing, he will be far from finding even among these an universal concurrence with his opinion. Thales, the chief of the Grecian sages, and who is said to have first turned his thoughts to physiological inquiries, affirmed the independent pre-existence of God from all eternity. The words of Laërtius are remarkable, and I will render them with the most literal exactness in my power. He asserted, says Laërtius, 'That God was 'the oldest of all beings, for he existed *without a* '*previous cause* EVEN IN THE WAY OF GENERATION; 'that the world was the most beautiful of all things; 'for *it was* CREATED BY God, &c.*' This notion of the creation, Aristotle tell us, was agreeable to the concurrent voice of all antiquity: 'All,' says he, 'asserts the creation of the world; but they differ in 'this, that some will have the world susceptible of 'dissolution, which others deny †.' On this occasion Aristotle names Empedocles and Heraclitus, but, which is somewhat remarkable, never mentions Thales. The opinion itself is opposed by the Stagyrite; and this opposition he was forced to maintain, or he must have given up the eternity of the world, which he very justly asserts to be inconsistent with any idea of its creation. But we will dismiss the ancients from the bar, and see how his lordship will support his arraignment of the moderns. The

* Diog. Laërt. lib. i. sect. 35, where I submit to the learned reader the construction he will observe I have given to the different import of those terms ἀγέννητον and ποίημα; the first of which may be considered as a qualified, the latter as an absolute cause.

† Aristot. de Cœlo, lib. i. cap. 10.

charge against them is, that they have holden certain ideas, or incorporeal essences, to be self-existent. Concerning these doctrines his lordship thus harangues in the very same page*. Mr. Locke observes, how impossible 'it is for us to conceive certain relations, habitudes, and connexions, visibly 'included in some of our ideas, to be separable from 'them even by infinite power. Let us observe, on 'this occasion, how impossible, or, at least, how 'extremely difficult it is for us to separate the idea 'of eternity from certain moral and mathematical 'truths, as well as from such as are called necessary, 'and are self-evident on one hand; and, on the 'other, how impossible it is to conceive that truths 'should exist before the things to which they are 'relative; or particular natures and essences, be'fore the system of universal nature, and when there 'was no being but the super-essential Being†.'

If I had any inclination to cavil, I might, with truth, assert, that no such passage is to be found in Mr. Locke. His words are: 'In some of our ideas 'there are certain relations, habitudes, and con'nexions, so visibly included in the nature of the 'ideas themselves, that we cannot conceive them 'separable from them by any power whatsoever.' It may be answered, perhaps, that the violence is done rather to the expression, than to the meaning of this truly great man; but if I should candidly admit that he seems, from the immediate context, to mean no less (I say seems to mean; for, whoever will carefully compare what is said in another part of the same book ‡, of the powers of the mind in forming the archetypes of its complex ideas of mixed

* Essay, p. 6.
† Essay on Human Understanding, l. iv. cap. 3. §. 29.
‡ Locke's Essay, l. ii. cap. 31.

modes, may possibly think he sees sufficient reason for resolving what is here affirmed of arbitrary (not infinite) power, into the human mind only); I may yet reply, that such a violence even to the expression of such a writer on such a subject, is by no means void of blame, nor even of suspicion, when it is left without a reference to conceal itself in a large folio, where it will not be easily detected by any but those who are pretty familiarly acquainted with the original.

But it is time to close this article, which, I think, seems to establish contradiction the first; for under what other term shall we range the arguing *pro* and *con* in the same breath; for where is the force of the accusation, or, as a lawyer would call it, the gist of the indictment against poor Cudworth? is it not (to use my lord's own phrase) 'the laying the foundations of morality higher than the existence of any moral agents?' And what says my lord to enforce the charge? Why, truly, he alleges, in defence of the accused, that it was impossible for him to have done otherwise, and produces the authority of Mr. Locke to confirm this impossibility.

The generosity of this sudden transition from accuser to advocate would convince all men on which side his lordship had here delivered his real sentiments, was it not somewhat controlled by his having concealed from his readers, that the philosopher, a little afterwards, in the same book *, hath endeavoured to prove, and, I think, actually hath proved, that there is no absurdity in what my lord Bolingbroke objects, provided the doctrine be rightly understood, so as not to establish innate principles. That the actual existence of the subjects of mathematical or moral ideas is not in the least necessary to

* Locke's Essays, lib. iv. cap. 9.

give us a sufficient evidence of the necessity of those ideas; and that, in the disputes of the mathematician, as well as of the moralist, the existence of the subject matter is rarely called in question; nor is it more necessary to their demonstrations and conclusions, than it would be to prove the truth of Tully's Offices, to show that there was some man who lived up to that idea of perfect goodness, of which Tully hath given us a pattern. There is somewhat very mysterious in all this; but we have not promised to explain contradictions further than by showing to which side his lordship's authority seems to incline. And surely it is better to decide in favour of possibility, and to lay the foundations of morality too high, than to give it no foundation at all.

Desunt cætera.

AN ESSAY

ON

CONVERSATION.

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MAN is generally represented as an animal formed for, and delighted in, society: in this state alone, it is said, his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects, enjoyed. If these assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied man to be a social animal, have left us these two solutions of their conduct; either that there are men as bold in denial, as can be found in assertion; and, as Cicero says, there is no absurdity which some philosopher or other hath not asserted; so we may say, there is no truth so glaring, that some have not denied it. Or else; that these rejecters of society borrow all their information from their own savage dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves, the only exceptions to the above general rule.

But to leave such persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an answer; there are

others who are so seemingly fond of this social state, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own species; and entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking parts of the creation, from all benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general distinction between the human and the brute species.

Shall we conclude this denial of all society to the nature of brutes, which seems to be in defiance of every day's observation, to be as bold, as the denial of it to the nature of men? or, may we not more justly derive the error from an improper understanding of this word Society in too confined and special a sense? in a word, do those who utterly deny it to the brutal nature, mean any other by society than conversation?

Now if we comprehend them in this sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other animals are not without all use of society, yet this noble branch of it seems, of all the inhabitants of this globe, confined to man only; the narrow power of communicating some few ideas of lust, or fear, or anger, which may be observable in brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by conversation, as may be deduced from the origination of the word itself, the only accurate guide to knowledge. The primitive and literal sense of this word is, I apprehend, to turn round together; and in its more copious usage we intend by it, that reciprocal interchange of ideas, by which truth is examined; things are, in a manner, turned round, and sifted, and all our knowledge communicated to each other.

In this respect man stands, I conceive, distinguished from, and superior to, all other earthly creatures; it is this privilege, which, while he is

inferior in strength to some, in swiftness to others; without horns or claws or tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him master of them all. Indeed, in other views, however vain men may be of their abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal neighbours. With what envy must a swine, or a much less voracious animal, be surveyed by a glutton; and how contemptible must the talents of other sensualists appear, when opposed, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of brutes: but in conversation man stands alone, at least in this part of the creation; he leaves all others behind him at his first start, and the greater progress he makes, the greater distance is between them.

Conversation is of three sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall, at present, pass them by, and confine myself, in this essay, to the third only; since it seems to me amazing, that this grand business of our lives, the foundation of every thing either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of; that while there is scarce a profession or handicraft in life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper rules to the attaining its perfection, men should be left almost totally in the dark, and without the least light to direct, or any guide to conduct them in the proper exerting of those talents, which are the noblest privilege of human nature, and productive of all rational happiness; and the rather, as this power is by no means self-instructed; and in the possession of the artless and ignorant is of so mean use, that it raises them very little above those animals who are void of it.

As conversation is a branch of society, it follows, that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature, that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature, for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If therefore there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensue the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend, the author of An Inquiry into Happiness) that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions, or extravagant births.

Again; if society requires that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other, the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social, is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those, the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go further, and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt; but positively, our receiving some good, some pleasure, or advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honourable poet*;

> Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again.

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives it all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestibly proved by that excellent author of An Inquiry, &c. I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow, that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is, may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good-breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much

* The Duke of Buckingham.

less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a tailor, or a perriwig-maker; no, nor even by a dancing-master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good-breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense), I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this head; for whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good-breeding then, or the *art of pleasing in conversation,* is expressed two different ways, *viz.* in our actions and our words; and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in Scripture, *Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.* Indeed, concise as this rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics, but comments upon it; and whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging, or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude, that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly, *what they would have done unto them,* or, at least, what it would be their interest *to have done.*

If therefore men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should

miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good-breeding, which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to *do unto men what you would they* (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) *should do unto you;* and as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even good-nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good-breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good-nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shows the truth of those lines in Horace:

> *Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*
> *Ultrà quàm satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsum.*

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we show the deviations from those rules, which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good-breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary, with the utmost caution, to avoid hurting or giving any offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack

that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion, when speaking of the second Tarquin, he says; *in omnes superbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior est* BONIS) *grassatus;* 'He trod on all with insolence, which 'sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty 'itself.' If there is any temper in man, which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quick-sightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species, which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gait of those strutting animals, who sometimes stalk in assemblies, for no other reason, but to show in their gesture and behaviour the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind, it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet: yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murtherous weapon; and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man, when attacked by it, that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it; but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bow, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offences

given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good-breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and, indeed, how opposite to it, must such a behaviour be? and can any man call a duke or a duchess who wears it, well bred? or are they not more justly intitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive, we must be profitable servants to each other: we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the repect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, My Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain Sir fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labours undertaken, and sometimes the prices given for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very

seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labour of their whole lives well employed in procuring? we are therefore to adapt our behaviour to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every instance, or to lay down exact rules for our conduct in every minute particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising, that the business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an idea of your esteem of them, which is, indeed, the substance of all the compliments, ceremonies, presents, and whatever passes between well-bred people. And here I shall lay down these positions:—

First, that all mere ceremonies exist in form only, and have in them no substance at all; but being imposed by the laws of custom, become essential to good breeding, from those high-flown compliments paid to the Eastern monarchs, and which pass between Chinese mandarines, to those coarser ceremonials in use between English farmers and Dutch boors.

Secondly, that these ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more consequence than they at first appear, and, in reality, constitute the only external difference between man and man. Thus, His grace, Right honourable, My lord, Right reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr., &c. have, in a philosophical sense, no meaning, yet are, perhaps, politically essential, and must be preserved by good-breeding; because,

Thirdly, they raise an expectation in the person

by law and custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeased with the disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any rules for good-breeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circumstance. We will begin them with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviations we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or indeed, not greatly your inferior, he should be sure to find your family in some order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gate with a smiling countenance. This infuses an immediate cheerfulness into your guest, and persuades him of your esteem and desire of his company. Not so is the behaviour of Polysperchon, at whose gate you are obliged to knock a considerable time before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to you by a maid or some improper servant, who wonders where the devil all the men are; and being asked if the gentleman is at home, answers, she believes so; you are conducted into a hall, or back-parlour, where you stay some time, before the gentleman, in a déshabille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest being introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to be asked, whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is

never to be repeated oftener than twice, and not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose degrees claim an undoubted precedence. As to the rest, the general rules of precedence are by marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to be had to birth than fortune; for though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated by that of placing them; but here I must, with great submission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the table, to distribute her favours as equally and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no further than to the fifth person, and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who

have been very well-meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths at table, which is always to begin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast obliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally, if his company be such as would desire it), yet he is to see that the bottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine, if he chooses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it, either to pass the bottle, or fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly custom of besotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of people. Yet Methus still remains, who measures the honesty and understanding of mankind by a capaciousness of their swallow; who sings forth the praise of a bumper, and complains of the light in your glass; and at whose table it is as difficult to preserve your senses, as to preserve your purse at a gaming-table, or your health at a b—y-house. On the other side, Sophronus eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his liquor. The bottle as surely stops when it comes to him as your chariot at Temple-bar; and it is almost as impossible to carry a pint of wine from his house, as to gain the love of a reigning beauty, or borrow a shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable time, if your guest intends staying with you the whole evening, and declines the bottle, you may propose play, walking, or any other amusement; but these are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his choice with all indifference on your part. What person can be so dull as not to perceive in Agyrtes

a longing to pick your pockets? or in Alazon, a desire to satisfy his own vanity in showing you the rarities of his house and gardens? When your guest offers to go, there should be no solicitations to stay, unless for the whole night, and that no further than to give him a moral assurance of his being welcome so to do; no assertions that he shan't go yet; no laying on violent hands; no private orders to servants to delay the providing the horses or vehicles; like Desmophylax, who never suffers any one to depart from his house without entitling him to an action of false imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the part which the visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two extremes of being too early, or too late, so as neither to surprise his friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in expectation. Orthrius, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your rest in a morning; and the frugal Chronophidus, lest he should waste some minutes of his precious time, is sure to spoil your dinner.

The address at your arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a superior; not imitating Philenaphius, who would stop his friend in the rain, rather than omit a single bow.

Be not too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such a one offers precedence, it is uncivil to refuse it; of which, I will give you the following instance: an English nobleman being in France, was bid by Lewis XIV. to enter his coach before him, which he excused himself from; the king then immediately mounted, and ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.

Never refuse any thing offered you out of civi-

lity, unless in preference of a lady, and that no oftener than once; for nothing is more truly good-breeding, than to avoid being troublesome. Though the taste and humour of the visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some regard likewise to be had to that of the master of the house; for otherwise your company will be rather a penance than a pleasure. Methusus plainly discovers his visit to be paid to his sober friend's bottle: nor will Philopasus abstain from cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender Leptines gives his fat entertainer a sweat, and makes him run the hazard of breaking his wind up his own mounts.

If conveniency allows your staying longer than the time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your stay may be incommodious to your friend: but if you perceive the contrary, by his solicitations, they should be readily accepted, without tempting him to break these rules we have above laid down for him; causing a confusion in his family, and among his servants, by preparations for your departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your arrival. No tedious ceremonies of taking leave; not like Hyperphylus, who bows and kisses, and squeezes by the hand as heartily, and wishes you as much health and happiness, when he is going a journey home of ten miles, from a common acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest friend or relation on a voyage to the East-Indies.

Having thus briefly considered our reader in the circumstance of a private visit, let us now take him into a public assembly, where, as more eyes will be on his behaviour, it cannot be less his interest to be instructed. We have, indeed, already formed

a general picture of the chief enormities committed on these occasions; we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the rules of an opposite demeanour, which we may divide into three sorts; *viz.* our behaviour to our superiors, to our equals, and to our inferiors.

In our behaviour to our superiors, two extremes are to be avoided; namely, an abject and base servility, and an impudent and encroaching freedom. When the well-bred Hyperdulus approaches a nobleman in any public place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his domestics; his cringes fall little short of prostration; and his whole behaviour is so mean and servile, that an Eastern monarch would not require more humiliation from his vassals. On the other side, Anaschyntus, whom fortunate accidents, without any pretensions from his birth, have raised to associate with his betters, shakes my lord duke by the hand with a familiarity savouring not only of the most perfect intimacy, but the closest alliance. The former behaviour properly raises our contempt, the latter our disgust. Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaschyntus deserves to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean, which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with, and favour of a superior, at the expence of conscience or honour. As to the question, Who are our superiors? I shall endeavour to ascertain them, when I come, in the second place, to mention our behaviour to our equals. The first instruction on this head being carefully to consider who are such; every little superiority of fortune or profession being too apt to

intoxicate men's minds, and elevate them in their own opinion, beyond their merit or pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our country by title, by birth, by rank in profession, and by age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it, and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable light, than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean servility, voluntarily concurring in the adoration of riches, without the least benefit or prospect from them. Respect and deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some reason at least, from expectation, paid to the rich and liberal from the necessitous; but that men should be allured by the glittering of wealth only, to feed the insolent pride of those who will not in return feed their hunger; that the sordid niggard should find any sacrifices on the altar of his vanity, seems to arise from a blinder idolatry, and a more bigoted and senseless superstition, than any which the sharp eyes of priests have discovered in the human mind.

All gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by title, birth, rank in profession, age, or actual obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some lessons for their behaviour to each other in public, from the following examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to select, as what we are to avoid. Authades is so absolutely abandoned to his own humour, that he never gives it up on any occasion. If Seraphina herself, whose charms one would imagine should infuse alacrity into the limbs of a cripple sooner than the Bath waters, was to offer herself for his partner, he would answer, he never danced even though the ladies lost their ball by it. Nor doth this denial arise from incapacity; for he was

in his youth an excellent dancer, and still retains sufficient knowledge of the art, and sufficient abilities in his limbs to practise it; but from an affectation of gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest desire of others. Dyskolus hath the same aversion to cards; and though competently skilled in all games, is by no importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at ombre, or a fourth at whist and quadrille. He will suffer any company to be disappointed of their amusement, rather than submit to pass an hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The refusal of Philautus is not so general; he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add, both these are men of fortune, and the consequences of loss or gain, at the rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The rebukes these people sometimes meet with, are no more equal to their deserts than the honour paid to Charistus, the benevolence of whose mind scace permits him to indulge his own will unless by accident. Though neither his age nor understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole evening, rather than a fine young lady should lose an opportunity of displaying her charms by the several genteel and amiable attitudes which this exercise affords the skilful of that sex. And though cards are not adapted to his temper, he never once baulked the inclinations of others on that account.

But as there are many who will not in the least instance mortify their own humour to purchase the satisfaction of all mankind, so there are some who make no scruple of satisfying their own pride and

vanity, at the expence of the most cruel mortification of others. Of this kind is Agrocius, who seldom goes to an assembly, but he affronts half his acquaintance, by overlooking or disregarding them.

As this is a very common offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its cause and effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely; and I doubt not but to make it appear, that there is no behaviour (to speak like a philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil sense, more detestable, than this.

The first ingredient in this composition is pride, which, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again, who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; and, perhaps, it may of that greatness, which we have endeavoured to expose in many parts of these works; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will show us, that fools are the most addicted to this vice; and a little reflexion will teach us, that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly we see, that while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpering forth their own excellencies, and triumphing in their own sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined, the pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior merit, on comparing it with that of others. That it arises from this supposed superiority is evident;

for however great you admit a man's merit to be, if all men were equal to him, there would be no room for pride. Now if it stop here, perhaps, there is no enormous harm in it, or, at least, no more than is common to all other folly; every species of which is always liable to produce every species of mischief. Folly I fear it is; for should the man estimate rightly on this occasion, and the balance should fairly turn on his side in this particular instance; should he be indeed a great orator, poet, general; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no reason to abate his pride? is the quality, in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed? is it so entirely his own? doth he not rather owe his superiority to the defects of others, than to his own perfection? or, lastly, can he find in no part of his character, a weakness which may counterpoise this merit, and which as justly, at least, threatens him with shame, as this entices him to pride? I fancy, if such a scrutiny was made (and nothing so ready as good sense to make it), a proud man would be as rare, as in reality he is a ridiculous monster. But suppose a man, on this comparison, is (as may sometimes happen) a little partial to himself, the harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my excellence in poetry to Pope or Young; if an inferior actor should, in his opinion exceed Quin or Garrick; or a sign-post painter set himself above the inimitable Hogarth; we become only ridiculous by our vanity: and the persons themselves, who are thus humbled in the comparison, would laugh with more reason than any other. Pride, therefore, hi-

therto, seems an inoffensive weakness only, and entitles a man to no worse an appellation than that of a fool. But it will not stop here; though fool be perhaps no desirable term, the proud man will deserve worse: he is not contented with the admiration he pays himself; he now becomes arrogant, and requires the same respect and preference from the world; for pride, though the greatest of flatterers, is by no means a profitable servant to itself: it resembles the parson of the parish more than the 'squire, and lives rather on the tithes, oblations, and contributions it collects from others, than on its own demesne. As pride therefore is seldom without arrogance, so is this never to be found without insolence. The arrogant man must be insolent, in order to attain his own ends; and to convince and remind men of the superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill words, actions, and gestures, endeavour to throw the despised person at as much distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious look, and all those visible indignities with which men behave in public, to those whom they fancy their inferiors. Hence the very notable custom of deriding and often denying the nearest relations, friends, and acquaintance, in poverty and distress; lest we should anywise be levelled with the wretches we despise, either in their own imagination, or in the conceit of any who should behold familiarities pass between us.

But besides pride, folly, arrogance, and insolence, there is another simple (which vice never willingly leaves out of any composition), and this is ill-nature. A good-natured man may indeed (provided he is a fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be; unless we will allow to such a still greater degree of folly, and ignorance of human nature;

which may indeed entitle them to forgiveness, in the benign language of Scripture, because they know not what they do.

For when we come to consider the effect of this behaviour on the person who suffers it, we may perhaps have reason to conclude, that murder is not a much more cruel injury. What is the consequence of this contempt? or, indeed, what is the design of it, but to expose the object of it to shame? a sensation as uneasy, and almost intolerable, as those which arise from the severest pains inflicted on the body; a convulsion of the mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces symptoms of universal disorder in the whole man; which hath sometimes been attended with death itself; and to which death hath, by great multitudes, been with much alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest degree of ill-nature can permit a man to pamper his own vanity at the price of another's shame? Is the glutton, who, to raise the flavour of his dish, puts some birds or beast to exquisite torment, more cruel to the animal, than this our proud man to his own species.

This character then is a composition made up of those odious, contemptible qualities—pride, folly, arrogance, insolence, and ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a light, that a man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable portion, either of folly or impudence, to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand fallacy; for whereas this wretch is endeavouring, by a supercilious conduct, to lead the beholder into an opinion of his superiority to the despised person, he inwardly flatters his own vanity with a deceitful presumption, that this his conduct is founded on a general preconceived opinion of this superiority.

Secondly, this caution to preserve it, plainly indicates a doubt, that the superiority of our own character is very slightly established; for which reason we see it chiefly practised by men who have the weakest pretensions to the reputation they aim at; and, indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble person whom we have already mentioned in this essay, and who can never be mentioned but with honour, by those who know him.

Thirdly, this opinion of our superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a general behaviour in this supercilious manner to an officer of lower rank, who hath been greatly his superior in that very art, to his excellence in which the general ascribes all his merit. Parallel instances occur in every other art, science, or profession.

Fourthly, men who excel others in trifling instances, frequently cast a supercilious eye on their superiors in the highest. Thus the least pretensions to pre-eminence in title, birth, riches, equipages, dress, &c. constantly overlook the most noble endowments of virtue, honour, wisdom, sense, wit, and every other quality, which can truly dignify and adorn a man.

Lastly, the lowest and meanest of our species are the most strongly addicted to this vice. Men who are a scandal to their sex, and women who disgrace human nature; for the basest mechanic is so far from being exempt, that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits ale-houses and gin-shops, and whistles in the empty heads of fiddlers, mountebanks, and dancing-masters.

To conclude a character on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended measure of this essay, this contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and a bad heart. While it suggests itself to the mean and the

vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest, affording only an uneasy sensation, and brings always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior criminals in society. Theoretus, conceiving that the assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the eyes of the whole company. The giant doth not take more pains to be viewed; and as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous place; nor will that suffice, he must walk about the room, though to the great disturbance of the company; and if he can purchase general observations at no less rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at to being taken little notice of.

On the other side, Dusopius is so bashful, that he hides himself in a corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public view. He trembles when you bow to him at a distance, is shocked at hearing his own voice, and would almost swoon at the repetition of his name.

The audacious Anedes, who is extremely amorous in his inclinations, never likes a woman, but his eyes ask her the question, without considering the confusion he often occasions to the object; he ogles and languishes at every pretty woman in the room. As there is no law of morality which he would not break to satisfy his desires, so is there no form of civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets possession of a woman's hand, which those of stricter decency never give him but with reluctance, he considers himself as its master. Indeed there is scarce a familiarity

which he will abstain from, on the slightest acquaintance, and in the most public place. Seraphina herself can make no impression on the rough temper of Agroicus; neither her quality, nor her beauty, can exact the least complacence from him; and he would let her lovely limbs ache, rather than offer her his chair. While the gentle Lyperus tumbles over benches, and overthrows tea-tables, to take up a fan or a glove; he forces you as a good parent doth his child, for your own good; he is absolute master of a lady's will, nor will allow her the election of standing or sitting in his company. In short the impertinent civility of Lyperus is as troublesome, though, perhaps, not so offensive, as the brutish rudeness of Agroicus.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common enormities committed in public assemblies to our equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last place, to consider our behaviour to our inferiors, in which, condescension can never be too strongly recommended; for as a deviation on this side is much more innocent than on the other, so the pride of man renders us much less liable to it. For besides that we are apt to over-rate our own perfections, and undervalue the qualifications of our neighbours, we likewise set too high an esteem on the things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential difference between us than they really do. The qualities of the mind do, in reality, establish the truest superiority over one another: yet should not these so far elevate our pride, as to inflate us with contempt, and make us look down on our fellow-crea-

tures, as on animals of an inferior order; but that the fortuitous accident of birth, the acquisition of wealth, with some outward ornaments of dress, should inspire men with an insolence capable of treating the rest of mankind with disdain, is so preposterous, that nothing less than daily experience could give it credit.

If men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate classes, according to the superior excellence of their several natures, perhaps the lowest class of either sex would be properly assigned to those two disgracers of the human species, commonly called a beau, and a fine lady; for if we rate men by the faculties of the mind, in what degree must these stand? nay, admitting the qualities of the body were to give the pre-eminence, how many of those whom fortune hath placed in the lowest station, must be ranked above them? If dress is their only title, sure even the monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a footing as the beau.—But, perhaps, I shall be told, they challenge their dignity from birth: that is a poor and mean pretence to honour, when supported with no other. Persons who have no better claim to superiority, should be ashamed of this; they are really a disgrace to those very ancestors from whom they would derive their pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate portion of understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet, who so prone to a contemptuous carriage as these? I have myself seen a little female thing which they have called My Lady, of no greater dignity in the order of beings than a cat, and of no more use in society than a butterfly; whose mien would not give even the idea of a gentlewoman, and whose face would cool the loosest libertine;

with a mind as empty of ideas as an opera, and a body fuller of diseases than an hospital—I have seen this thing express contempt to a woman who was an honour to her sex, and an ornament to the creation.

To confess the truth, there is little danger of the possessor's ever undervaluing this titular excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that deference which the policy of government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact compliance with this respect, as a fundamental in good breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it, and not treated with a disdain even beyond what the eastern monarchs show to their slaves. Surely it is too high an elevation, when, instead of treating the lowest human creature, in a Christian sense, as our brethren, we look down on such as are but one rank, in the civil order, removed from us, as unworthy to breathe even the same air, and regard the most distant communication with them as an indignity and disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the difference not in the individual, but in the very species; a height of insolence impious in a Christian society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading nation.

I have now done with my first head, in which I have treated of good breeding, as it regards our actions. I shall, in the next place, consider it with respect to our words; and shall endeavour to lay down some rules, by observing which our well-bred man may, in his discourse as well as actions, contribute to the happiness and well-being of society.

Certain it is, that the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in conversation, is to be met with only in the society of persons whose understanding is pretty near on an equality with our own; nor is this equality only necessary to enable

men of exalted genius, and extensive knowledge, to taste the sublimer pleasures of communicating their refined ideas to each other: but it is likewise necessary to the inferior happiness of every subordinate degree of society, down to the very lowest. For instance; we will suppose a conversation between Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and three dancing-masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the heel sophists would be as little pleased with the company of the philosophers, as the philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly, therefore, for the improvement and happiness of conversation, if society could be formed on this equality: but as men are not ranked in this world by the different degrees of their understanding, but by other methods, and consequently all degrees of understanding often meet in the same class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the impossibility of accomplishing any such Utopian scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible, but unavoidable imperfection in society itself.

But as we have laid it down as a fundamental, that the essence of good-breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the ease and happiness of mankind, so will it be the business of our well-bred man to endeavour to lessen this imperfection to his utmost, and to bring society as near to a level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two ways to compass this, *viz.* by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose, then, that very unequal company I have before mentioned met; the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let Socrates, for instance, institute a discourse on the nature of the soul, or Plato reason on the native beauty of virtue, and

Aristotle on his occult qualities—what must become of our dancing-masters? Would they not stare at one another with surprise? and, most probably, at our philosophers with contempt? Would they have any pleasure in society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a dancing-school, or a green-room at the play-house? What, therefore, have our philosophers to do, but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are subjects on which both can converse. Hath not Socrates heard of harmony? Hath not Plato, who draws virtue in the person of a fine woman, any idea of the gracefulness of attitude? and hath not Aristotle himself written a book on motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd then must appear the conduct of Cenodoxus, who, having had the advantage of a liberal education, and having made a pretty good progress in literature, is constantly advancing learned subjects in common conversation? He talks of the Classics before the ladies, and of Greek criticisms among fine gentlemen. What is this less than an insult on the company, over whom he thus affects a superiority, and whose time he sacrifices to his vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable conduct of Sophronus; who, though he exceeds the former in knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial matters, rather than introduce such as his company are utter strangers to. He can talk of fashions and diversions among the ladies; nay, can even condescend to horses or dogs with country gentlemen. This gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest points, can likewise talk on a fan, or a horse-race; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a man of learning, the least reason to

conceive the vast knowledge of Sophronus, unless from the report of others.

Let us compare these together. Cenodoxus proposes the satisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others; Sophronus thinks of nothing but their amusement. In the company of Cenodoxus, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull assembly; with Sophronus all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the consideration of a man of sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet fruit of good-will. The former is shunned; the latter courted by all.

This behaviour in Cenodoxus may, in some measure, account for an observation we must have frequent occasion to make; that the conversation of men of very moderate capacities, is often preferred to that with men of superior talents; in which the world act more wisely than at first they may seem; for, besides that backwardness in mankind to give their admiration, what can be duller, or more void of pleasure, than discourses on subjects above our comprehension? It is like listening to an unknown language; and if such company is ever desired by us, it is a sacrifice to our vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these means raise the general opinion of our own parts and knowledge, and not from that cheerful delight which is the natural result of an agreeable conversation.

There is another very common fault, equally destructive of this delight, by much the same means; though it is far from owing its original to

any real superiority of parts and knowledge: this is discoursing on the mysteries of a particular profession, to which all the rest of the company, except one or two, are utter strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this fault, as they are more confined to the conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable company spoiled, where there have been two of these gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice, than in a mixed assembly of persons, met only for the entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole company understand the topic of their conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every subject not tending to their general information or amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the relation of private affairs, much less of the particular grievance or misfortune of a single person. To bear a share in the afflictions of another, is a degree of friendship not to be expected in a common acquaintance; nor hath any man a right to indulge the satisfaction of a weak and mean mind, by the comfort of pity, at the expence of the whole company's diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful members of the several professions, are generally guilty of this fault; for as they fail of the reward due to their great merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust fate.

Further; as a man is not to make himself the subject of the conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say; or in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of

aiming at it. This is a right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that though I remember to have known a man, reputed a good companion, who seldom opened his mouth in company, unless to swallow his liquor; yet I have scarce ever heard that appellation given to a very talkative person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with buffoonery, and made the rest amends, by partaking of their scorn, together with their admiration and applause.

A well-bred man, therefore, will not take more of the discourse than falls to his share; nor in this will he show any violent impetuosity of temper, or exert any loudness of voice, even in arguing; for the information of the company, and the conviction of his antagonist, are to be his apparent motives; not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire of victory; which latter, if a wise man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost endeavour; since he must know, that to lay open his vanity in public, is no less absurd than to lay open his bosom to an enemy, whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand, ready to stab the vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

Having now shown, that the pleasure of conversation must arise from the discourse being on subjects levelled to the capacity of the whole company; from being on such in which every person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his share in the discourse; and lastly, from carefully avoiding all noise, violence, and impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular rules for the choice of those subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful delights proposed from this social communication: but as such an attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite variety,

and perhaps too dictatorial in its nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those topics only which seem most foreign to this delight, and which are most likely to be attended with consequences rather tending to make society an evil, than to procure us any good from it.

And first I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain bounds, namely, Arguments: but which, if they were entirely banished out of company, especially from mixed assemblies, and where ladies make part of the society, it would, I believe, promote their happiness: they have been sometimes attended with bloodshed, generally with hatred from the conquered party towards his victor; and scarce ever with conviction. Here I except jocose arguments, which often produce much mirth; and serious disputes between men of learning (when none but such are present), which tend to the propagation of knowledge, and the edification of the company.

Secondly, Slander; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the palate of ill-nature, is extremely pernicious. As it is often unjust, and highly injurious to the person slandered; and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed companies; where sometimes an undesigned offence is given to an innocent relation or friend of such person, who is thus exposed to shame and confusion, without having any right to resent the affront. Of this there have been very tragical instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great pain, as well to the person offended, as to him who hath been the innocent occasion of giving the offence.

Thirdly, all general Reflexions on countries, religions, and professions, which are always unjust.

If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the persons who with some pleasantry ridicule their own country. It is very common among us to cast sarcasms on a neighbouring nation, to which we have no other reason to bear an antipathy, than what is more usual and justifiable, because we have injured it: but sure such general satire is not founded on truth; for I have known gentlemen of that nation possessed with every good quality which is to be wished in a man, or required in a friend. I remember a repartee made by a gentleman of this country, which, though it was full of the severest wit, the person to whom it was directed, could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great bitterness inveighed against this whole people; upon which one of them who was present, very coolly answered, 'I don't know, sir, 'whether I have not more reason to be pleased 'with the compliment you pay my country, than 'to be angry with what you say against it; since, 'by your abusing us all so heavily, you have 'plainly implied you are not of it.' This exposed the other to so much laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-mannered satire.

Fourthly, Blasphemy, and irreverent mention of religion. I will not here debate what compliment a man pays to his own understanding by the profession of infidelity; it is sufficient to my purpose, that he runs a risk of giving the cruelest offence to persons of a different temper; for if a loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any indecencies offered to the person of a temporal prince, how much more bitterly must a man, who sincerely believes in such a being as the Almighty, feel any

irreverence or insult shown to his name, his honour, or his institution? And notwithstanding the impious character of the present age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate business it is to lead men, as well by example as precept, into the ways of piety, there are still sufficient numbers left, who pay so honest and sincere a reverence to religion, as may give us a reasonable expectation of finding one at least of this stamp in every large company.

A fifth particular to be avoided, is Indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating of such words as would give an immediate affront to a lady of reputation; but the raising of any loose ideas tending to the offence of that modesty, which, if a young woman hath not something more than the affectation of, she is not worthy the regard even of a man of pleasure, provided he hath any delicacy in his constitution. How inconsistent with good-breeding it is to give pain and confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all double-entendres, and obscene jests, are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational mirth, than this loose conversation. For my own part, I cannot conceive how the idea of jest or pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the discredit of such merriment, that it is commonly the last resource of impotent wit, the weak strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest fellows in the world.

Sixthly, you are to avoid knowingly mentioning any thing which may revive in any person the remembrance of some past accident; or raise an uneasy reflexion on a present misfortune, or cor-

poral blemish. To maintain this rule nicely, perhaps requires great delicacy: but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred man. I have observed numberless breaches of it: many, I believe proceeding from negligence and inadvertency: yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious desire of triumphing in our own superior happiness and perfections: now when it proceeds from this motive, it is not easy to imagine any thing more criminal.

Under this head I shall caution my well-bred reader against a common fault, much of the same nature; which is, mentioning any particular quality as absolutely essential to either man or woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy, who is in the least self-conscious of the defect. I have heard a boor of fashion declare in the presence of women remarkably plain, that beauty was the chief perfection of that sex; and an essential, without which no woman was worth regarding. A certain method of putting all those in the room, who are but suspicious of their defect that way, out of countenance.

I shall mention one fault more, which is, not paying a proper regard to the present temper of the company, or the occasion of their meeting, in introducing a topic of conversation, by which as great an absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a dirge at a wedding, or an epithalamium at a funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal errors which we are apt to fall into in conversation; and though, perhaps, some particulars worthy of remark may have escaped me, yet an attention to what I have here said, may enable the reader to discover them. At least I am

persuaded, that if the rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our conversation would be more perfect, and the pleasure resulting from it purer, and more unsullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this subject without some animadversions on a particular species of pleasantry, which, though I am far from being desirous of banishing from conversation, requires, most certainly, some reins to govern, and some rule to direct it. The reader may perhaps guess, I mean Raillery; to which I may apply the fable of the lap-dog and the ass; for while in some hands it diverts and delights us with dexterity and gentleness, in others, it paws, daubs, offends, and hurts.

The end of conversation, being the happiness of mankind, and the chief means to procure their delight and pleasure; it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this end, which tends to make a man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the scorn and contempt of others. I here except that kind of raillery, therefore, which is concerned in tossing men out of their chairs, tumbling them into water, or any of those handicraft jokes which are exercised on those notable persons, commonly known by the name of buffoons; who are contented to feed their belly at the price of their br—ch, and to carry off the wine and the p—ss of a great man together. This I pass by, as well as all remarks on the genius of the great men themselves, who are (to fetch a phrase from school, a phrase not improperly mentioned on this occasion) great dabs of this kind of facetiousness.

But leaving all such persons to expose human nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my

well-bred man, who aims at raillery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author.

Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace,
It pass'd for downright innocence of face.

The raillery, which is consistent with good-breeding, is a gentle animadversion on some foible; which, while it raises a laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame and contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate, that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

All great vices therefore, misfortunes, and not - rious blemishes of mind or body, are improper subjects of raillery. Indeed, a hint at such is an abuse, and an affront which is sure to give the person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) pain and uneasiness, and should be received with contempt, instead of applause, by all the rest of the company.

Again, the nature and quality of the person are

to be considered. As to the first, some men will not bear any raillery at all. I remember a gentleman who declared, 'He never made a jest, nor 'would ever take one.' I do not, indeed, greatly recommend such a person for a companion; but at the same time, a well-bred man, who is to consult the pleasure and happiness of the whole, is not at liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the quality, I mean the sex, degree, profession, and circumstances: on which head I need not be very particular. With regard to the two former, all raillery on ladies and superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient caution.

Lastly, a consideration is to be had of the persons before whom we rally. A man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those railleries in one company, which he would very patiently bear the imputation of in another. Instances on this head are so obvious, that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprized in this famous line:

'*Quid* de *quoque* viro, et *cui* dicas, sæpe caveto.'

Be cautious *what* you say, *of whom*, and *to whom*.

And now methinks I hear some one cry out, that such restrictions are, in effect, to exclude all raillery from conversation; and to confess the truth, it is a weapon from which many persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a weapon which doth the more mischief, by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest wit therefore is only to be indulged the free use of it; for no more

than a very slight touch is to be allowed; no hacking nor bruising, as if they were to hew a carcase for hounds, as Shakspeare phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost tenderness and good-nature; and as the nicest dexterity of a gladiator is shown in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our railer, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True raillery indeed consists either in playing on peccadillos, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really blemishes in a character in the company where they are made the subject of mirth; as too much freedom with the bottle, or too much indulgence with women, &c.

Or, secondly, in pleasantly representing real good qualities in a false light of shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So generosity may be treated as prodigality; economy as avarice; true courage as fool-hardiness; and so of the rest.

Lastly, in ridiculing men for vices and faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the cowardice of A——le, the dulness of Ch——d, the unpoliteness of D——ton, may be attacked without danger of offence: and thus Lyt——n may be censured for whatever vice or folly you please to impute to him.

And however limited these bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty hands, I have known raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive entertainment to the whole company.

I shall conclude this essay with these two observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, that every person who indulges his ill-nature or vanity, at the expence of others; and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, that whoever from the goodness of his disposition or understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, however low in rank Fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his figure or demeanour, hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good-breeding.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

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I HAVE often thought it a melancholy instance of the great depravity of human nature, that whilst so many men have employed their utmost abilities to invent systems, by which the artful and cunning part of mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the world; few or none should have stood up the champions of the innocent and undesigning, and have endeavoured to arm them against imposition.

Those who predicate of man in general, that he is an animal of this or that disposition, seem to me not sufficiently to have studied human nature; for that immense variety of characters so apparent in men even of the same climate, religion, and education, which gives the poet a sufficient licence, as I apprehend, for saying that,

> Man differs more from man, than man from beast,

could hardly exist, unless the distinction had some original foundation in nature itself. Nor is it, per-

haps, a less proper predicament of the genius of a tree, that it will flourish so many years, loves such a soil, bears such a fruit, &c. than of man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong inclination to good or evil, which distinguishes different dispositions in children, in their first infancy; in the most uninformed savages, who can be thought to have altered their nature by no rules, nor artfully acquired habits; and lastly, in persons, who, from the same education, &c. might be thought to have directed nature the same way; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a difference of inclination or character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired, original distinction, in the nature or soul of one man, from that of another.

Thus, without asserting in general that man is a deceitful animal: we may, I believe, appeal for instances of deceit to the behaviour of some children and savages. When this quality therefore is nourished and improved by education, in which we are taught rather to conceal vices, than to cultivate virtues; when it hath sucked in the instruction of politicians, and is instituted in the Art of Thriving, it will be no wonder that it should grow to that monstrous height to which we sometimes see it arrive. This Art of Thriving being the very reverse of that doctrine of the Stoics; by which men were taught to consider themselves as fellow-citizens of the world, and to labour jointly for the common good, without any private distinction of their own: whereas this, on the contrary, points out to every individual his own particular and separate advan-

tage, to which he is to sacrifice the interest of all others; which he is to consider as his *summum bonum*, to pursue with his utmost diligence and industry, and to acquire by all means whatever. Now when this noble end is once established, deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary means; for as it is impossible that any man endowed with rational faculties, and being in a state of freedom, should willingly agree, without some motive of love or friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own interest to that of another; it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to persuade him that his own good is designed, and that he will be a gainer by coming into those schemes, which are, in reality, calculated for his destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very essence of that excellent art, called The Art of Politics.

Thus while the crafty and designing part of mankind, consulting only their own separate advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant imposition on others, the whole world becomes a vast masquerade, where the greatest part appear disguised under false vizors and habits; a very few only showing their own faces, who become, by so doing, the astonishment and ridicule of all the rest.

But however cunning the disguise be which a masquerader wears; however foreign to his age, degree, or circumstance, yet, if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the discovery of an accurate observer; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and show herself; nor can the cardinal, the friar, or the judge, long conceal the sot, the gamester, or the rake.

In the same manner will those disguises which are worn on the greater stage, generally vanish, or

prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real character upon us, if we employ sufficient diligence and attention in the scrutiny. But as this discovery is of infinitely greater consequence to us; and as, perhaps, all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down some few rules, the efficacy (I had almost said infallibility) of which, I often have myself experienced. Nor need any man be ashamed of wanting or receiving instructions on this head: since that disposition, which is the surest indication of an honest and upright heart, chiefly renders us liable to be imposed on by craft and deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this discovery.

Neither will the reader, I hope, be offended, if he should here find no observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer, or more known, than the general rules of morality, and yet thousands of men are thought well employed in reviving our remembrance, and enforcing our practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this head, and who are, indeed, fitter to give than receive instructions, at least from me, yet this essay may perhaps be of some use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open, honest, and considering part of mankind, who, either from ignorance or inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious designs of that detestable fiend, hypocrisy.

I will proceed therefore, without further preface, to those diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the diseases of the mind, seeing she takes such pains to discover those of the body. And first I doubt whether the old adage of *Fronti nulla fides*, be generally well understood; the meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that " No

"trust is to be given to the countenance." But what is the context in Juvenal?

——Quis enim non vicus abundat
Tristibus obscœnis?

——What place is not filled with
Austere libertines?

Now, that an austere countenance is no token of purity of heart, I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is, perhaps, rather a symptom of the contrary. But the satirist surely never intended by these words, which have grown into a proverb, utterly to depreciate an art, on which so wise a man as Aristotle hath thought proper to compose a treatise.

The truth is, we almost universally mistake the symptoms which nature kindly holds forth to us; and err as grossly as a physician would, who should conclude, that a very high pulse is a certain indication of health; but sure the faculty would rather impute such a mistake to his deplorable ignorance, than conclude from it, that the pulse could give a skilful and sensible observer no information of the patient's distemper.

In the same manner, I conceive the passions of men do commonly imprint sufficient marks on the countenance: and it is owing chiefly to want of skill in the observer, that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.

But our errors in this disquisition would be little wondered at, if it was acknowledged, that the few rules, which generally prevail on this head, are utterly false, and the very reverse of truth. And this will perhaps appear, if we condescend to the examination of some particulars. Let us begin with the instance given us by the poet above, of auste-

rity; which, as he shows us, was held to indicate a chastity, or severity of morals, the contrary of which, as himself shows us, is true.

Among us, this austerity, or gravity of countenance, passes for wisdom, with just the same equity of pretension. My lord Shaftesbury tells us, that gravity is of the essence of imposture. I will not venture to say, that it certainly denotes folly, though I have known some of the silliest fellows in the world very eminently possessed of it. The affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are pride, ill-nature, and cunning. Three qualities, which when we know to be inherent in any man, we have no reason to desire any further discovery to instruct us, to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the world often pays a respect to these apearances, which they do not deserve; they rather attract admiration than love, and inspire us rather with awe than confidence. There is a countenance of a contrary kind, which hath been called a letter of recommendation; which throws our arms open to receive the poison, divests us of all kind of apprehension, and disarms us of all caution: I mean that glavering sneering smile, of which the greater part of mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the sign of good-nature; whereas this is generally a compound of malice and fraud, and as surely indicates a bad heart, as a galloping pulse doth a fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this deceit, by a gross, but common mistake of good-humour for good-nature. Two qualities, so far from bearing any resemblance to each other, that they are almost opposites. Good-nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind, which disposes us to feel

the misfortunes, and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion. Now good-humour is nothing more than the triumph of the mind, when reflecting on its own happiness; and that, perhaps, from having compared it with the inferior happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering smile, whose principal ingredient is malice, to be the symptom of good-humour. And here give me leave to define this word malice, as I doubt, whether it be not in common speech so often confounded with envy, that common readers may not have very distinct ideas between them; but as envy is a repining at the good of others, compared with our own, so malice is a rejoicing at their evil, on the same comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close affinity to the malevolent disposition, which I have above described under the word good-humour; for nothing is truer, than that observation of Shakspeare;

——A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

But how alien must this countenance be to that heavenly frame of soul, of which Jesus Christ himself was the most perfect pattern; of which blessed person it is recorded, that he never was once seen to laugh, during his whole abode on earth. And what indeed hath good-nature to do with a smiling countenance? It would be like a purse in the hands of a miser, which he could never use. For admitting, that laughing at the vices and follies of mankind, is entirely innocent (which is more, perhaps, than we ought to admit), yet, surely, their miseries and misfortunes are no subjects of mirth;

and with these, *Quis non vicus abundat?* the world is so full of them, that scarce a day passes without inclining a truly good-natured man rather to tears than merriment.

Mr. Hobbes tells us, that laughter arises from pride, which is far from being a good-natured passion. And though I would not severely discountenance all indulgence of it, since laughter, while confined to vice and folly, is no very cruel punishment on the object, and may be attended with good consequences to him; yet we shall, I believe, find, on a careful examination into its motive, that it is not produced from good-nature. But this is one of the first efforts of the mind, which few attend to, or, indeed, are capable of discovering; and however self-love may make us pleased with seeing a blemish in another, which we are ourselves free from, yet compassion on the first reflexion of any unhappiness in the object, immediately puts a stop to it in good minds. For instance; suppose a person well-drest should tumble in a dirty place in the street; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the accident. Now, what is this laughter, other than a convulsive extasy, occasioned by the contemplation of our own happiness, compared with the unfortunate person's? a pleasure which seems to savour of ill-nature; but as this is one of those first, and as it were spontaneous motions of the soul, which few, as I have said, attend to, and none can prevent; so it doth not properly constitute the character. When we come to reflect on the uneasiness this person suffers, laughter, in a good and delicate mind, will begin to change itself into compassion; and in proportion as this latter operates on us, we may be said to have more or less good-nature; but should any fatal consequence, such as a violent bruise, or the breaking

of a bone, attend the fall, the man, who should still continue to laugh, would be entitled to the basest and vilest appellation with which any language can stigmatise him.

From what hath been said, I think we may conclude, that a constant, settled, glavering, sneering smile in the countenance, is so far from indicating goodness, that it may be with much confidence depended on as an assurance of the contrary.

But I would not be understood here to speak with the least regard to that amiable, open, composed, cheerful aspect, which is the result of a good conscience, and the emanation of a good heart; of both which, it is an infallible symptom; and may be the more depended on, as it cannot, I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable resemblance, by the nicest power of art.

Neither have I any eye towards that honest, hearty, loud chuckle, which shakes the sides of aldermen and squires, without the least provocation of a jest; proceeding chiefly from a full belly: and is a symptom (however strange it may seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive quality, called dullness, than which nothing is more risible; for, as Mr. Pope, with exquisite pleasantry, says;

——Gentle Dulness ever loves a joke;

i. e. one of her own jokes. These are sometimes performed by the foot, as by leaping over heads, or chairs, or tables, kicks in the b—ch, &c.; sometimes by the hand, as by slaps in the face, pulling off wigs, and infinite other dexterities, too tedious to particularize; sometimes by the voice, as by hallooing, huzzaing, and singing merry (*i. e.* dull) catches, by merry (*i. e* dull) fellows.

Lastly, I do by no means hint at the various laughs, titters, tehes, &c. of the fair sex, with

whom, indeed, this essay hath not any thing to do; the knowledge of the characters of women being foreign to my intended purpose; as it is in fact a science to which I make not the least pretension.

The smile or sneer which composes the countenance I have above endeavoured to describe, is extremely different from all these: but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my caution to him against this symptom, in part of a line of Horace;

——*Hic niger est; hunc tu caveto.*

There is one countenance, which is the plainest instance of the general misunderstanding of that adage, *Fronti nulla fides.* This is a fierce aspect, which hath the same right to signify courage, as gravity to denote wisdom, or a smile good-nature; whereas experience teaches us the contrary, and it passes among most men for the symptom only of a bully.

But I am aware, that I shall be reminded of an assertion which I set out with in the beginning of this essay, *viz.* 'That nature gives us as sure 'symptoms of the diseases of the mind, as she doth 'of those of the body.' To which, what I have now advanced, may seem a contradiction. The truth is, nature doth really imprint sufficient marks in the countenance, to inform an accurate and discerning eye; but as such is the property of few, the generality of mankind mistake the affectation for the reality; for as Affectation always overacts her part, it fares with her as with a farcical actor on the stage, whose monstrous overdone grimaces are sure to catch the applause of an insensible audience; while the truest and finest strokes of nature, represented by a judicious and just actor, pass

unobserved and disregarded. In the same manner, the true symptoms being finer, and less glaring, make no impression on our physiognomist; while the grosser appearances of affectation are sure to attract his eye, and deceive his judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating look, which is almost a certain token of understanding; that cheerful composed serenity, which always indicates good-nature; and that fiery cast of the eyes, which is never unaccompanied with courage, are often overlooked; while a formal, stately, austere gravity, a glavering fawning smile, and a strong contraction of the muscles, pass generally on the world for the virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these rules are, I believe, none of them without some exceptions; as they are of no use, but to an observer of much penetration; lastly, as a more subtle hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible guide to direct us to the knowledge of men; one more easily to be attained, and on the efficacy of which we may with the greatest certainty rely.

And, surely, the actions of men seem to be the justest interpreters of their thoughts, and the truest standards by which we may judge them. By their fruits you shall know them, is a saying of great wisdom, as well as authority. And, indeed, this is so certain a method of acquiring the knowledge I contend for, that, at first appearance, it seems absolutely perfect, and to want no manner of assistance.

There are, however, two causes of our mistakes on this head: and which leads us into forming very erroneous judgments of men, even while their actions stare us in the face, and, as it were, hold a candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is, when we take their own words against their actions. This (if I may borrow another illustration from physic) is no less ridiculous, than it would be of a learned professor of that art, when he perceives his light-headed patient is in the utmost danger, to take his word that he is well. This error is infinitely more common than its extreme absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous person hath been ruined by trusting to the assertions of another, who must have preserved himself, had he placed a wiser confidence in his actions.

The second is an error still more general. This is when we take the colour of a man's actions, not from their own visible tendency, but from his public character; when we believe what others say of him, in opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived, out of the credit of a fact, or out of a just opinion of its heinousness, by the reputed dignity or honesty of the person who did it: How common are such ejaculations as these? 'O! it is impossible he should 'be guilty of any such thing; he must have done 'it by mistake; he could not design it. I will 'never believe any ill of him. So good a man! '&c.' when, in reality, the mistake lies only in his character. Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insufficient method of judging mankind, than by public estimation, which is oftener acquired by deceit, partiality, prejudice, and such like, than by real desert. I will venture to affirm, that I have known some of the best sort of men in the world (to use the vulgar phrase), who would not have scrupled cutting a friend's throat; and a fellow, whom no man should be seen to speak to, capable of the highest acts of friendship and benevolence

Now it will be necessary to divest ourselves of both these errors, before we can reasonably hope to attain any adequate knowledge of the true characters of men. Actions are their own best expositors; and though crimes may admit of alleviating circumstances, which may properly induce a judge to mitigate the punishment; from the motive, for instance, as necessity may lessen the crime of robbery, when compared to wantonness or vanity; or from some circumstance attending the fact itself, as robbing a stranger, or an enemy, compared with committing it on a friend or benefactor; yet the crime is still robbery, and the person who commits it is a robber; though he should pretend to have done it with a good design, or the world should concur in calling him an honest man.

But I am aware of another objection, which may be made to my doctrine; *viz.* admitting that the actions of men are the surest evidence of their character, that this knowledge comes too late; that it is to caution us against a highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an incendiary after he hath fired our house.

To which I answer, that it is not against force, but deceit, which I am here seeking for armour, against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good opinion. If, therefore, I can instruct my reader, from what sort of persons he is to withhold this opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal arts, by which deceit proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat his purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the design of this essay.

And here, the first caution I shall give him is against flattery, which I am convinced no one uses, without some design on the person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain nobleman, who,

though he was an immoderate lover of receiving flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling men their faults. A friend, who had his intimacy, one day told him, he wondered that he who loved flattery better than any man living, did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such a plentiful interest. To which he answered, though he admitted the justness of the observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows any thing of the nature of men, how greedy they are of praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a debt seldom paid, even to the greatest merit, till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude that this profusion, this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as Martial says of a beggar's present, from some other motive than generosity or good-will.

But indeed there are few, whose vanity is so foul a feeder to digest flattery, if undisguised; it must impose on us, in order to allure us; before we can relish it, we must call it by some other name; such as, a just esteem of, and respect for our real worth; a debt due to our merit, and not a present to our pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all these great or good qualities which are extolled in us; yet, considering, as I have said above, with what reluctance such debts are paid, we may justly suspect some design in the person, who so readily and forwardly offers it to us. It is well observed, that we do not attend, without uneasiness, to praises in which we have no concern, much less shall we be eager to utter and exaggerate the praise of another, without some expectations from it.

A flatterer, therefore, is a just object of our distrust, and will, by prudent men, be avoided.

Next to the flatterer, is the professor, who carries his affection to you still further; and on a slight, or no acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest esteem for your person, parts, and virtues. To know whether this friend is sincere, you have only to examine into the nature of friendship, which is always founded either on esteem or gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now esteem, admitting every requisite for its formation present, and these are not a few, is of very slow growth; it is an involuntary affection, rather apt to give us pain than pleasure, and therefore meets with no encouragement in our minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible degrees; and, perhaps, when it hath got an absolute possession of us, may require some other ingredient to engage our friendship to its own object. It appears then pretty plain, that this mushroom passion, here mentioned, owes not its original to esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from gratitude, which may, indeed, produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge; for though there are some minds, whom no benefits can inspire with gratitude, there are more, I believe, who conceive this affection without even a supposed obligation. If, therefore, you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that gratitude is not the motive to his friendship. Seeing then that you can derive it from neither of these fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its falsehood; and, if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your heart, as he doth who knowingly lodges a viper in his bosom, or a thief in his house. Forgive the acts of your enemies, hath been thought the highest maxim of morality:

Fear the professions of your friends, is, perhaps, the wisest.

The third character against which an open heart should be alarmed, is a Promiser; one who rises another step in friendship. The man, who is wantonly profuse of his promises, ought to sink his credit as much as a tradesman would by uttering a great number of promissory notes, payable at a distant day. The truest conclusion in both cases is, that neither intend, or will be able, to pay. And as the latter, most probably, intends to cheat you of your money, so the former, at least, designs to cheat you of your thanks; and it is well for you if he hath no deeper purpose, and that vanity is the only evil passion to which he destines you a sacrifice.

I would not be here understood to point at the promises of political great men, which they are supposed to lie under a necessity of giving in great abundance, and the value of them is so well known, that few are to be imposed on by them. The professor I here mean, is he who on all occasions is ready, of his own head, and unasked, to promise favours. This is such another instance of generosity, as his who relieves his friend in distress, by a draught on* Aldgate pump. Of these there are several kinds, some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again, who promise so many, that, like debtors, being not able to pay all their debts, they afterwards pay none.

The man who is inquisitive into the secrets of your affairs, with which he hath no concern, is another object of your caution. Men no more desire another's secrets to conceal them, than they

* A mercantile phrase for a bad note.

would another's purse, for the pleasure only of carrying it.

Nor is a slanderer less wisely to be avoided, unless you choose to feast on your neighbour's faults, at the price of being served up yourself at the tables of others; for persons of this stamp are generally impartial in their abuse. Indeed, it is not always possible totally to escape them; for being barely known to them, is a sure title of their calumny; but the more they are admitted to your acquaintance, the more you will be abused by them.

I fear the next character I shall mention, may give offence to the grave part of mankind; for whose wisdom and honesty I have an equal respect: but I must, however, venture to caution my openhearted reader against a saint. No honest and sensible man will understand me here, as attempting to declaim against sanctity of morals. The sanctity I mean, is that which flows from the lips, and shines in the countenance. It may be said, perhaps, that real sanctity may wear these appearances; and how shall we then distinguish with any certainty the true from the fictitious? I answer, that if we admit this to be possible, yet, as it is likewise possible that it may be only counterfeit, and as in fact it is so ninety-nine times in a hundred, it is better that one real saint should suffer a little unjust suspicion, than that ninety-nine villains should impose on the world, and be enabled to perpetrate their villanies under this mask.

But, to say the truth, a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious sanctity, never is, or can be sincere. Is a readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the temper of a Christian? Can he who passes sentence on the souls of men with more delight and triumph than the devil can execute it, have the impudence to pretend himself a disciple of one who

died for the sins of mankind? Is not such a sanctity the true mark of that hypocrisy, which in many places of Scripture, and particularly in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, is so bitterly inveighed against?

As this is a most detestable character in society, and its malignity is most particularly bent against the best and worthiest men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate envy and hatred, I shall take some pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the horrors of its inside, that we may all shun it; and at the same time will endeavour so plainly to describe its outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any mistake, to fall into its snares.

With regard then to the inside (if I am allowed that expression) of this character, the Scripture-writers have employed uncommon labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himself, in the chapter above cited. 'It devours widows' houses; 'it makes its proselytes twofold more the children of hell; it omits the weightier matters of 'the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; it strains* 'off a gnat, and swallows a camel; it is full of 'extortion and excess.' St. Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy, says of them, 'That they 'speak lies, and their conscience is seared with a 'red-hot iron.' And in many parts of the Old Testament, as in Job; 'Let the hypocrite reign 'not, lest the people be ensnared:' And Solomon

* So is the Greek, which the translators have mistaken; they render it, *strain at a gnat*, *i. e.* struggle in swallowing; whereas in reality, the Greek word is, to strain through a cullender; and the idea is, that though they pretend their consciences are so fine, that a gnat is with difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a camel.

in his Proverbs; 'An hypocrite with his mouth de-'stroyeth his neighbour.'

In these several texts, most of the enormities of this character are described; but there is one which deserves a fuller comment, as pointing at its very essence: I mean the thirteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, where Jesus addresses himself thus to the Pharisees: 'Hypocrites; for ye 'shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men; for 'ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them 'that are entering to go in.'

This is an admirable picture of sanctified hypocrisy, which will neither do good itself, nor suffer others to do it. But if we understand the text figuratively, we may apply it to that censorious quality of this vice, which, as it will do nothing honestly to deserve reputation, so is it ever industrious to deprive others of the praises due to their virtues. It confines all merit to those external forms which are fully particularized in Scripture: of these it is itself a rigid observer: hence, it must derive all honour and reward in this world, nay and even in the next, if it can impose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of cheating the Almighty and obtaining any reward there.

Now a galley-slave, of an envious disposition, doth not behold a man free from chains, and at his ease, with more envy than persons in these fetters of sanctity view the rest of mankind, especially such as they behold without them entering into the kingdom of Heaven. These are, indeed, the objects of their highest animosity, and are always the surest marks of their detraction. Persons of more goodness than knowledge of mankind, when they are calumniated by these saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the calumny to an ignorance of their real character; and imagine, if they could better inform

the said saints of their innate worth, they should be better treated by them; but, alas! this is a total mistake; the more good a sanctified hypocrite knows of an open and an honest man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an opportunity of detracting from his real merit.

But envy is not their only motive of hatred to good men: they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and, consequently, exposed by them. A hypocrite in society, lives in the same apprehension with a thief who lies concealed in the midst of the family he is to rob; for this fancies himself perceived, when he is least so; every motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one who enters the room knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than fear, many an innocent person, who suspects no evil intended him, is detested by him who intends it.

Now, in destroying the reputation of a virtuous and good man, the hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his enemy of all weapons to hurt him; and, therefore, this sanctified hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own vices, than to obscure and contaminate the virtues of others. As the business of such a man's life is to procure praise by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved character; so is his utmost care employed to deprive those who have an honest claim to the character himself affects only, of all emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The prophet Isaiah speaks of these people, where he says, 'Woe unto them who call evil good, 'and good evil; that put darkness for light, and 'light for darkness, &c.' In his sermon on which text the witty Dr. South hath these words: —'De-

'*traction* is that killing poisonous arrow, drawn 'out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying 'about, and doing execution in the dark, against 'which *no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security.* 'It is a weapon forged in hell, and formed by that 'prime artificer and engineer, the devil; and none 'but that great God who knows all things, and 'can do all things, can protect the best of men 'against it.'

To these, likewise, Martial alludes in the following lines:

> *Ut bene loquatur sentiatque Mamercus,*
> *Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis.*

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious branch of this character, as it is a very pernicious one; and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other qualities. Indeed there is no species of mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private villanies it daily transacts, most of the great evils which have affected society, wars, murders, and massacres, have owed their original to this abominable vice; which is the destroyer of the innocent, and protector of the guilty; which hath introduced all manner of evil into the world, and hath almost expelled every grain of good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat men into the pursuit of sorrow and misery, under the appearance of virtue, and to frighten them from mirth and pleasure under the colour of vice, or, if you please, sin? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poisonous potion, made up of malevolence, austerity, and such cursed ingredients, while it embitters the delightful draught of innocent pleasure with the nauseous relish of fear and shame?

No wonder then that this malignant cursed disposition, which is the disgrace of human nature, and the bane of society, should be spoken against with such remarkable bitterness, by the benevolent author of our religion, particularly in the thirty-third verse of the above-cited chapter of St. Matthew.

Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

Having now dispatched the inside of this character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detest it, nothing remains but to examine the outside, in order to furnish honest men with sufficient rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same divine guide whom we have in the former part followed.

First then, 'Beware of that sanctified appearance, 'that whited sepulchre, which looks beautiful 'outward, and is within full of all uncleanness. 'Those who make clean the outside of the platter, 'but within are full of extortion and excess.'

Secondly, Look well to those 'who bind heavy 'burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them 'on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not 'move them with one of their fingers.'

'These heavy burdens (says Burket) were coun'sels and directions, rules and canons, austerities 'and severities, which the Pharisees introduced 'and imposed upon their hearers.' This requires no farther comment; for as I have before said, these hypocrites place all virtue, and all religion, in the observation of those austerities and severities, without which the truest and purest goodness will never receive their commendation; but how different this doctrine is from the temper of Christianity, may be gathered by that total of all Christian mora-

lity, with which Jesus sums up the excellent precepts delivered in his divine sermon: '*Therefore* 'do unto all men as ye would they should do unto 'you: *for this is the law and the prophets.*'

Thirdly, Beware of all ostentation of virtue, goodness, or piety. By this ostentation I mean that of the countenance and the mouth, or of some external forms. And this, I apprehend, is the meaning of Jesus, where he says, 'They do their 'works to be seen of men,' as appears by the context; 'They make broad their phylacteries, 'and enlarge the borders of their garments.' These phylacteries were certain scrolls of parchment, whereon were written the ten commandments, and particular parts of the Mosaïc law, which they ostentatiously wore on their garments, thinking by that ceremony to fulfil the precept delivered to them in a verse of Deuteronomy, though they neglected to fulfil the laws they wore thus about them.

Another instance of their ostentation was—— 'making long prayers; *i. e.* (says Burket) mak-'ing long prayers (or, perhaps, pretending to 'make them); in the temples and synagogues, for 'widows, and thereupon persuading them to give 'bountifully to the corban, or the common trea-'sure of the temple, some part of which was em-'ployed for their maintenance. Learn, 1. It is 'no *new* thing for designing hypocrites to cover 'the foulest transgression with the cloke of re-'ligion. The Pharisees make long prayers a 'cover for their covetousness. 2. That to make 'use of religion in policy for wordly advantage 'sake, is the way to be damned with a vengeance 'for religion's sake.'

Again says Jesus—'in paying tithe of mint 'and anise and cummin, while they omit the

'weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, 'and faith.' By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any inhibition of paying the priest his dues; but, as my commentator observes, 'an ostentation of a precise keeping the law in smaller matters, and 'neglecting weightier duties. They paid tithe of 'mint, anise, and cummin (*i. e.* of the minutest 'and most worthless things), but at the same time 'omitted judgement, mercy, and faith; that is, 'just dealing among men, charity towards the 'poor, and faithfulness in their promises and 'covenants one with another. This, says our 'Saviour, is *to strain at* a gnat, and swallow a 'camel; a proverbial expression, intimating, that 'some persons pretend great niceness and scrupulosity about small matters, and none, or but 'little, about duties of the greatest moment. 'Hence, note, that hypocrites lay the greatest 'stress upon the least matters in religion, and 'place holiness most in these things where God 'places it least.' Ye tithe mint, &c. but neglect the weightier matters of the law. 'This is, indeed, the bane of all religion and true piety, to 'prefer rituals and human institutions before divine commands, and the practice of natural religion. *Thus to do is a certain sign of gross hypocrisy.*'

Nothing can, in fact, be more foreign to the nature of virtue than ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that, could men behold her naked, they would be all in love with her. Here it is implied, that this is a sight very rare or difficult to come at; and, indeed, there is always a modest backwardness in true Virtue to expose her naked beauty. She is conscious of her innate worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the public view. It is the harlot Vice

who constantly endeavours to set off the charms she counterfeits, in order to attract men's applause, and to work her sinister ends by gaining their admiration and their confidence.

I shall mention but one symptom more of this hypocrisy, and this is a readiness to censure the faults of others. 'Judge not,' says Jesus, 'lest you 'be judged.'—And again; 'Why beholdest thou 'the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but 'considerest not the beam that is in thine own 'eye?' On which the above-mentioned commentator rightly observes, 'That those who are most 'censorious of the lesser infirmities of others, are 'usually most notoriously guilty of far greater 'failings themselves.' This sanctified slander is, of all, the most severe, bitter, and cruel; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the effect of anger or wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

And here I shall dismiss my character of a sanctified hypocrite, with the honest wish which Shakspeare hath launched forth against an execrable villain:

—That heaven would put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal methods by which deceit works its ends on easy, credulous, and open dispositions; and have endeavoured to point out the symptoms by which they may be discovered: but while men are blinded by vanity and self-love, and while artful hypocrisy knows how to adapt itself to their blind sides, and to humour their passions, it will be difficult for honest and undesigning men to escape the snares of cunning and imposition; I shall therefore recommend

one more certain rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would, in a great measure, extirpate all fallacy out of the world: or must at least so effectually disappoint its purposes, that it would soon be worth no man's while to assume it, and the character of knave and fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in reality) allied or united.

This method is, carefully to observe the actions of men with others, and especially with those to whom they are allied in blood, marriage, friendship, profession, neighbourhood, or any other connexion; nor can you want an opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of men would rashly and madly place a confidence which may very materially affect him in any one, on a slight or no acquaintance.

Trace then the man proposed to your trust into his private family and nearest intimacies. See whether he hath acted the part of a good son, brother, husband, father, friend, master, servant, &c. If he hath discharged these duties well, your confidence will have a good foundation; but if he hath behaved himself in these offices with tyranny, with cruelty, with infidelity, with inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first opportunity his interest points out to him of exercising the same ill talents at your expense.

I have often thought mankind would be little liable to deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own eyes, and judge of men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected; whereas, how common is it to persuade ourselves, that the undutiful, ungrateful son, the unkind or barbarous brother, or the man who is void of all tenderness, honour, or even humanity,

to his wife or children, shall nevertheless become a sincere and faithful friend! but how monstrous a belief is it, that the person whom we find incapable of discharging the nearest duties of relation, whom no ties of blood or affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that goodness which instinct infuses into the brute creation; that such a person should have a sufficient stock of virtue to supply the arduous character of honour and honesty! This is a credulity so absurd, that it admits of no aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our prudence, than an opinion that the man whom we see act the part of a villain to others, should on some minute change of person, time, place, or other circumstance, behave like an honest and just man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the doctrine of repentance, any more than its tendency to the good of society; but as the actions of men are the best index to their thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and understood, with the utmost certainty demonstrate the character; and as we are not so certain of the sincerity of the repentance, I think we may with justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our confidence, that a man whom we once knew to be a villain, remains a villain still.

And now let us see whether these observations, extended a little further, and taken into public life, may not help us to account for some phænomena which have lately appeared in this hemisphere: for as a man's good behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest connexion, is the best assurance to which a stranger can trust for his honest conduct in any engagement he shall enter into with him; so is a worthy discharge of the social offices of a private station, the strongest security which a man can give of an upright demeanour in any pub-

lic trust, if his country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied, that the most popular speeches, and most plausible pretences of one of a different character, are only gilded snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us, in some manner or other, to his own sinister purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. Pope's letters, 'How shall a man 'love five millions, who could never love a single 'person?' If a man hath more love than what centres in himself, it will certainly light on his children, his relations, friends, and nearest acquaintance. If he extends it further, what is it less than general philanthropy, or love to mankind? Now as a good man loves his friend better than common acquaintance, so philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own country than any other; but no man can have this general philanthropy who hath not private affection, any more than he who hath not strength sufficient to lift ten pounds, can at the same time be able to throw a hundred weight over his head. Therefore the bad son, husband, father, brother, friend; in a word, the bad man in private, can never be a sincere patriot.

In Rome and Sparta I agree it was otherwise; for there patriotism, by education, became a part of the character. Their children were nursed in patriotism; it was taught them at an age when religion in all countries is first inculcated; and as we see men of all religions ready to lay down their lives for the doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered), so were these Spartans and Romans ready with as implicit faith to die for their country; though the private morals of the former were depraved, and the latter were the public robbers of mankind.

Upon what foundation their patriotism then stood, seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can

be no surer. For I apprehend, if twenty boys were taught from their infancy to believe that the Royal Exchange was the kingdom of heaven, and consequently inspired with a suitable awe for it; and lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and godlike to defend it, nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their lives to its defence; at least, it is impossible that any of them would agree, for a paltry reward, to set it on fire; not even though they were rogues and highwaymen in their disposition. But if you were admitted to choose twenty of such dispositions at the age of manhood who had never learnt any thing of its holiness, contracted any such awe, nor imbibed any such duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their lives in its cause; nor should I doubt, could I persuade them of the security of the fact, of bribing them to apply the firebrand to any part of the building I pleased.

But a worthy citizen of London, without borrowing any such superstition from education, would scarce be tempted, by any reward, to deprive the city of so great an ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its trade; at the same time to endanger the ruin of thousands, and perhaps the destruction of the whole.

The application seems pretty easy, that as there is no such passion in human nature as patriotism, considered abstractedly, and by itself, it must be introduced by art, and that while the mind of man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed character susceptible of any arbitrary impression you please to make on it; or, secondly, it must be founded on philanthropy, or universal benevolence; a passion which really exists in some natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent quality abovementioned; for as it seems granted, that the man

cannot love a million who could never love a single person, so will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single man, will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to show the several methods by which we can purpose to get any insight into the characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the cunning and designs of hypocrisy. These methods I have shown to be threefold, *viz.* by the marks which nature hath imprinted on the countenance, by their behaviour to ourselves, and by their behaviour to others. On the first of these I have not much insisted, as liable to some uncertainty; and as the latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure us, with proper caution, against the subtle devices of hypocrisy, though she be the most cunning as well as malicious of all the vices which have ever corrupted the nature of man.

But however useless this treatise may be to instruct, I hope it will be at least effectual to alarm my reader; and sure no honest undesigning man can ever be too much on his guard against the hypocrite, or too industrious to expose and expel him out of society.

INDEX.

INDEX.

N. B. The Roman Numerals refer to the Volume, and the Figures to the Page.

A.

" *A FIG for the dainty civil spouse*," song of, iii. 136.
" *A lottery is a taxation*," song of, ii. 301.
" *A virgin once was walking along*," song of, iv. 120.
" *A wise man others' faults conceals*," song of, ii. 260.
" *A woman must her honour save*," song of, ii. 266.
" *A woman's ware, like china*," songs of, ii. 248; iii. 125.
Absolute monarchy, its advantages and disadvantages, viii. 351 to 353.
Adams, Parson, first mentioned, VI. 16. His character, 17. Becomes an early friend of Joseph Andrews, 18. Arrives at an inn where he finds Joseph ill in bed, 66, 70. Purpose of his journey, 74. Attempts in vain to borrow some money on his sermons from the landlord, 81. His conversation concerning his sermons with another clergyman at the inn, 85—and with a bookseller also, 89 to 94. A circumstance obliges him to return into the country with Joseph Andrews, 104. Sets out first; his adventures at an inn, 107, 110. Rejoined by Joseph, 116. Dreadful quarrel at the next inn, with its bloody consequences to Adams, 141. Leaves the inn on foot, forgetting his horse, 157. Loses his way, and meets a sportsman; their conversation, 158. Adams's long account of himself, in which he appears in a political light, 160. Rescues a distressed female from the violence of a ruffian, 166—sequel of this adventure; Adams himself charged with robbery by the fellow, and taken before a justice,

VI. 172, 177. Finds the young woman whom he had rescued to be an acquaintance, 175. His examination, and release, 177. His rapture at the meeting of Joseph Andrews and Fanny, 190. Difficulty of their leaving the inn, and method proposed by Adams for surmounting it, 198. His interview with parson Trulliber, 199. His further attempt to borrow money for the reckoning, 209. Manner in which the difficulty was at last surmounted, 210. His party involved in fresh embarrassments by the profuse invitations and promises of a stranger, 211. A night-adventure, and subsequent reception of the party at the house of a benevolent person, 236, 240. His learned conversation with his host, 243. History of Mr. Wilson, 249. Departure of Adams and his companions, 285. Disputation between Adams and Joseph, on the comparative merit of public and private schools, 286. Adams hunted by a pack of harriers, 295. Invited with his companions to the squire's house, 302. Jokes practised on him there, 305. Their departure from the squire's, and adventures at an inn, 314, 319. Fanny carried away from her companions by force, 324. His consolation to Joseph under their affliction, 331. Fanny rejoins them; Adams recovers his horse, and they leave the inn, 338, 342. Curious dialogue between Adams and Mr. Peter Pounce, 344. Arrival of Adams and his companions at their home, 350. Conduct of lady Booby to prevent the marriage of Joseph and Fanny; her interview with Adams for that purpose, 354, 355 to 359. Adams introduced by Joseph to squire Booby, 370. Discourse between Adams and Joseph, 390. Lady Booby visits Adams in company with beau Didapper, 398, 411. Visit to lady Booby; Adams's extraordinary adventures in the night at her house, 422, 424. Journey to Mr. Booby's house, 439, 440. Celebration of the wedding of Joseph and Fanny, and concluding particulars of Adams, 441, 444.

Letters concerning the state of the nation during the rebellion of 1745, in his name, xiii. 320, 347.

This character happily conceived, i. 61. Who was the original of it, 62. Its purpose, vi. 9.

Addison, i. 53; xiii. 41. His Freeholder, i. 65.

Adultery, remarks on the guilt of, xi. 205 to 208.

Æschylus, parson Adams's great attachment to the writings of, vi. 109, 110, 158. They are produced in evidence

against him before a justice, vi. 181. Destroys them in a fit of rapture, 190. Adams's lamentations for this loss, 236, 243.

Affectation, nature of, vi. 6.

Affliction, remedy of for the loss of our friends, xiv. 195.

"*Ah! be not angry*," song of, iv. 148.

"*Ah, doctor! I long*," song of, ii. 278.

"*Ah, sir! I guess*," song of, iv. 149.

"*Ah! think, my lord, how I should grieve*," song of, ii. 317.

"*Alack, how alter'd is my fate!*" song of, i. 368.

"*Alas, my lord! you're too severe*," song of, ii. 313.

Alexander and Cesar, just views of their greatness, xii. 3, 4. Dialogue between Alexander, and Diogenes the cynic, xiv. 215.

"*All mankind are mad, 'tis plain*," song of, iv. 134.

"*All men are birds by nature, sir*," song of, i. 354.

Allen, Ralph, esq. of Prior park, the generous friend of Fielding, i. 81. The supposed original of the character of Allworthy in Tom Jones, 70, note. See also, vi. 293; viii. 7, 274; ix. 4.

Allworthy, Mr., his character, VII. 4, 7. On his return from London, finds an infant laid in his bed, 8. His behaviour on this occasion, 10. Description of his house, 11. Puts the child under the care of his sister, 14. His discourse to its suspected mother on her confession, 22. From his lenient treatment of her, is himself falsely suspected to be the father, 33. His hospitality, and account of two of his inmates, 35. His behaviour on the marriage of his sister with captain Blifil, 46. His attempts to reconcile captain and Dr. Blifil, 51. On the birth of his sister's son, desires that the two infants may be bred up together, 58. Is informed of the supposed father of the foundling; his behaviour on this occasion, 75. His fondness for the foundling increases, 88. His sensations on perceiving the mutual dislike of his sister and her husband, 91, 92. His behaviour on the death of the latter, 95. His conduct on occasion of the partridge shot by young Jones on a stranger's manor, 110. His conduct on occasion of a quarrel between Jones and young Blifil, 120, 122. His proportional affection for the two boys somewhat altered by the behaviour of his sister toward them, 133. His conduct on Jones's selling a horse and a Bible which Mr. Allworthy had given to him, 135. His charity to Black George; prevented from re-

storing him to his favour, by Blifil's exaggerated report of his offence, 140, 143. His sentiments on the incident of the loss of Sophia Western's bird, and on Jones's success in behalf of Black George, 160, 170. His behaviour on discovering the pregnancy of Molly Seagrim, and on Jones's confessing himself the father, 195—on this occasion Square injures Jones seriously in the mind of Mr. Allworthy, 199. His exhortations to Jones during the confinement of the latter from a broken arm, 225. His serious illness, and behaviour on this occasion, 257. Receives intelligence of his sister's death, 270. Declared out of all danger, 272. His recovery; Mr. Western proposes to him a marriage between Sophia and Blifil, 305. Communicates this proposal to Blifil, 311. Informed by Mr. Western of the passion of Jones for Sophia, 339. His displeasure excited against Jones by different means, 343. Dismisses him from his house, 347, 368. Second visit of Blifil to Sophia; the marriage appointed for the next day, 386, 390.

His bounty to Mrs. Miller, IX. 97 to 99. His letter announcing his intended journey to London, 185. His journey, and its motive, 236. His behaviour on hearing information concerning Jones, 262. Receives a visit from Mr. Western, and declines the match between Blifil and Sophia, 266. Pathetic intercession of Mrs. Miller with him in favour of Jones; arrival of Dowling the attorney, 292. Mr. Allworthy's sentiments of Jones suffer a favourable alteration, 322. Letters from Square and Thwackum, 328, 331. Hypocrisy of Blifil, 336. Conversation of Mr. Allworthy with Partridge, 341. Visited by Mrs. Waters, who solves the mystery of Jones's birth and declares his real parents, 346. Visited by Mr. Western, 352. Full discovery of Blifil's villainy, 357, 360. Mr. Allworthy's visit to Sophia interrupted by her father, who becomes reconciled to Jones, 364. Meeting of Mr. Allworthy and Jones, 373. His conduct toward Blifil, 384. Visits Mr. Western with Jones; marriage of Jones and Sophia appointed for the next day, 390. Celebration of the wedding, 401. His subsequent kindness to Jones, 405.

Supposed original of this character, i. 70.

Allworthy, Miss Bridget; her character, vii. 5. The foundling put under her care by her brother, 13—her behaviour on this occasion, 16. Her conduct on its sus-

pected mother's confession, 22. Dialogue between her and Mrs. Wilkins, 28. Her fruitless attachment to Dr. Blifil, 37. Her more successful one to his brother the captain, 40. Marries him; behaviour of her brother on this occasion, 45 (see further, *Blifil, Mrs.*) Discovered to have been the true mother of the foundling, ix. 348.

Ambition and vanity flourish as notably in a country church and church-yard as in the drawing room or the closet, vii. 177.

Amelia, novel of, x. xi. (see *Booth.*) Character of this work, i. 78. Censured by Richardson and his correspondents, 79, note. Bears the same proportion to Tom Jones, as the Odyssey bears to the Iliad, 79. The first Mrs. Fielding said to be represented in the character of Amelia, 46, note.

"*An Irishman loves potatoes*," song of, ii. 236.

Ancestry, remarks concerning, vi. 15.

Andrews, Joseph, his reputed parentage, VI. 14. His education and apprenticeship, 15. Made footboy to lady Booby, 16. Parson Adams becomes his early friend, 18. Taken to London by his mistress; alteration of his manners there, 21. Her attempt on his purity, 24—his letter on this subject to his sister, 27. Amorous advances of Mrs. Slipslop to him, 30. His ensuing interview with his mistress, 37, 38. His second letter to his sister, 47. Leaves the service of lady Booby, and sets out for the country, 48. His love for Fanny, 50. Is robbed and ill-used on the road, 53. His adventures at an inn, 59. The thief apprehended, and Joseph recovers his clothes, 70. Parson Adams arrives at the inn, 66, 70. Joseph's quick recovery from his hurts, 88. His chastity attempted by Betty the chambermaid, 98. Is detained at the inn after Adams, 107. Released by the accidental arrival of Mrs. Slipslop, and rejoins his friend Adams, 116. Hurt by the stumbling of Adams's horse, 140. Dreadful quarrel at the next inn, 141. Found by Fanny; their meeting, 189. Their mutual affection and rapture, 197. Difficulties of their leaving the inn, and manner in which these were surmounted, 198, 208, 210. A night-adventure, and subsequent reception of the party at the house of a benevolent person, 236, 240. Disputation between Adams and Joseph on the comparative merit of public and

private schools, 286. Joseph's reflexions on charity, 291. His gallant defence of Adams against a pack of hounds and the hunters, 298. Accompanies Adams and Fanny on an invitation to the squire's house, 302. Their departure from the squire's, and adventures at an inn; Fanny carried away from her companions by force, 314, 319. Adams's consolation to him under their affliction, 330, Fanny rejoins them, and they leave the inn, 338, 342. Their arrival at home, and conduct of lady Booby to prevent the marriage of Joseph and Fanny, 350, 354. Apprehended, in consequence, on a charge of robbery; and released from a commitment to Bridewell by the arrival and interference of Mr. Booby, who acknowledges him as his brother-in-law, and introduces him in that character to lady Booby, 363. His meeting with his sister Pamela, 373. The day of his marriage with Fanny fixed, 374. Mr. Booby endeavours to dissuade him from marrying Fanny, 383. Joseph rescues Fanny from the violence of a ruffian, 387. Discourse between Joseph and Adams; arrival of the pedlar mentioned before, 390, 395. Lady Booby visits Adams, in company with beau Didapper; behaviour of the beau, and of Joseph, 398, 411. The pedlar discloses the secret of Fanny's parents, 415. Visit to lady Booby; extraordinary adventures in the night at her house, 422, 424. Solution of the difficulties raised by the pedlar, by the discovery also of Joseph's true parents, 432. Marriage of Joseph and Fanny, 437.

Astonishment, pictures expressive of, vi. 204.

Atkinson, Booth's servant, x. 122. His fidelity, 134. Subsequent accidental meeting with Booth in London, 226. Visits Booth at his lodging, 240, 251. Conversation to which his visits gave rise, 254. His kindness to Booth, 261. Communicates to Booth an offer of marriage which he had received, 281.

Marries Mrs. Bennet, xi. 61. His ready services on Booth's being arrested, 63, 68, 81, 95, 96—his conversation with colonel James on this subject, 104. His remarkable dream, and its consequences, 158. His illness; he restores to Amelia her picture, 298.

Atkinson, Mrs. (See *Bennet*), her suspicions on the visit of Mrs. James to Amelia, xi. 14. Her learned discourse

with Dr. Harrison, 197. Goes to a masquerade instead of Amelia, 215 (201, 212.) Her further conversation with Dr. Harrison, 223. Letter from the nobleman to Amelia, and its enclosure; behaviour of Mrs. Atkinson on this occasion, and the consequences, 246. Her letter to Booth on his apprehended distress; she and her husband accompany Booth and Amelia into the country, on the final prosperity of the two latter, 362, 369. Concluding particulars of them, 371.

Attorney, remarks on the character of, viii. 334, 335.

Auction, allegorical, v. 30 to 37.

Author, should consider himself as one who keeps a public ordinary, vii. 1. One confined at a bailiff's, xi. 70—his conversation with a fellow-prisoner; present state of authorship, and means by which it flourishes, xi. 85; xiv. 102 to 107. Disdain of authors toward contemporary writers, xiv. 128. Prevalence of vanity and envy among authors; and remedies for both, 132. See also *Poets*.

Author's Farce, i. 295. Verses addressed to Fielding on the revival of this piece, iv. 7. Prologue on its revival, 10.

Avarice, pictures of (characters of Sir Avarice Pedant, in the Temple Beau; and Lovegold, in the Miser), i. 204, &c.; iii. 253, &c.

"*Away each meek pretender flies*," song of, i. 362.

B.

Bailiff, scenes in the house of one, xi. 67, 70, 85, 94, 115, 322, 342; xii. 23, 39 to 52.

"*Barbarous cruel man*," song of, i. 360.

Barber, learned discourse of one, viii. 24. Barbers' shops the resorts of newsmongers, both among the ancients and the moderns, vii. 67.

Barnabas, Mr., a clergyman, visits Joseph Andrews in his illness, vi. 62, 64, 71. Introduces himself to parson Adams; their conversation, 85, 90.

Bastards, cautions against showing too much favour to them, vii. 59.

Bath, major, becomes acquainted with Booth abroad; his character, x. 150. Found by him in a ludicrous situation, 153. Instance of his friendship for Booth, 158. Meets Booth in London, 246. His duel with Booth,

and explanation afterward, 266, 274. Subsequent visits from Booth, 285, 307.
His conversation with Dr. Harrison at colonel James's house, xi. 139. His behaviour at a masquerade, 208, 209. Explanation with Booth concerning the letter which he had given the latter there, 226. Meets Dr. Harrison again at colonel James's, 337. His end, 370.

Battle, description of an amorous one, viii. 140 to 142. Proposal for deciding all battles with fists, vii. 290.

"*Beauties shall quit their darling town*," song of, ii. 253.

Beauty, its just value as an object of love, vii. 48. Its irresistible nature, ix. 252; x. 301, 302.

Beggar, behaviour of one on finding Sophia Western's pocket-book, and receiving a reward for it, viii. 299, 302. Maxims of beggars, and their way of life, xiii. 95 to 101. Remarks on giving money to them, xiv. 83.

"*Begone thou shame of human race*," song of, v. 145.

Bell at Gloucester, character of this inn, and its landlord and landlady, viii. 40.

Bellaston, lady; Sophia Western resides at her house on arriving in London, viii. 281. Mrs. Fitzpatrick's visit to her ladyship, on the subject of preventing the match between Jones and Sophia, IX. 13. Returns Mrs. Fitzpatrick's visit, and meets Jones at that lady's house, 17. Sends to Jones a present inviting his attendance at a masquerade, 29. Meets him there, and leaves the place in company with him, 37, 43. Further particulars of her intercourse with Jones, 50 to 55. Accidental meeting of Jones and Sophia at her house, 59. Her subsequent conversation with Sophia, 68. Her notes and visit to Jones, in which latter she is interrupted by Sophia's maid, 78 to 89. Her design against Sophia with respect to lord Fellamar, 137, 142. His lordship's timidity dispelled by her representations, 147. Result of this project, 150, 154. Visits Jones, and finds Mrs. Honour concealed in his bed-room, 168, 172. Jones learns her real character; his conduct in consequence, 177 to 185. Takes into her service Sophia's late maid, 189. Her schemes for the ruin of Jones, 242. Visits him after his marriage, 404.

Benefit-tickets (theatrical), only a passport to beg with, vi. 267.

Benevolence, reason why this disposition is not more generally applauded, vii. 164.

Bennet, Mrs. her first acquaintance with Amelia, x. 242, 251. Some particulars of her, 309. Displays her learning in conversation, 335 to 337. Visit from Amelia, in consequence of Booth's having received an extraordinary warning, 345.

History of Mrs. Bennet, xi. 3 to 58. Marries serjeant Atkinson, 61. (See furthe·, *Atkinson, Mrs.*)

Betterton, the actor, vi. 326, 327; xiii. 42.

Betty the chambermaid, caught in an intrigue with her master, vi. 94. Her history, 96.

Billingsgate; description in the poetical style, of the oral storms there, viii. 262.

Biography, remarks concerning, vi. 12, 229. Invocation to the presiding Spirit of, 297.

Bird-batting, description of this diversion, vi. 172.

Black George the gamekeeper; his intimacy with young Jones, and behaviour on occasion of the partridge shot by the latter in a stranger's manor, vii. 107. Discharged by Mr. Allworthy on this account, 122. Unfortunate circumstances which prevented Mr. Allworthy from restoring him to his favour; and that gentleman's charity to his family, 140, 143. Through the exertions of Jones he is forgiven by squire Western, and appointed that gentleman's gamekeeper, 167, 169. Finds Jones's pocket-book with 500*l.* in it, which he keeps, 351—examination and judgment of this conduct, 366.

Attends Mr. Western to London, ix. 195. Conveys letters between Jones and Sophia, 214, 225. Visits Jones in prison, 318. His former dishonesty concerning Jones's pocket-book discovered, 323, 387. Runs away, and is not afterward heard of, 404.

Blifil, Dr. an inmate at Mr. Allworthy's house; his character, vii. 36. Introduces his brother also in the same capacity, 38. His behaviour on the marriage of his brother to miss Bridget Allworthy, 46. His brother's ingratitude to him after this event; the doctor leaves Mr. Allworthy's house, and dies of a broken heart, 50, 52.

Blifil, captain, introduced by his brother as an inmate at Mr. Allworthy's house, vii. 38. Becomes agreeable to miss Bridget Allworthy, and pays his addresses to her, 41. Their marriage, and behaviour of Mr. Allworthy on

this occasion, vii. 45, 46. His ingratitude to his brother after this event, 50. His wife delivered of a son; the captain objects to Mr. Allworthy's desire of breeding him up with the foundling, 59. Is informed by Mrs. Wilkins of the supposed father of the foundling, 74. Communicates this information to Mr. Allworthy, 75. Mutual hatred of him and his wife, 87. His death, 93, 95—burial and epitaph, 101.

Blifil, Mrs. (See *Allworthy, miss Bridget*); her fondness for her new husband, VII. 51. Is delivered of a son, 58. A mutual dislike arises between her and Mrs. Wilkins, 75. Her kindness to Partridge in his distress, 85. Mutual hatred of her and her husband, 87. His death, and her behaviour on the occasion, 95, 104. Both Thwackum and Square fix their inclinations on the widow; her conduct in this respect, 127, 130. Becomes much fonder of young Jones than of her own son, 131, 132. Defends Jones on his having sold his Bible to her son, 139. Her death, 268.

Blifil, young: his birth; bred up with Tom Jones, VII. 58. His juvenile character, 106. Quarrel between him and Jones; determination of Mr. Allworthy, and sentiments of Thwackum and Square, on the occasion, 118, 121. Is a great favourite with both Thwackum and Square; particular reason for this, 124, 129. Becomes disliked by his mother, which recommends him more to the favour of Mr. Allworthy, 132, 133. Buys of Jones at half-price a Bible which Mr. Allworthy had given to the latter, 133. Reports to Mr. Allworthy with exaggeration an offence of Black George, 141. Incident of the loss of Sophia Western's bird; and effect thus produced on her with respect to the two boys, 155, 164. His conduct on Jones's success in behalf of Black George, 170. His behaviour during the confinement of Jones from a broken arm, 227. His conduct on Mr. Allworthy's serious illness, 259. Receives intelligence of his mother's death, 263, 268. His behaviour respecting Jones's excesses on Mr. Allworthy's being declared out of danger, 274. Discovers Jones with Molly Seagrim, and thus becomes engaged in a battle with him, 280, 282 to 292. Mr. Allworthy proposes to him a marriage with Sophia Western, 311. His first visit of courtship to her, 324. His conduct on Mr. Allworthy's being informed of the passion of Jones for Sophia, VIII. 341. His

letter to Jones after the latter was dismissed from Mr. Allworthy's house, 368. His second visit to Sophia; the marriage appointed for the next day, 385.
His behaviour on the escape of Sophia, viii. 198, 202. Accompanies Mr. Allworthy to London, IX. 235. Visits Mrs. Western and Sophia, in company with the squire, 239. His conduct on hearing disastrous intelligence concerning Jones, 262. His behaviour on Mr. Allworthy's declining the match between him and Sophia, 270, 273 to 275. His hypocrisy, 336. Full discovery of his villainy, and consequent behaviour of Mr. Allworthy, 351, 360, 363. Further conduct of Mr. Allworthy, and generosity of Jones, toward him, 384, 386. His subsequent condition, 403.

Boleyn, Anne, relates her history in elysium, xiii. 133.

Bolingbroke (lord), Fragment of a Comment on his Essays, xiv. 245. See also, i. 86.

Booby, lady; Joseph Andrews appointed her footboy, VI. 16. Takes him to London; her favour to him there, 21, 22. Death of her husband; and her fruitless temptation of Joseph, 24—her behaviour on this disappointment, 32. Her ensuing interview with Joseph, 37, 38. Her second interview with Slipslop, 42. Dismisses Joseph from her service, 44. Her behaviour after his departure; she retires into the country, 351, 337, 349. Her conduct after her arrival there, to prevent the marriage of Joseph and Fanny, 354, 355, 363, 365 to 367. Arrival of her nephew, and his wife the celebrated Pamela, 364. Joseph introduced to her by her nephew as his brother in-law, but she refuses to see Fanny, 371, 372. Her subsequent interview with Slipslop, 374. Engages her nephew to dissuade Joseph from marrying Fanny, 383. Visits parson Adams, in company with beau Didapper, 398, 411. Conflict in her breast between love and pride, on her passion for Joseph; with her behaviour on the disclosure made by the pedlar, 418. Concluding particulars of her, 444.

Booby, Mr. visits his aunt lady Booby in the country, with his wife the celebrated Pamela; and there procures the release of Joseph Andrews from a commitment to Bridewell, vi. 364, 365. Acknowledges Joseph as his brother-in-law, and introduces him in that character to

his aunt, 368, 371. Endeavours to dissuade Joseph from marrying Fanny, 383. The wedding of Joseph and Fanny celebrated at his house, 440.

Bookseller, picture of his dealings with scribblers (character of Bookweight, in the Author's Farce), i. 314, 325 to 333. His opinion of sermons as articles of trade, vi. 89, 90. Wretched condition of a bookseller's drudge, 270. Further particulars of the dealings of booksellers with authors, xi. 87, 90.

Booth, the actor, vi. 326, 327; xiii. 42.

Booth (husband of Amelia), his examination before a justice, X. 8. Committed to prison; incidents there, 10. Meets with miss Matthews there; her history, 27, 33, 39, 45. Relates his own previous history, 61—his love for Amelia, 62, 64—his stratagem, 83—their marriage, 95—he departs to join his regiment at Gibraltar, 114, 120—dangers during the voyage, 128—his arrival at Gibraltar, and subsequent wound and illness, 131, 132—Amelia follows him to Gibraltar, 136—her illness; their journey to Montpelier, 140—they learn the death of Amelia's mother, and return to England; behaviour of Amelia's sister on this occasion, 164, 169—Booth commences farmer; his consequent misfortunes and ruin, 175. His connexion with miss Matthews in the prison, 185. Fondness of miss Matthews: he obtains his release; and leaves the prison with Amelia, who had just arrived there, 189. Letters from miss Matthews and Dr. Harrison, 198. Generosity of colonel James, 207. Coolness of James, and its cause, 211. Explanation with James, and ceremonious visit from the colonel's lady, 220, 225. Accidental meeting with Atkinson, 228. Breach with James, and how produced, 232. Amelia goes to the oratorio; Booth alarmed by news from Atkinson; kindness of a nobleman, 237. Meets major Bath; their conversation, 245. Visits the nobleman before-mentioned; his lordship's subsequent visit at Booth's lodging, 249, 256. Offer of Mrs. Ellison, and kindness of Atkinson; Amelia visits Mrs. James, 259. Booth's duel with colonel Bath, and subsequent visit to the colonel for the purpose of an explanation, 266, 273. The nobleman again visits at Booth's lodging, 277, 278. Reconciliation of Booth with colonel James, and their ensuing dialogue, 285,

291. Amelia visits the nobleman with Mrs. Ellison, 297. Suspicions conceived by Booth concerning the nobleman, 305, (296). Previous dialogue of Amelia and Mrs. Ellison, 308. Booth's lodging ransacked by a stranger in the absence of him and Amelia, 315. Visit of Mrs. James; Amelia refuses a ticket sent by the nobleman for the masquerade, 321. Subsequent dialogue between her and Booth, 327. Booth agrees that Amelia shall accept the ticket for the masquerade, 333. Visit from Mrs. Ellison, 338. Booth receives an extraordinary warning; consequent visit of Amelia to Mrs. Bennet, 342; xi. 1.

History of Mrs. Bennet, XI. 3 to 58. Booth arrested at the suit of Dr. Harrison, 63, 65—behaviour of Mrs. Ellison and of colonel James on this occasion, 74, 81. Conversation of Booth with a fellow-prisoner; and visit of colonel James, 85, 94. The colonel's return to Amelia, 99. James's designs; he refuses to become bail for Booth, 102. Mrs. James visits Amelia; suspicions started by Mrs. Atkinson to the latter on this occasion, 109. Conversation of Booth with another of his fellow-prisoners, and his subsequent release by Dr. Harrison, 115. Conduct of the doctor accounted for, 129. Visit from colonel James, and his invitation, 133. Party at the colonel's house the next day, 139. The colonel's offer to Booth, 145. Amelia acquaints Dr. Harrison with her suspicion of the colonel, 152. Remarkable dream of Atkinson, and its consequences, 158. Booth and Amelia accompany Mrs. James to a rout, at which Amelia meets the nobleman before mentioned, 166. Visit to Dr. Harrison, and afterward in his company to Vauxhall, 171, 178. Amelia consults the doctor on the propriety of going to a masquerade in a party with Booth and colonel James, 195. Incidents at the masquerade, and explanation between Booth and Amelia afterward, 201, 213. Visit from Dr. Harrison; mistake of Booth concerning the letter given to him at the masquerade, 216. Explanation with colonel Bath concerning the letter; Booth's loss at a gaming-table, 226. His subsequent dialogue with Amelia, and their explanation concerning colonel James, 234. Visit from captain Trent; that officer's conversation with Booth concerning the nobleman's designs on Amelia, 239. Letter from the nobleman to Amelia; its inclosure, and con-

sequences, XI. 246. Booth becomes acquainted with the real character of captain Trent, 255. Letter from captain Trent; history of that officer, and his active concurrence in the nobleman's designs on Amelia, 278. Distress of Booth; generosity of Amelia, and Booth's imprudent disposal of the money which she procured, 288, 293. Amelia refuses an invitation from Mrs. James, 294. Illness of Atkinson; he restores to Amelia her picture, 298. Booth meets miss Matthews, and makes an appointment with her, 307—consequences of this appointment; challenge from colonel James, and arrest of Booth, 313. Means which led to his arrest, 319. Amelia visits her husband in confinement, 322. Return of Dr. Harrison to town, and his kindness, 330. The doctor visits Booth, 342. Disclosure made by Robinson concerning the forged will of Amelia's mother, 351. Further particulars of this discovery; release of Booth, 356. The discovery made known to Amelia; return of her and Booth to her house in the country, 362. Concluding particulars of Booth and Amelia, 372.

Boyse, quotation from, vii. 365.

Brains, wise management of nature in the distribution of, vi. 167.

Bravery, true reason of the partiality which women show to this quality in men, vii. 209.

Bribery at an election, picture of, iv. 285 to 290.

Broughton the boxer, ix. 75. One of his advertisements, 24, note.

Burlesque and comic writing, great difference between, vi. 3 to 5.

Burlings (the), Portugese, garrison at, xiii. 292.

Burnet, judge, anecdote of, xiii. 175.

C.

Cameron (Jenny), Sophia Western mistaken by the landlady of an inn for, viii. 225, 229, 247, 263.

Canning (Elizabeth), Fielding writes a pamphlet on her case, i. 67, note.

Capping verses, examples of, vi. 179, 180.

Captain (sea), peculiar case of one, xiii. 263, 264.

Card-player, picture of a female one, iii. 8 to 10.

Cat, moral from the fable of the one converted into a fine woman, viii. 289.

Cervantes (the English), Fielding entitled to this appellation, i. 73.

Cæsar. See *Alexander*.
Chambermaids, altercation between two, vii. 401, 403.
Champion, the periodical paper so called, owed its chief support to Fielding, i. 49.
Characters described by Fielding, not those of individuals but of species, vi. 232. Variety and fine discrimination of Homer's characters, 245. Remarks on the difference and estimation of character, viii. 158 to 160. Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men, xiv. 307— Fielding's own explanation of the purpose of this piece, i. 53.
Charge delivered to the Grand Jury at the Sessions of the Peace held for the City and Liberty of Westminster, &c. xii. 247. Character of this piece, i. 67.
Charitable Corporation, (the) ii. 311.
Charity, reflexions of Joseph Andrews on, vi. 291. Specious arguments to prove that this word no where in Scripture means beneficence or generosity, vii. 75.— these answered, 77. Two different opinions prevalent concerning it, ix. 49. Remarks on the usual modes of the exercise of charity, xiv. 81.
Chastity, Joseph Andrews's attempted by his mistress, and by the chambermaid at an inn, vi. 24, 38, 98. Serious admonitions on the breach of this virtue, vii. 23 to 25.
Cheney, Dr. his opinion of punch, viii. 265.
Chesterfield, earl of; probably the only speaker against the bill for licensing theatrical representations, i. 18, note. Dedication (of Don Quixote in England) to, iv. 59.
Christianity, its superiority to philosophy, viii. 91.
Chrysipus, the Terrestrial; philosophical papers concerning, xiv. 145.
Cibber, Colley, i. 38; vi. 13, 17, 35, 297, 343, 344.
Cibber, Theophilus, i. 93; vi. 327.
Circe, probable meaning of Homer by the fable of, xiii. 257.
"*Claps universal*," song of, i. 343.
Clergy, conversation concerning the little respect paid to them, xi. 186 to 191.
Clerks in office, their arrogance and knavery, xi. 290.
Clive, Mrs. her merit first displayed by Fielding's dramas, i. 22. Dedication (of the Intriguing Chambermaid) to, iv. 3. See also, vi. 328, viii. 116.
Coffee-house Politician, comedy of, ii. 1.
Collegian, picture of a licentious young one (character of Commons, in the Letter-writers), ii. 171, &c.

" *Come, all who've heard my cushion beat*," song of, i. 357.
" *Come, Charlotte, let's be gay*," song of, iv. 31.
Comedy, error of the modern writers of, viii. 9.
Comic and burlesque writing, great difference between, vii. 3 to 5.
Common Sense, Life and Death of; rehearsal of the burlesque tragedy of, iv. 322.
Confession, a lady's to a priest, iii. 198 to 200. An old libertine's, 204 to 206.
Congreve, character of his plays, i. 40.
Conscience, discussion of a knotty point in the court of, vii. 358.
Conscious Lovers, the comedy of, mentioned, vi. 334.
Consolation, common-place, under affliction, vi. 331 to 333. See also *Affliction*.
Constancy in men more common than is imagined, iv. 30.
Constitution, correct ideas concerning, xii. 281, &c.
Contempt, odious nature of a proneness to, xiv. 138, 286 to 288.
Contents prefixed to chapters of books, their use, vi. 102.
Contrast, universal importance of this principle, vii. 222.
Controversial writings, a bookseller's notions of, i. 326.
Conversation, Essay on, xiv. 263. Fielding's own explanation of the purpose of this piece, i. 52.
Coquette, parson Adams's idea and inquiry concerning the meaning of this word; with a definition, vi. 259, 260.
Countenances, judgment of, xiv. 313 to 319.
" *Couples united*," song of, ii. 295.
Courage, instance of affected, vi. 159, 164, 166. See also *Bravery*.
Courtship, similes of its relation to matrimony, i. 134. Course of courtship prescribed by a lady to her lover, i. 272, 273. Courtship and jealousies of servants (Grub-street Opera, throughout), ii. 237, &c.
Covent Garden Journal, xiv. 1. Origin and character of this paper, i. 80.
Covent Garden Tragedy, iii. 151.
Cracker pinned to parson Adams's cassock, vi. 308.
Craddock (Miss), Fielding's first wife, i. 45.
Critics, limitation of their province and authority, vii. 220, 221. Instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics, viii. 157. Exposure of the mal-practices of certain self-appointed ones, 214 to 219. Censorial regulations concerning critics, xiv. 3 to 8.

Cromwell, meeting with, in elysium, xiii. 45, 46.
Crown law, two unpublished volumes on, left by Fielding, i. 48, 67.
"*Cruelest creature, why have you wooed me*," song of, ii. 269.
Cudgel, description of parson Adams's, vi. 298.
Cuper's Gardens, i. 41.
"*Cupid, ease a lovesick maid*," song of, ii. 128.
Curs, account of some human, vi. 305.

D.

David Simple, Preface to, xiv. 163.
"*Dear sir, be not in such a passion*," song of, ii. 316.
"*Dearest charmer*," song of, iv. 157.
Death, sentiments on, vii. 260. Allegorical description of the palace of, xiii. 22.
Debauchees, comedy of, iii. 189.
Dedication of Don Quixote in England, iv. 59. Of the comedy of the Fathers, v. 267. Of the Historical Register, v. 3. Of the Intriguing Chambermaid, iv. 3. Of Love in several Masques, i. 91. Of the Miser, iii. 241. Of the Mock Doctor, iii. 109. Of the Modern Husband, iii. 3. Of Tumble-down Dick, v. 99. Of the Universal Gallant, iv. 171. Of the Voyage to Lisbon, xiii. 157.
Delicacy in writing defined, i. 38.
Demosthenes, his first Olynthiac translated, xiv. 183.
Deposition taken by a justice in the absence of his clerk, vi. 366.
Derby, Mr., extraordinary murder of, viii. 6.
"*Did mortal e'er see two such fools?*" song of, iv. 159.
Diseases; allegorical description of the City of, and adventures there, xiii. 13.
Diversions, too frequent and expensive, among the lower kind of people, a cause of the late increase of robbers, &c. xii. 295.
Divisions in authors, remarks concerning, vi. 101.
"*Do you, papa, but find a coach*," song of, iv. 141.
"*Does my dearest Harriot ask*," song of, i. 307.
Dog, affecting incident of the death of one, vi. 283.
Don Quixote in England, comedy of, iv. 57. This piece composed by Fielding very early in life, i. 9, 36.
Dowling, an attorney, brings to Mr. Allworthy's house the news of the death of that gentleman's sister, vii. 263, 268. Met by Jones at Gloucester, viii. 42. Meets Jones again in the travels of the latter; their conversation, 330, 332.

Arrives in London on business of Mr. Western and Mr. Allworthy, ix. 295. Full discovery of the villainy of Blifil, 357, 360.

Drawing the lottery, picture of, ii. 321.

Dream on the subject of the rebellion of 1745, xiii. 307.

Drum, definition of this word in its fashionable sense, ix. 291.

Drunken quarrels, reason why they are so frequent in England, vii. 274.

Drunkenness, its true effect on the disposition, vii. 274. As a consequence of luxury among the vulgar, stated to be a cause of the late increase of robbers, &c.; with laws concerning it, xii. 304.

Dryden, his judgment of the Rehearsal, i. 15. See also xiv. 48, 49.

Ducking inflicted on parson Adams, vi. 311 to 313.

Dun, precedents of different methods of answering one, xii. 91.

Dunciad, its character in point of invention, i. 32. Plan of one in prose, xiv. 131.

E.

Early introduction into life, its mischiefs, vi. 250.

Election (the), rehearsal of the burlesque comedy of, iv. 282 to 318.

Ellison, Mrs, the landlady of Booth's lodging, x. 231. Accompanies Amelia to the oratorio; her behaviour on this occasion, 237. Visited by a nobleman who takes particular notice of Booth and Amelia, 243, 256, 277. Her dialogue with Amelia, 308. Invites Amelia to go to a masquerade, but she at first refuses, 323, 334, 338. Her similar conduct to Mrs. Bennet previously, and its consequences, xi. 36 to 58. Her behaviour on Booth's being arrested, 74. End of her and the nobleman, 370.

Elysium, proceedings of judge Minos at the gate of, xiii. 34. Adventures in, 40, 43, 47.

English manners in the reign of Elizabeth, picture of, xiv. 111 to 116.

Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers, &c: xii. 277. Dedication (to lord Hardwicke), 279. Preface, 281. Introduction, 292. Of too frequent and expensive diversions among the lower kind of people, 295. Of drunkenness, a second consequence of luxury among the

vulgar, 304. Of gaming among the vulgar, a third consequence of their luxury, XII. 314. Of the laws that relate to the provision for the poor, 323. Of the punishment of receivers of stolen goods, 361. Of laws relating to vagabonds, 369. Of apprehending the persons of felons, 388. Of the difficulties which attend prosecutions, 400. Of the trial and conviction of felons, 405. Of the encouragement given to robbers by frequent pardons, 412. Of the manner of execution, 416. See also, i. 67.

Epilogue to the Author's Farce, i. 370. To the Covent Garden Tragedy, iii. 187. To the Good-natured Man, v. 362. To the Intriguing Chambermaid, iv. 55. To Love in several Masques, i. 193. To the Miser, iii. 347. To the Mock Doctor, iii. 150. To the Modern Husband, iii. 103, 105. To Pasquin, iv. 352. To Rape upon Rape, ii. 93. To the Temple Beau, i. 292. To the Universal Gallant, iv. 275. To the Wedding Day, v. 260.

Epistle, poetical, to Sir Robert Walpole, i. 50.

Epistolary writing, remarks on, xiv. 175 to 178.

Epitaph on a reputed ancestor of Joseph Andrews, vi. 14. Model of one in the true style, vii. 101.

Essay on Conversation, xiv. 263—Fielding's own explanation of the purpose of this piece, i. 52. On the Knowledge of the Characters of Men, xiv. 307—his explanation of the purpose of this piece, i. 53. On the Life and Genius of Fielding, i. 3. On Man, its character in point of invention, i. 32.

Eurydice, farce of, v. 53.

Eurydice Hissed, drama of, v. 81.

Evening; description of, in the style of poetry, vi. 36.

Evidence, remarks on the law of, xi. 281. On the evidence of an accomplice in felony, xii. 407 to 411.

Examinations before Justices, pictures of, ii. 25 to 34, 211; vi. 177 to 184.

" *Excuse me, sir*," song of, iv. 158.

Execution of felons, remarks on the manner of, xii. 416.

Experience, invocation to, ix. 5.

Extempore poem on parson Adams, vi. 306.

F.

Fable, beautiful idea of a well-concerted one, i. 69.

Fair sex, proof how extremely natural virtue is to them, viii. 167.

Familiar Letters between the principal Characters in David Simple and others, Preface to, xiv. 173.
Fanny, mutual love of her and Joseph Andrews, VI. 50. Delivered from the violence of a ruffian by parson Adams, 166 to 169. Herself and Adams charged with robbery by the fellow, and taken before a justice, 173. Their examination, and release, 177. Description of her person, 187. Finds Joseph; their meeting, 189. Their mutual affection and rapture, 197. Difficulties of their leaving the inn, and manner in which these were surmounted, 198, 208, 210. A night-adventure, and subsequent reception of the party at the house of a benevolent person, 236, 240. Her tenderness for a hunted hare, 294. Attracts the admiration of the hunters, and is invited with her companions to the squire's house, 301. Their departure from the squire's, and adventures at an inn; Fanny carried away from her companions by force, 314, 319, 335. Her rescue; she rejoins Adams and Joseph, and they leave the inn, 337, 342. Their arrival at home, and conduct of lady Booby to prevent the marriage of Joseph and Fanny, 350, 354 to 362. Is apprehended with Joseph, in consequence, on a charge of robbery; released, but refused admission by lady Booby to her presence, 363, 367, 372. The day of her marriage with Joseph fixed, 374. Her encounter with a beau, and afterward with his servant, 385, 387. Behaviour of Mrs. Adams concerning her, 391, 392. Her second meeting with the beau; behaviour of him and of Joseph, 398, 411. Disclosure of the secret of Fanny's parents, 415. Visit to lady Booby, and extraordinary adventure in the night at her ladyship's house, 422, 429. Solution of the difficulties raised by the pedlar, 432. Marriage of Joseph and Fanny, 437.
Farce, judgment of the best critics concerning this class of compositions, i. 21.
"*Farewell my dear,*" song of, v. 75.
"*Farewell ye groves and mountains,*" song of, v. 65.
"*Farewell ye hills and valleys,*" song of, ii. 308.
Fashion, its force in every concern, xiii. 301, 302. Remarks on the phrase "people of fashion," and on their practices, xiv. 71.
Fashionable tradesmen, maxim of, vi. 250. Their insolence, viii. 40.
Fathers (the), comedy of, v. 263.

Feast, a miser's preparation of, iii. 283.
Fellamar, lord; his first visit to Sophia Western, and subsequent conversation with lady Bellaston, IX. 136, 137. Design projected by them against Sophia, and their measures in prosecution of it, 142. His timidity dispelled by the representations of her ladyship, 147. Result of this project, 150, 153, 156. Sends a challenge to Mr. Western, 205. Schemes of lady Bellaston for the ruin of Jones; Mrs. Western engages in his lordship's interest, 242. Pays a formal visit of courtship to Sophia, 296. Assists in procuring the release of Jones from prison, 381.
Felons, remarks on the laws concerning the apprehension of the persons of, xii. 388. On the trial and conviction of them, 405.
Females, particular ones to whom bosom-friends and intimate acquaintance have a natural propensity at a friend's house, vii. 128.
Fenton's Mariamne, vi. 327.
Fever on the spirits, a fashionable disorder in the time of Fielding, vii. 98; x. 140; xiii. 17.
Fiddle and fiddlestick, history of, i. 353.
Fielding, Henry; Essay on his Life and Genius, I. 3. His birth and parents, 6. His education, 7. Studies at Leyden, 8. Returns to London, 8, 10. His earliest dramatic composition, 9. His juvenile dissipation, 10. His narrow circumstances, and filial piety, 11. His vivacity of temper, 12. His first acted plays, 13. Almost all his dramatic pieces written early in life, 14—general character of these, 14, 44—their licentiousness said to be a principal occasion of the law for licensing theatrical representations, 16. His great facility in writing, 21, 44. Inquiry into his talents, 23—he was an admirable comic genius, 37—causes why nevertheless rather unsuccessful in comedy, 39. Remarkable anecdote of him, connected with the first representation of the Wedding Day, 43. Derived but small profit from his dramatic compositions, 45. Marries; and succeeds to a moderate estate in Devonshire, to which he retires, 45. Plunges into extravagance, which reduces him to distress; applies to the study of the law as a resource, 46. His industry in that pursuit; he is called to the bar, 47. Tradition concerning him on the western circuit, 48, note. Great force and vigour of his mind,

I. 48, 80. His poetical pieces, 49—example of one of these, 50. Swift's notice of him as a poet, 52, note. His own explanations concerning several of his pieces, 52 to 59. Three remarkable periods in the progress of his talents, 60. Obtains the ill-will of Richardson by having written Joseph Andrews in ridicule of Pamela, 64, note, 79, note. Pursues the law, with many interruptions, 64. His distress at this time; and excessive affliction afterward, on the death of his wife, 65. Engages in two periodical papers, 65. Abandons the bar, and becomes an acting magistrate for Middlesex: his exertions in this situation, and their success, 66, 67; xiii. 170 to 172, 175. His excellence in the mock-epic style, I. 72. Is entitled to the appellation of the English Cervantes, 73. Compared and preferred to Marivaux, 73 to 77. Obliged by ill health to try the air of Lisbon; his account of his voyage to that place, 80. His death, and character, 81. His own justification from the imputations against his office as magistrate, 82. His personal appearance, 84. Portrait of his mind, 85.

Fielding, Sarah, author of David Simple, i. 7.

Fine lady, compared to a fine coat, i. 257.

Firmin, Mr. Thomas, noble sentiment of, xiv. 81.

Fish; proposal for an extended consumption of, as an article of diet, xiii. 267 to 270.

Fisher, his extraordinary murder of Mr. Derby, viii. 6.

Fitzpatrick, Mr. his adventure at the inn at Upton, viii. 161. Some account of him, 170. Leaves the inn in company with Mrs. Waters, 190, 197. Arrives in London in pursuit of his wife; his duel with Jones, and its consequences, ix. 254.

Fitzpatrick, Mrs. escapes the pursuit of her husband at Upton, viii. 130, 148, 165, 191. Leaves the inn of that town, and joins her cousin Sophia Western on the road, 192, 220. Her history, 232, 239, 251. The two ladies joined by a nobleman, a very particular acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and travel to London in his company, 266, 270. Nature of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's connexion with this nobleman, 276, 279.
Her interview with Jones in his search for Sophia, ix. 9. Forms a project to prevent their match; her visit to lady Bellaston on this subject, 13. Second visit of Jones, when he meets lady Bellaston and lord Fellamar, 17. Sends information concerning Sophia to Mrs. Western in

the country, ix. 159. Meets Jones at the play-house, 234. Her proposal to him on his visiting her, 247. Her subsequent condition, 403.
Flattery, remarks on, xiv. 321 to 323.
Fortune, its just value as a consideration in marriage, vii. 48. Allegorical description of the wheel of Fortune, xiii. 30.
Foundling, History of a, vii. viii. ix.
Francis, Mrs. landlady of an inn at Ryde; account of her and her husband; her behaviour to the author during his temporary residence at her house in his voyage to Lisbon, xiii. 219 to 245.
Freeholder, Addison's, i. 65.
" *French philosophy*," conjectures on the meaning of this phrase, xiv. 107 to 110.
Friendship, a degree of mutual forgiveness indispensable to, vii. 92.
" *From lessons like these*," song of, v. 80.
Frowd's Philotas, vi. 327.

G.

Gaming among the vulgar, as a consequence of their luxury, stated to be a cause of the late increase of robbers, &c.; and laws concerning it, xii. 314.
Garrick, Partridge's criticisms on his performance of Hamlet, ix. 229 to 233.
Genius, invocation to, ix. 3. Correct definition of this term, i. 23, 24.
Ghost, adventure of an alleged one, vii. 444 to 447. Story of one, &c. viii. 74, 85. Remarks on the use of ghosts in writing, viii. 3, 5.
Gil Blas, vi. 231. Ill success of an attempt to dramatise this novel, i. 42.
Glossary, modern, xiv. 10.
Gloucester; character of the Bell-inn here, its landlord and landlady, viii. 40.
" *Go, and like a blubb'ring Bess howl*," song of, ii. 285.
" *Go, thrash your own rib, sir, at home*," song of, iii. 116.
Good, very different significations annexed to this adjective by different classes of people, xiii. 354 to 356.
" *Good madam cook*," song of, ii. 262.
Good-breeding; remarks on, and rules of, xiv. 121, 269, &c.
Good-nature, picture of (character of Boncour, in the Fathers), v. 273, &c.
Goodness. See *Greatness*.

Goodness of heart, and openness of temper, cannot justify a neglect of prudence and circumspection, vii. 133, 134.
Grand-juries. See *Charge*.
Graveairs, Miss, her squeamish delicacy, vi. 116, 120, 122, 123, 146. Her dispute with Mrs. Slipslop, 147. Her real character, 148. This name applied to Sophia Western by her cousin, viii. 232, 244.
" *Great courtiers palaces contain*," songs of, ii. 263; v. 109.
Greatness; opposite nature of this quality and goodness, and illustrations of the former, xii. 3. Principles of, and reasonings on, greatness, 53 to 56, 77. Allegorical description of the two roads to Greatness and to Goodness, xiii. 27.
Grey, Dr. remarks on his edition of Hudibras, xiii. 160; xiv. 52.
Guinea; philosophical observations and experiments upon, considered as an animal or vegetable, xiv. 149.
Gwynn, Nell; anecdote of her and her footman, viii. 264.
Gypsies; adventure of Jones and his party with a company of, in a barn: their history, customs, police, &c. viii. 344 to 354.

H.

Habit, remarks on the force of, vi. 380.
" *Had your daughter been physick'd well, sir*," song of, iv. 165.
Half-pay (military), its insufficiency, x. 236.
" *Happy the animals who stray*," song of, iv. 83.
" *Happy with the man I love*," song of, ii. 252.
Hardwicke (lord), dedication (of the Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers, &c.) to, xii. 279.
Hare-hunting, description of, vi. 294.
Harlequin a Pickpocket, burlesque interlude of, v. 112 to 116, 125.
Harrison, Dr. promotes the mariage between Booth and Amelia, x. 76, 77, 81, 93. His kindness to them afterward, 118. His letter to Booth announcing the death of Amelia's mother, 164—another, on Booth's conduct in his farm, 204.
Arrests Booth, and afterward releases him, xi. 64, 125—this conduct accounted for, 129. His conversation with colonel Bath at colonel James's house, 139. His sentiments on the offer of colonel James to Booth; Amelia acquaints him with her suspicion of the colonel, 148, 153. His visit with Booth and Amelia to Vauxhall, 178. His dialogue with some country friends, concerning the little respect paid to the

clergy; and their remarks on him in his absence, xi. 186. Sent for by Amelia on a particular occasion; his discourse with Mrs. Atkinson, 191, 195. Conversation with Booth concerning the masquerade; and again with Mrs. Atkinson, 217. Intercedes with a nobleman in the country in favour of Booth, 268. On returning to town, finds Booth in distress; the doctor's kindness, 330. His visit to colonel James, 337. Visits Booth in confinement, 342. Disclosure made by Robinson concerning the forged will of Amelia's mother, 349. Concluding particulars of the doctor, 371.

Hatchment, a widow's; purpose answered by it, i. 138.

Hatred, sketch of the felicity which prudent couples may extract from it, vii. 90. Example of infallible methods to procure universal disesteem and hatred, viii. 176.

Hats, chapter on, xii. 86.

Haunted house, description of one, iv. 38, 39.

Heautofagi, account of this sort of people, xiii. 228.

Henley, orator, vi. 293.

"*Here are the best horses*," song of, ii. 302.

"*Here stands honest Bob*," song of, ii. 260.

Hero, theatrical; solemnities with which he is generally introduced on the stage, and anecdote on this subject, vii. 149. The manner of the death of heroes, indifferent, xii. 225.

High-commission court, observations concerning, xii. 254.

High life, dullness of, ix. 77.

High people and low people, dissertation concerning, vi. 192. True limitation to this definition of high people, 234, 235.

Hill, Aaron, i. 52, note.

Hill, sir John; his animosity with Fielding, i. 67, note.

Historian, limitation of his province in the relation of miraculous incidents, viii. 4, 5.

Historical Register, play of, v. 1. See also, i. 16.

Histories, different kinds of, vii. 55, 56.

History of My Own Times, singular plan of one, ii. 68.

Hogarth, the friend of Fielding; anecdote, i. 84.

Hogs, parson Adams's accident from being mistaken for a dealer in, vi. 201.

Homer, degree in which he has displayed the quality of invention, i. 25, 26. Was probably the inventor of publishing books by numbers, vi. 103. Parson Adams's

praises of him, vi. 243 to 246. Remarks on his miracles, viii. 2. Meeting with him in elysium, xiii. 40.

Homerican style, instances of (see i. 72.), vi. 298 to 300; vii. 179.

Honour, dispute between Square and Thwackum concerning, vii. 114. Its real dictates in respect to a man's marriage with a girl whom he has seduced and whose shame has been discovered, ix. 111. Considered as the alleged principle of duelling, xi. 333, 334. A thief's notions of honour, xii. 49.

Honour, Mrs. maid to Sophia Western, informs her mistress of Molly Seagrim's pregnancy, vii. 202. Her dialogue with her mistress after the accident of Jones's breaking his arm, 212. Acquaints Jones with the incident of Sophia's muff, 255. Her dialogue with Sophia immediately after the latter had learnt her father's determination to marry her to Blifil, 320. Promises to accompany her mistress in the escape of the latter from her father's house, 393. Her successful stratagem to get herself immediately turned away, 399, 407. Her behaviour in the kitchen of the inn at Upton, viii. 176. Defends her mistress violently against the political suspicions of a landlord, 263. Carries a letter from her mistress to Jones, ix. 61. Dismissed from the service of Sophia by Mr. Western, 158. Her subsequent visit to Jones, 165. Her letter to Jones; she is taken into the service of lady Bellaston, 189.

Horse, parson Adams's; his propensity to kneeling, vi. 140.

" *How can I trust your words precise*," song of, ii. 255.

" *How curst the puny lover*," song of, ii. 231.

" *How hapless is the virgin's fate*," song of, ii. 308.

" *How happy are the nymphs and swains*," song of, v. 137.

" *How happy's the swain*," song of, ii. 270.

" *How odd a thing is love*," song of, ii. 240.

" *How unhappy's the fate*," song of, i. 325.

Human nature, the dish provided for the entertainment of the reader in Tom Jones, vii. 2.

Humanity, invocation to, ix. 4.

Humour, remarks on its nature, xiv. 116, 122, 123, 127.

Hunt, Mrs. makes an offer of marriage to Jones; his answer, ix. 191, 194.

Husbands; estimate of men of sense, and of fools, as husbands, viii. 261.
Hypocrites, more injurious to both religion and virtue than the wittiest profligates or infidels, vii. 117. Letter from a professed hypocrite, xiv. 37. Remarks on the character of religious hypocrites, 325 to 333.

I.

"*I once, as your butler, did cheat you*," song of, ii. 292.
"*I was told in my life*," song of, i. 351.
"*If a husband henceforth*," song of, v. 76.
"*If flaunting and ranting*," song of, v. 135.
"*If I too high aspire*," song of, ii. 294.
"*If love gets into a soldier's heart*," song of, ii. 230.
"*If men from experience a lesson could reap*," song of, v. 71.
"*If you hope by your skill*," song of, iii. 146.
Impossible; frequent different significations of this word in conversation, viii. 339.
Impudence, remarks on its nature and force, xiv. 91.
"*In ancient days, I've heard*," song of, iii. 118.
"*In long pig-tails, and shining lace*," song of, ii. 235.
"*In spiritual court*," song of, ii. 289.
"*In this little family*," song of, ii. 291.
"*In vain a thousand heroes and kings*," song of, i. 361.
"*In women we beauty or wit may admire*," song of, iv. 145.
"*Indeed my dear*," song of, ii. 245.
Innkeepers; dialogue between a landlady and her chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their servants, viii. 168 to 170.
Innocence, apostrophe to, x. 213. Frequent cause of its misfortunes, xi. 115.
Interlude between Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Mercury, v. 365.
Intriguing Chambermaid, comedy of, iv. 1.
Invention, observations concerning the correct signification of this term, i. 24 to 33.
Invocation: coldness and absurdity of the invocation of a muse by a modern writer, viii. 3.
"*I've heard a noncon parson preach*," song of, ii. 233.
"*I've often heard*," song of, ii. 314.

J.

Jacobite's Journal, xiii. 365. See also, i. 66.

James, captain; his character, and friendship for Booth, x. 132, 145, 163. Marries miss Bath, 164. Meets Booth in London; his further generosity to him, 207. His subsequent coolness to Booth, and its cause; mutual explanation on this subject, 211, 220. Ceremonious visit from Mrs. James to Booth and Amelia, 225. His breach with Booth; and how produced, 232. Amelia visits Mrs. James, 263. Reconciliation of James and Booth, and their subsequent dialogue, 285, 291. Behaviour of his lady on the report of his death, 287, 288. Conceives a liking for Amelia, 303.
His behaviour on Booth's being arrested; visits to Amelia and to Booth, xi. 81, 92, 94, 99. His subsequent conversation with Atkinson, 104. Mrs. James visits Amelia, 109. Visit of James at Booth's lodging, 135. Party at the house of the former, the next day, 139. His offer to Booth, 145. Mrs. James visits Amelia, and takes her and Booth to a rout, 166. James and his lady accompany Booth and Amelia to a masquerade; incidents there, 195, 201. Dialogue between James and his lady, 261. Amelia refuses an invitation from Mrs. James, 294. James sends a challenge to Booth, in consequence of an appointment between the latter and miss Matthews, 313. Visited by Dr. Harrison, 337. Concluding particulars of James and his lady, 370.
Jealousy, picture of (character of sir Simon Raffle, in the Universal Gallant), iv. 183, &c. Compared to the gout, vii. 63.
"*Joan, Joan, Joan, has a thundering tongue*," song of, 338.
"*Joan, you are the plague of my life*," song of, i. 339.
Jokes practised on parson Adams at the house of a country squire, vi. 305 to 314.
Jonathan Wild the Great, History of his Life, xii. 1. (See *Wild*.) Fielding's own explanation concerning the nature and purposes of this work, i. 54 to 59.
Jones, Tom, found in Mr. Allworthy's bed, VII. 8. Put by that gentleman under the care of his sister, 14. His suspected mother's confession, 21. Bred up with Mr. Allworthy's nephew, young Blifil, 58. His supposed father fixed on, 60, 73. Mr. Allworthy's fondness for young Jones increases, 88. Unpromising aspect of his juvenile years, 106. Incident of his shooting a partridge on a stranger's manor, and Jones's behaviour on the

occasion, VII. 108. Quarrel between him and Blifil, and its consequences, 118, 121. Not liked by either Thwackum or Square, and a particular reason for this, 124, 129. Acquires a greater share in the affection of Mrs. Blifil than her own son, 131, 132—on this account, the two boys rise and fall in a contrary proportion, in the affection of Mr. Allworthy, 133. Sells a horse and a Bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him; and his disposal of the money, 135, 138. Resolves to intercede with squire Western in behalf of Black George; his intimacy with the squire, 144. Solicits the interference of miss Sophia Western for this effect, 144, 155. Incident of the loss of Sophia's bird, and impressions thus produced in her mind, 155, 164. General behaviour of Jones to Sophia at her father's house, 165. His success in his solicitations to her concerning Black George, 166. Apology for his insensibility to the charms of Sophia; his love for Molly Seagrim, 171. Rescues Molly from her battle in the church-yard, 183. His behaviour on hearing of her pregnancy, 192, 195. Confesses himself, in Mr. Allworthy's presence, the father of the child, 197—on this occasion Square injures him seriously in the mind of Mr. Allworthy, 199. Sophia thrown from her horse, and Jones in saving her breaks his arm; consequences of this accident to both parties, 206. Jones's visitors during his confinement; he first perceives his growing passion for Sophia, 225—his reflexions and resolution on this subject, 231. Incident of Sophia's muff (see also 215), 235. Visits Molly Seagrim, and finds Square in her bed-room, 239—acquires a fuller knowledge of her character, which completes his passion for Sophia, 249. Declares his love to that young lady, 254. His behaviour on Mr. Allworthy's serious illness, 257. Urged into excesses by the violence of his joy at hearing him declared out of all danger, 271. New adventure with Molly Seagrim; unequal battle in which this involved him, and its consequences, 277, 282, 286, 287, 292. Learns the projected match of Sophia with Blifil; his tender interview with her on that subject, and their interruption by her father, 329, 330, 333. Mr. Allworthy's displeasure excited against him by different means; that gentleman dismisses him from his house, 339, 343, 347. Extravagant behaviour of Jones on this event; letters to and from Sophia, 348, 350, 353. Receives a letter from

Mr. Allworthy's determination of Jones thereon, VII. 368. Loses his way; his adventures at an inn, 409. Enters as a volunteer with a company of soldiers, 416. Joins the officers; quarrel in which he is severely hurt, 422—his attempt to obtain satisfaction from his antagonist, 437, 439.

Jones receives a visit from the landlady, VIII. 11. Is deserted by the surgeon, 18. Attended by a barber, whom he finds to be Partridge, 23, 33. Partridge resolves to accompany him in his travels; and reasons for the conduct of the former in this respect, 34, 35. They set out together, 39, 40. Incidents at an inn at Glocester, 40. His conversation with Partridge in their journey from that city, 47. Extraordinary adventure with the Man of the Hill, 54—history of that personage, 65, 78, 85, 95. Jones rescues a woman from the violence of a ruffian, who proves to be ensign Northerton, 119. She accompanies Jones to Upton, 123. Battle at the inn there, 124. Discovery of the name and character of the female stranger, 132, 143, 150. Personal appearance of Jones, 138. Mrs. Waters conceives a very great affection for Jones; her amorous attack on him, 139, 140. He is discovered in bed with her, 163. Arrival of a lady at the inn, who proves ultimately to be Sophia, 172. She leaves her muff on Jones's bed, on discovering his intrigue with Mrs. Waters, 180, 185—his behaviour on finding it there, 188. Arrival of Mr. Western at the inn, in pursuit of Sophia, 192. Jones leaves the inn; his extravagances, and conversation with Partridge, on the road, 292, 295. Comes into possession of Sophia's pocket-book, 299. Learns intelligence concerning Sophia, on which he begins a fresh pursuit, 323, 324. Meets Dowling the attorney; their conversation, 330, 332. Sets out for Coventry, and loses his way; accidents and discourse on the road, 338. Adventure with a company of gypsies in a barn, 342. Conversation with Partridge at the inn at Dunstable, concerning Sophia's pocket-book; their quarrel, and reconciliation, 356. Adventure with a highwayman near Barnet, 360.

Jones arrives in London, and begins his search there for Sophia; his interview with Mrs. Fitzpatrick, IX. 5. His second visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, when he meets lady Bellaston and lord Fellamar, 17. Account of the family with whom he lodged, and incident which brought him acquainted with a young gentleman his fellow-lodger,

IX. 21, 23. Jones receives a present of a domino, mask, and masquerade-ticket, from an unknown person, 29. His adventures at the masquerade, and lady with whom he quitted it, 36. Receives from her a supply of money; his generosity on a scene of great distress being related by Mrs. Miller, 43, 47. Further particulars of his intercourse with lady Bellaston, 50. Recognises the stranger who had been lately the object of his generosity, to be the highwayman who had attempted to rob him, 55. Meets Sophia accidentally at the house of lady Bellaston, 59. Notes and visit from lady Bellaston, in which latter she is interrupted by Mrs. Honour bringing a letter from Sophia, 78. Sophia's letter, and note from lady Bellaston; Mrs. Miller gives Jones warning to leave her house, on account of her ladyship's visits, 85. His subsequent conversation with Nightingale, 91. Jones's conduct on the discovery of the pregnancy of Mrs. Miller's daughter, 101. His interview with Nightingale on this subject, and afterwards with that gentleman's father and uncle, 108, 115. The latter accompanies him to Mrs. Miller's house, 125, 129. Arrival of Mr. Western in London; Jones receives information of this event by Mrs. Honour, whose visit is interrupted by lady Bellaston; perplexity of Jones on this latter occurrence, 152, 165, 168, 170. Marriage of young Nightingale and Nancy Miller, 174, 176. Jones learns the real character of lady Bellaston; his conduct in consequence, 177. Letter from Mr. Allworthy to Mrs. Miller, announcing his intended journey to London, 185. Letter from Mrs. Honour to Jones, 189. Jones receives an advantageous offer of marriage; his answer to it, 191. Finds an opportunity of writing to Sophia, 195—the letter, and her answer, 216, 225. Goes to the play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge; meets Mrs. Fitzpatrick there, 228. Schemes of lady Bellaston for his ruin, 242. Visits Mrs. Fitzpatrick; her proposal, 247. His duel with that lady's husband, and its consequences; note from Sophia, 254. Visited in prison by Mrs. Miller and Nightingale; the former conveys a letter from him to Sophia, 283, 287. Second visit of Nightingale and Mrs. Miller; unexpected arrival of Mrs. Waters at the prison, 304, 307. Is alarmed by Partridge with the declaration of his (Jones's) having committed incest, 315. Black George brings him news concerning Sophia, 318. His

apprehensions of incest dispelled by the solution of the mystery of his birth, and a discovery of his real parents, IX. 347, 348. Full discovery of the villainy of Blifil, 357, 360. Release of Jones; his meeting with Mr. Allworthy, and afterward with Mr. Western, 373, 380. Jones's generosity toward Blifil, 384, 386. His visit to Mr. Western's lodging, and conversation with Sophia; their marriage appointed for the next day, 390. Celebration of the wedding, 401. Their happiness in the married state, 405.

Jones, Jenny; her character, vii. 19. Acknowledges herself the mother of the foundling, 21—Mr. Allworthy's admonition to her on this occasion, 24. Remarks of her neighbours on his lenient treatment of her, 32. Removed to another situation by that gentleman, 33. Her situation while at Partridge's house, and his wife's jealousy of her, 63. What became of her afterward, 84. (See further, *Waters, Mrs.*)

Joseph Andrews, novel of, vi. (See *Andrews*.) This novel written to ridicule Pamela, and thus procured Fielding the ill-will of Richardson, i. 64, note. Character of it, 60, 63.

Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, xiii. 155.

Journey from This World to the Next, xiii. 1. Fielding's justification of himself respecting this piece, i. 53.

Julian the Apostate, meeting with him in elysium, xiii. 47. He relates his history and adventures in the different characters of a slave, 48;—an avaricious Jew, 56;—a general, 60;—an heir, 63;—a carpenter, 64;—a fop, 65;—a monk, 66;—a fiddler, 69;—a wise man, 74;—a king, 82;—a fool, 90;—a beggar, 95;—a statesman, 101;—a soldier, 109;—a taylor, 116;—an alderman, 120;—a poet, 127;—a knight, and a dancing-master, 131.

Juries, picture of a Middlesex justice's management of, ii. 21. Remarks on the institution of juries, xii. 249, &c.

Justice; picture of a Middlesex one, and of his transactions (character of Squeezum, in Rape upon Rape), ii. 20, &c. Deposition taken by a justice in the absence of his clerk, vi. 366. Hint to justices, concerning the necessary qualifications of a clerk, vii. 405. Observations on the degree of power committed to justices, xii. 290.

Justice caught in his own Trap, comedy of, ii. 1.

K.

King, allegorical compliment to, xiii. 28.
King John (Shakspeare's tragedy); burlesque casting of the parts in, and criticism of, v. 42 to 45.
King, (Mr.) horse-dealer of Bath, viii. 190.

L.

"*La, what swinging lies!*" song of, iv. 151.
Law of nature, dispute between Square and Thwackum concerning, vii. 159.
Laws, imperfections in our system of, considered, x. 3, 4; xi. 306, 358; xii. 14.
Learning, invocation to, ix. 4. Discussion of its suitableness as a qualification in a woman, xi. 197, 223. Different opinions of the comparative utility of learning and trade, vi. 228. (See also *Literature*).
Lee, quotation from, vi. 328.
Leonard and Paul, story of, vi. 402.
Leonora, or the Unfortunate Jilt, history of, vi. 119, 150.
"*Let a set of sober asses*," song of, ii. 71.
"*Let bold ambition lie*," song of, iv. 18.
"*Let misers with sorrow to-day*," song of, iv. 27.
"*Let others fondly court a throne*," song of, i. 367.
"*Let the foolish philosopher strive in his cell*," song of, i. 349.
"*Let the learn'd talk of books*," song of, ii. 272.
Letter-writers, farce of, ii. 167.
Levee, picture of a great man's, iii. 16 to 20. Gradation of levees, from low characters to the highest, vi. 193.
Lewis XIV., anecdote of, xiv. 278.
Libeller, distinguished from the satirist, vi. 283.
Libels, observations concerning, xii. 272 to 275.
Liberty, remarks on its genuine nature, xii. 264 to 266; xiii. 234 to 236.
Life; the argument that its shortness and uncertainty are consolations under misfortune, considered, xi. 117 to 120. Definition of the art of life, x. 2.
"*Like gold to a miser*," song of, iv. 102.
"*Like the whig and tory*," song of, i. 293.
Lillo the dramatic writer, vi. 327.
Lisbon; voyage to, and arrival at, xiii. 1, 294. Some account of this city, 296, 297.
Literature; history of the commonwealth of, in England, xiv. 43 to 50.
"*Little master*," song of, ii. 285.

Little World, the society so called, ix. 142.
Livy, meeting with him in elysium, xiii. 46.
Logic, a miser's idea of, i. 260.
Lottery, farce of, ii. 297.
Love, compared to war, i. 166. Monstrous tricks which it plays with its votaries, vi. 35. Its origin and growth in the female breast, 381, 382. Further remarks on this passion, vii. 293. Its difference in girls, and in women about forty, 40, 41. Different effects of the sensation of love as directed to animate and to inanimate objects, viii. 139, 140. Effects of the passion of love on the appetite, in different constitutions, 307. Its wonderful power of supporting hope in the midst of despair, ix. 189. Necessity of resisting its first attacks, x. 302.
Love in several Masques, comedy of, i. 89. This was Fielding's first acted play; its reception, 13.
Love of fame, invocation to, ix. 1.
Loving our enemies, explanation of the precept concerning, xi. 176.
Lucan; remarks on, and explanation of a mistaken passage of, xi. 87 to 90.
Lunn, ironical dedication (of Tumble-down Dick) to, v. 99.
Lyttleton, Lord; a generous friend to Fielding, i. 45; ix. 4.

M.

Macklin the actor, vi. 328.
Maladie alamode, allegorical personification of, xiii. 19 to 21.
Mallet, vi. 297. His Eurydice, 327.
Man of the Hill, adventures of Jones and Partridge with, viii. 54. His history, 65, 78, 85, 95. Summary of his travels, 103.
Mandevil, character of his philosophy, x. 133.
Marivaux compared with Fielding, i. 73 to 77.
Marlborough, great duke of; allegorical compliment to, xiii. 24. Dedication (of the Universal Gallant) to his successor, iv. 171.
Marriage; sentiments on forcing a woman into one, contrary to her consent or approbation, ix. 271. Arguments concerning second marriages, x. 336, 337.
Marvellous (the) in writing, observations on, viii. 1.
Masquerade, the whole humours of one, ix. 36. Incidents at another, xi. 201.

Matthew Paris, story from, xi. 188.
Matthews, miss; committed to prison on a charge of murder, x. 22. Meets Booth there; her history, 27, 33—Booth relates his own history, 61 to 103, 111 to 183. Her connexion with him in the prison, 185. Her fondness for him; she procures his release, but is disappointed in her views, 189. Her subsequent letter to him, 203, 211. Discovery made by Booth concerning her, 219. She produces a breach between colonel James and Booth, 233. Meets Booth at a masquerade, xi. 203, 210 to 212. Meets him again in the street, and makes an appointment with him, 307—consequences of this appointment, 313, 316, 321. Concluding particulars of her, 370.
Maxims of Jonathan Wild, xii. 240.
"*May all maids from me take warning*," song of, i. 351.
Mege, Peter; an extraordinary hero in the practice of impudence, xiv. 93 to 95.
Men of wit and pleasure, definition of this character, ix. 21, 22.
Mercy, limitation of, vii. 86. See also *Pardons*.
Methodist, a pickpocket, x. 20, 25. Curious anecdote of a methodist preacher, xiii. 357.
Middle comedy, its fate at Athens and in England, i. 16. Fielding's use of it, said to be a principal occasion of the law for licensing theatrical representations, 16.
Midnight; description of, in a poetical style, viii. 161.
Miller, Mrs.: Jones goes to lodge at her house on his arrival in London; character of her and her eldest daughter, and of a young gentleman her lodger, ix. 21. Refuses to let her daughter go to a masquerade, 31. Relates a scene of great distress; generosity of Jones, 44, 47. Introduces to Jones the object of his generosity, when they recognise each other, 55 to 58. Short account of her history, 96. Discovery of the pregnancy of her daughter; behaviour of Jones and of Nightingale on the occasion, 102 to 115. Visit of Nightingale's uncle to Mrs. Miller's house, 125, 129. Marriage of young Nightingale and Nancy Miller, 174, 176. Letter from Mr. Allworthy to Mrs. Miller, announcing his intended journey to London, 185. Her generous and grateful behaviour concerning Jones, 262. Visits him in prison, 283. Conveys a letter from him to Sophia, 287. Her pathetic intercession with Mr. Allworthy in favour of Jones, 292. Her return to Sophia's lodging, and second visit to Jones, 301,

ix. 307. Her further intercession with Mr. Allworthy, 324, 333. Her intercession with Sophia in favour of Jones, 378.
Mills the actor, vi. 40; vii. 368.
Ministry of a theatre compared to that of a state, v. 35.
Minos, account of his proceedings at the gate of elysium, xiii. 34.
Misanthropy, sentiments of, viii. 107 to 110.
Misaubin, Dr., vii. 258. Ironical dedication (of the Mock Doctor) to, iii. 109. Anecdote of him, ix. 5.
Miser, comedy of, iii. 239. Character of this piece, i. 14.
Miss Lucy in Town, farce of, v. 129.
Mob, instances of their exercise of power, xiv. 86. Account of their pretensions, and their assertion of these, 96.
Mock Doctor, comedy of, iii. 107.
Mock epic, Fielding's excellence in this style, i. 72.
Modern Husband, comedy of, iii. 1.
Modesty, satirical description of, i. 155.
Money, letter from a tradesman who values every thing by it, xiii. 341. Letter from a Bedlamite, recommending the extirpation of money as the remedy for all national evils, xiv. 66.
Money-lender, picture of the dealings of one, iii. 262 to 265.
Montague, lady Mary Wortley; dedication (of Love in several Masques) to, i. 91.
Moore, his plagiarism from Pope procured him a place in the Dunciad, viii. 286.
Morning; description of, in the style of poetry, vi. 280.
Mottoes, a bookseller's management concerning, i. 327. Probable original intent of those used in the Spectator, viii. 112.
Muff, Sophia Western's; incident of, vii. 215, 236 to 238. Left by her on Jones's bed at the inn at Upton, viii. 185, 188. See also, viii. 193, 195, 196.
Murder, Fielding publishes a pamphlet on the detection and punishment of this crime, i. 66, note. Anecdote of an extraordinary one, viii. 6.
" *Music sure has charms to move*," song of, v. 145.
" *My tender heart me long beguil'd*," song of, iv. 50.
Mythology, pagan; advantage which the ancient writers derived from it, ix. 261.

N.

Naturals, definition of this term, xii. 108.
Navy, remarks concerning the English, xiii. 196, 197, 245, 246.
New Way to Keep a Wife at Home, farce of, ii. 169.
Newgate, curious anecdotes relating to its history, xii. 180.
Newmixon, Humphrey; abstract from his observations on the history of Great Britain, xiv. 32.
Newspapers, remarks on, xiii. 302, 303.
"*Nice honour by a private man*," song of, ii. 280.
Nightingale; his character, and incident which brought him acquainted with Jones, IX. 21, 23. His sentiments on the passion of love, 27, 28. Accompanies Jones to a masquerade, 35, 36. His conduct on hearing a scene of great distress related by Mrs. Miller, 48. His conversation with Jones when the latter was about to leave Mrs. Miller's house, 91. Discovery of the pregnancy of Mrs. Miller's daughter; Nightingale's interview with Jones on this occasion, 102, 108. Subsequent interview of Jones with Nightingale's father and uncle, 115. Visit of the uncle to Mrs. Miller's house, 125, 129. Marriage of young Nightingale and Nancy Miller, 174, 176. He informs Jones of the real character of lady Bellaston, and advises him what conduct to pursue toward her, 178. Visits Jones in prison, 283. His exertions in behalf of Jones, and second visit to him in prison, 304. His visit to Mr. Allworthy, and intercession in favour of Jones, 324, 334. Reconciliation of his father and uncle, 398.
"*No tricks shall save your bacon*," song of, i. 359.
Non-juror, letter from one to his son at Oxford, xiii. 361.
Nonsense, representation of the court of, i. 348.
Northerton, ensign: his ill usage of Jones, and consequent confinement; his escape, vii. 423, 447. Circumstances in which Jones met him at a subsequent period, viii. 120. See also viii. 144, 151.
Northumberland, duke of; dedication (of the comedy of the Fathers) to, v. 267.
Nothing, Essay on, xiv. 229. The introduction, 231. Of the antiquity of Nothing, 232. Of the nature of Nothing, 233. Of the dignity of Nothing; and an endeavour to

prove that it is the end, as well as beginning, of all things, xiv. 239.
Numbers, Homer the probable inventor of publishing books by, vi. 103.

O.

" *O cursed power of gold!*" song of, iii. 132.
" *O mother! this story will never go down*," song of, v. 108.
Obedience, when yielded with grumbling and reluctance, increases the obligation, vii. 17.
Ode to the new year, v. 20.
" *Of all bad sorts of wives*," song of, ii. 274.
" *Of all the men in London town*," song of, i. 347.
" *Oh, dear papa!*" song of, iv. 164.
" *Oh doctor, oh doctor!*" song of, ii. 277.
" *Oh! for goodness' sake forbear*," song of, ii. 283.
" *Oh, fy upon't, Robin!*" song of, ii. 258.
" *Oh! gin at length is putting down*," song of, v. 112.
" *Oh! hasten my lover, dear Cupid*," song of, iv. 79.
" *Oh, how charming my life will be!*" song of, ii. 318.
" *Oh lud! I should be quite ashamed*," song of, v. 67.
" *Oh, Mr. Constable!*" song of, i. 363.
" *Oh, my Sweetissa!*" song of, ii. 237.
" *Oh! pity all a maiden*," song of, i. 344.
" *Oh! press me not, sir*," song of, iv. 153.
" *Oh! spare to take his precious life away*," song of, i. 359.
" *Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn*," songs of, ii. 293; iv. 73.
" *Oh, what pleasures will abound!*" song of, ii. 309.
Old Man taught Wisdom, farce of, iv. 137.
Oldfield, Mrs; acknowledgment to, i. 93.
Oliver, rev. Mr; satirized under the character of Parson Trulliber, in Joseph Andrews, i. 7.
Olynthiac of Demosthenes, the first, xiv. 183.
Opera, Italian; remarks on the affairs of, during the rebellion of 1745, xiii. 327.
Othello, question of a disputed line in, xiii. 42.

P.

Page, judge, viii. 75.
Pamela, remarks concerning the novel of, vi. 15. Joseph Andrews written in ridicule of it, i. 64, note.
Pamela married to Mr. Booby; and visits lady Booby in the country, where she finds her brother Joseph Andrews: their meeting, vi. 364, 372. Endeavours to dissuade him from marrying Fanny, 385.
Pantomime, remarks on the English, vii. 223.
Pardons, encouragement given to robbers by frequent, xii. 412.
Parson-hunting, instance of, vi. 295 to 300.
Partridge, account of him and his wife, vii. 61. Her jealousy of Jenny Jones, 63. Her battle with her husband on a renewal of this jealousy, 69. He is fixed on by Mrs. Wilkins as the father of Tom Jones, 73. Brought before Mr. Allworthy on this account; that gentleman's behaviour: Partridge's wife dies, and he leaves the country, 80 to 87.
Recognised by Jones in the character of a barber, during the travels of the latter; Partridge's learned discourse with him, viii. 23, 24. Resolves to accompany Jones in his travels; and reasons for the conduct of Partridge in this respect, 34, 35. They set out together, and arrive at Gloucester, 39, 40. His conversation with Jones in their journey from that city; political principles of Partridge, 47, 52. Extraordinary adventure with the Man of the Hill, 54. Partridge tells a story of a ghost, 74, 85. Battle at the inn at Upton, 128—his account of Jones in the kitchen of that inn, and other behaviour there, 145, 178, 181. Example of his share of courage and honesty, 187. His departure with Jones from the inn, and their conversation on the road, 292, 295. His alarm at hearing a drum on the road, 305. Suggests hints, in the kitchen of the inn, that Jones is mad, 316. His sentiments and stories concerning witches, 340, 341. His adventure with a company of gypsies in a barn, 349. His conversation with Jones at the inn at Dunstable concerning Sophia's pocket-book; their quarrel, and reconciliation, 356.
Advises Jones to return to Mr. Allworthy, ix. 34. His

defence to Jones for some discoveries which he had betrayed in their lodging, ix. 88. His conversation with Black George on the arrival of the latter in London, in the suite of Mr. Western, 195. Goes to the play with Jones; his criticisms on the performance, 228. Alarms Jones with a declaration of his (Jones's) having committed incest, 315. His narrative of his adventures previous to his joining Jones, 341. His rapture at the final prosperity of Jones, 389. His subsequent condition, 404.

Pasquin, dramatic satire of, iv. 277. Character of this piece, i. 14, 15.

Patriotism, remarks on, xiv. 335 to 338.

Patriots, burlesque picture of four, v. 47 to 50.

Pawnbrokers, receivers of stolen goods, xi. 304, 305.

Pedantry, picture of, (character of Young Pedant, in the Temple Beau), i. 203, &c.

Pedlar, benevolent, delivers parson Adams and his party from their difficulties at an inn, vi. 210. Arrives at Adams's house, 395. Discloses the secret of Fanny's parents, 415.

Pettifogger, account of a Somersetshire one, viii. 42.

Philosophical Transactions for the Year 1742-3, xiv. 145.

Physicians, injustice of the vulgar opinion which represents them as friends to death, vii. 100. Difference between them and quacks, v. 230.

Plagiarism; remarks on, and limitation of, viii. 283.

Plays, an actor's notions of altering, i. 312—his two classes of plays, 315. Sufferings of a poet before he comes to his third night, iv. 325. Discourse between a poet and a player, concerning the cause of the present want of merit in dramatic pieces and performers, vi. 325.

Pleasures of the Town, puppet-show of, i. 336.

Pluto's court, picture of, v. 77.

Pocket-book, Sophia Western's, lost by her, and comes into the possession of Jones, viii. 271, 299.

Poetry, general character of Fielding's, i. 49—specimen, 50. Swift's notice of him as a poet, 52, note.

Poets, abhorrence in which they are held by men of business, vi. 269. Treatment of one by Minos at the gate of elysium, xiii. 35. Excuse for the fictions of the original poets, 163.

Politicians, picture of (characters of Politic and Dabble, in Rape upon Rape), ii. 7, 9, &c.

Poor, remarks on the defects of the laws that relate to the provision for them, and suggestions for the improvement of these, xii. 323. See also *Proposal*.
Pope, xiv. 49, 130, 131. Injustice of the assertion that he had little invention, i. 24 to 33.
Pounce, *Mr. Peter*, his character, vi. 48. Releases Fanny from distress on the road, 337. Curious dialogue between him and parson Adams, 344.
Prayers, curious verbal mistake in some read by a sea-captain, xiii. 291.
Preservers of the game, rank which they are designed by nature to hold in the scale of existence, vii. 108.
Pretty fellows characterised as men of gallantry, iii. 305.
Pride, remarks on, xiv. 283 to 285.
Prison, picture of the inside of one, x. 10, 16, 22, 54.
Prolegomena to the Covent-Garden Tragedy, iii. 153.
Prologue to the Author's Farce, i. 297—on the revival of this piece, iv. 10. To the Covent-garden Tragedy, iii. 163. To the Debauchees, 191. To the Fathers, v. 269. To the Lottery, ii. 299. To Love in several Masques, i. 95. To the Miser, iii. 243. To the Modern Husband, 5. To Rape upon Rape, ii. 3. To the Temple Beau, i. 197. To the Universal Gallant, iv. 175. To the Wedding Day, v. 167. Remarks concerning prologues, ix. 201.
Promises: character of a person profuse in unmeaning ones; and cruelty of this practice, vi. 213, 214, 221 to 224. Great promisers to be avoided, xiv. 324.
Proposal for the Maintenance of the Poor (Fielding's), mentioned, i. 67, and note.
Prosecutions of robbers, &c. difficulties attending them, xii. 400.
Provoked Husband, different remarks concerning this comedy, viii. 307 to 311.
Publicans, maxims which they hold to be the grand mysteries of their trade, viii. 39.
Punch, medical opinion of, viii. 265.
Puppet-show, remarks concerning such exhibitions, viii. 308, 311.
Purgatory, a pretended priest's description of, iii. 226.

Q.

Quin the actor, vi. 327. Anecdote of him, xiii. 230.

R.

Rape of the Lock; remarks on this piece, as giving Pope his strongest claim to the name of poet, i. 24, 25, 31.

Rape upon Rape, comedy of, ii. 5. Character of this piece, i. 20.

Rebellion (of 1745), dream on the subject of it, xiii. 307. Every class of people interested in opposing it, 314. Progress of the rebels represented as a visitation from heaven on account of national depravity, 320. Imaginary journal of events in case of the ultimate success of the rebels, 335. Letter from a mercenary tradesman concerning a public subscription, 341. The state of the nation at that time ascribed to the bad education of youth, 348—and to an universal spirit of self-conceit, 354. Letter from a non-juror to his son at Oxford, 361.

Receivers of stolen goods, imperfection of the laws concerning, xii. 361.

Rehearsal, character of this comedy, i. 14. Dryden's judgement concerning it, 15.

Religion, a landlord's, vi. 115.

Revenge, remarks on its nature, xi. 177.

Rhyme, a scribbler's notions of it, i. 324.

Rich, vi. 35.

Richardson, i. 52, note. Set at variance with Fielding by the latter's having written Joseph Andrews in ridicule of Pamela, 64, note. Amelia censured by him and his correspondents, 79, note.

Riches, common-place remarks on the vanity of them, vi. 315, 316.

"*Riches, can you restore?*" song of, v. 63.

Richmond, duke of; dedication (of the Miser) to, iii. 241.

Ride and tie, explanation of this manner of travelling, vi. 106.

Ridiculous, remarks on the, in writing, vi. 5 to 9.

Roasting, a scene of, very nicely adapted to the present taste and times, vi. 305.

Robbers. See *Enquiry.*

"*Robin, come on,*" song of, ii. 257.

Robinhoodians, fragment of their discussions, xiv. 13. Inquiry concerning this fragment, 19.

Robinson, a fellow-prisoner with Booth, x. 13 to 20, 24 to 27. Disclosure ultimately made by him, concerning the forged will of Amelia's mother, xi. 349. His end, 371.

Rock of Lisbon described, xiii. 292.

"*Rogues there are of each nation*," song of, iv. 70.

Romance; remarks on this kind of writing, and the qualities necessary for it, vi. 1, &c.; viii. 112 to 118.

Rout, scene of one, xi. 169.

Rule of right, established by a society of atheists instead of a Deity, vi. 263—their practices, and sophistry concerning this rule, 263, 264. This the great principle also of the philosopher Square, vii. 114.

Ryde, Fielding's temporary residence here during his voyage to Lisbon, xiii. 216 to 244. Particulars concerning this village, 245 to 248.

S.

Sailors, remarks on their character, xiii. 285, 286. Inquiry concerning the cause of their coarseness of manners, 202.

Sanctity, morose and hypocritical; remarks on the character of, xiv. 325 to 333.

Sandford the actor, vi. 326.

Sanguine disposition approaches nearly to complete happiness, ix. 31.

Satirist distinguished from the libeller, vi. 233.

Savage, Richard; anecdote of him, xiv. 105.

"*Say, Chloe, where must the swain stray?*" song of, vi. 188.

Scholars, remarks on their general ignorance of the world, xiv. 76.

Schoolmaster, parson Adams's high opinion of this character, vi. 289.

Schools, disputation on the comparativemerit of public and private ones, vi. 286.

Scout, lawyer; employed by lady Booby to prevent the marriage between Joseph Andrews and Fanny; his interview with her ladyship, vi. 359. Apprehends them both, in consequence, on a charge of robbery; his deposition, 363, 366.

Scriblerus Secundus, his preface to Tom Thumb, ii. 97.

Scull, wise management of nature in the different formations of this part, vi. 167.
Seagrim, George. See *Black George.*
Seagrim, Molly; Tom Jones's early love for her, vii. 174. Goes to church in a fine sacque that Sophia Western had sent her; battle which was the consequence of this, 177, 178 to 184. Sophia resolves to take her as a servant; obstructions to this, and determination thereon, 179, 186. Her pregnancy discovered; Jones interferes in her behalf with success, by confessing himself the father, 190, 195. He finds the philosopher Square in her bed room, 239. Jones acquires a fuller knowledge of her character, 249. New adventure with Jones, 278. Concluding particulars of her, ix. 404.
Seduction. See *Honour.*
" *See John and his master*," song of, iv. 23.
" *See, while I strike the vocal lyre*," song of, v. 145.
Serious (the) in writing considered, vii. 219.
Sermon, extract from one of the Newgate ordinary's, xii. 231.
Sermons, opinions on publishing them, vi. 85, 90.
Servants; courtship, jealousies, and quarrels of (Grub-street Opera, throughout), ii. 237, &c. Impolicy of entering into any confederacy with a friend's servants against their master, vii. 74. Reason of the general conduct of servants with respect to the characters of their masters, viii. 315.
Shakspeare; meeting with him in elysium, and question of a disputed line in Othello, xiii. 42.
Shark; instance of catching one, and recovering a piece of beef unchewed and undigested from its maw, xiii. 287.
Sheep-stealers, night adventure of parson Adams and his party with some, vi. 237, 241.
" *Since you so base and faithless be*," song of, ii. 256.
Slanderer, detestable character of, viii. 215, 216.
Slipslop (*Mrs.*), her character, vi. 20, 29. Her amorous advances to Joseph Andrews, 30. Her interview with her mistress immediately afterward, 33. Second interview with her mistress, 42. Her kindness to Joseph on meeting him in travelling, 116. Takes part in a dreadful quarrel at an inn, 142. Her dispute with miss Graveairs, 147, 148. Her behaviour to Fanny when the latter had joined Joseph on the road, 191, 194. Her former interview with her mistress, after Joseph's

parture, vi. 352. Informs her mistress of the apprehension of Joseph and Fanny on a charge of robbery, 363. Her interview with her mistress after Joseph had been introduced to lady Booby as her ladyship's relation, 374. Dialogue with her mistress, concerning the passion of the latter for Joseph; and extraordinary adventure in the ensuing night, 418, 421, 425.

"*Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile*," song of, ii. 284.

"*So deep within your Molly's heart*," song of, ii. 251.

Socrates, anecdote of him, vi. 226.

Soldiers, their treatment by Minos at the gate of elysium, xiii. 37.

"*Some confounded planet reigning*," songs of, ii. 278, 315.

Sot, picture of one (character of Sotmore, in Rape upon Rape), ii. 12, &c.

Spirit, allegorical account of the method of equipping one for entrance into the flesh, xiii. 31.

Sportsmen, picture and conversation of, vi. 83.

Square, (Mr.) the philosopher, an inmate at Mr. Allworthy's house; his character and principles, and dispute with Thwackum on the nature of honour, vii. 113. His sentiments on occasion of a quarrel between young Jones and Blifil, 121. His different opinion of the two boys, 124. Fixes his inclinations on Mr. Allworthy's sister with some success, 127, 130. His sentiments on Jones's selling a horse and a Bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him, 137, 139—on the incident of the loss of Sophia Western's bird, and on Jones's success in behalf of Black George, 159, 170. Injures Jones seriously in the mind of Mr. Allworthy, 199. His discourse to Jones during the confinement of the latter from a broken arm, 226. Found by Jones in Molly Seagrim's bed-room, 240. His behaviour on Mr. Allworthy's serious illness, 265. His letter to that gentleman in London, ix. 328. His death, 403, Estimate of this character, i. 71.

Stage, comparison between it and the world, vii. 363. Recommended to parents as the destination of their children, xiv. 61.

Stage-coachmen, their management in stowing their passengers, viii. 270.

Star-chamber, observations concerning this court, xii. 253, 254.

Stroud the swindler, anecdote of him, xiv. 106.

Supple, (rev. Mr), his character; he relates at Mr. Wes-

tern's house the first information of Molly Seagrim's pregnancy, vii. 190. Restrains Western's anger against Jones, 336, 338. Accompanies Mr. Western in the pursuit of Sophia, viii. 193, 287, 291. Arrives in London with that gentleman, ix. 153, 154. Concluding particulars of him, 404.
"*Sure nought so disastrous can woman befal*," song of, ii. 247.
Surgeons, displays of learning by some, vi. 67 to 69; vii. 211, 433; viii. 16, 17.
Suspicion, different degrees of, viii. 277, 278.
Swearing, instance of its vulgarity, xiv. 55.
"*Sweet's the little maid*," song of, iv. 121.
"*Sweetest cause of all my pain*," song of, v. 149.
"*Sweetest honey*," song of, i. 364.
Swift, his notice of Fielding as a poet, i. 52, note.
Switch, a very efficacious remedy in the hands of a husband, vii. 188.

T.

Taste in literature, remarks concerning, xiv. 28 to 30.
Temple Beau, comedy of, i. 195. Its first appearance, 13.
Temple beaus, their character, vi. 254.
"*That marriage is a great evil*," song of, v. 67.
"*The doctor is feed*," song of, iv. 95.
"*The dog his bit*," song of, ii. 243.
"*The dusky night*," song of, iv. 98.
"*The gaudy sun adorning*," song of, ii. 233.
"*The idle beau of pleasure*," song of, ii. 287.
"*The lottery just is beginning*," song of, ii. 322.
"*The more we know of human kind*," song of, ii. 242.
"*The more we see of human kind*," song of, iv. 109.
"*The pain which tears my throbbing breast*," song of, iv. 76.
"*The soldier in a hard campaign*," song of, ii. 303.
"*The stone that all things turns at will*," song of, i. 355.
"*The whore of fame is jealous*," song of, ii. 269.
"*The worn-out rake at pleasure rails*," song of, ii. 232.
Theatre: the licentiousness of Fielding said to have been a principal occasion of the law for licensing theatrical representations, i. 16—various observations on this measure, 16 to 20. An audience seldom unanimous in their claps, xiii. 356. Anecdote of a broken taylor and a country-servant in the gallery, 356.

" *Think, mighty sir,*" song of, ii. 232.
" *Thus lovely patient Charlot sees,*" song of, iii. 141.
" *Thus the merchant who with pleasure,*" song of, iv. 130.
" *Thus when the tempest high,*" song of, iv. 50.
" *Thus when the wretched owl has found,*" song of, v. 121.
Thwackum, (*rev. Mr.*), the tutor of young Jones and Blifil, vii. 111. His principles, and dispute with the philosopher Square on the nature of honour, 114. His conduct and sentiments on occasion of a quarrel between Jones and Blifil, 119, 121. His different treatment of the two boys, 123, 124. His character, 125, 126. Fixes his inclinations on Mr. Allworthy's sister, 127. His conduct and sentiments on Jones's selling a horse and a Bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him, 135 to 140. His sentiments on the incident of the loss of Sophia Western's bird, and on Jones's success in behalf of Black George, 159, 170. His conduct during the confinement of Jones from a broken arm, 226, 229. His behaviour on Mr. Allworthy's serious illness, 265. Becomes engaged in a battle with Jones, 280, 282 to 292. His letter to Mr. Allworthy in London, ix. 331. Concluding particulars of him, 403.
Estimate of this character, i. 71.
Tied up, explanation of this phrase as it concerns literary patronage, vi. 267.
" *To beauty compared, pale gold I despise,*" song of, v. 149.
" *To wanton pleasures, roving charms,*" song of, ii. 253.
Tobacco, song in its praise, ii. 272.
Tom Jones, History of, vii. viii. ix. (See *Jones, Tom.*) Ill success of an attempt to dramatise this novel, i. 42. Critical examination and character of it, 68—moral tendency of the character of Jones, 70—its justness of manners and sentiments, 71—its truth of character, 73.
Tom Thumb the Great, mock tragedy of, ii. 95. Character of this piece, i. 22. Meeting with Tom Thumb in elysium, xiii. 44.
Tow-wouse (Mr. and Mrs.), a landlord and landlady; account of them, and adventures at their inn, vi. 59, 66, 83. Mrs. Tow-wouse detects her husband in an intrigue with the chambermaid, 94. Character of Mrs. Tow-wouse not that of an individual but of a species, 234.
Trade and learning, different opinions of their comparative utility, vi. 228.

Translator, a bookseller's notions of the qualifications of one, i. 329.
Travelling; difference between, in books and otherwise, vi. 225 to 227. Remarks on the conversation and books of travellers, xiii. 159 to 166. Picture of an affected traveller returned from Italy, vi. 143, 144, 146. Summary remarks of an European traveller, viii. 103 to 105. A young Englishman's account of his travels on the continent, v. 313 to 315.
Trent, captain, met by Booth at a rout; their former intimacy, xi. 170. Meets him again at Vauxhall, 184. His adventure with Booth at a gaming-table, 230. Their subsequent conversation concerning the nobleman's designs on Amelia, 239. Booth becomes acquainted with his real character, 256, 257. His history, and active concurrence in the nobleman's designs on Amelia, 278. Arrests Booth, 316, 321.
Trifles, remarks on the pursuit of them, xiv. 50.
True Patriot, the paper so called, xiii. 299. Fielding engages in it, i. 65. Its character, 66.
Trulliber, parson; account of him, and his interview with parson Adams, vi. 199 to 207. Who is satirized under this character, i. 7.
Trunk-maker, the famous one in the playhouse, vii. 171.
Tumble-down Dick, drama of, v. 97.
"*Turn hither your eyes, bright maid*," song of, v. 150.
"*Turn, oh! turn, dear*," song of, v. 72.

U.

Universal Gallant, comedy of, iv. 169.
Upton, adventures of Tom Jones and others at the inn here, viii. 124 to 197.

V.

Vagabonds, remarks on the laws concerning them, xii. 369.
"*Vain, Belinda, are your wiles*," song of, i. 294.
Vanity, apostrophe to, vi. 76. Falsity of the general observation, that wits are most inclined to vanity, 265. Vanity the worst of passions, 265. Vanity and ambition flourish as notably in a country church and church-yard as in the drawing-room or the closet, vii. 177.
Vauxhall, adventure there, xi. 180.

Vida, extract from his Art of Poetry, i. 69.
Virgil, meeting with him in elysium, xiii. 41.
Virgin Unmasked, farce of, iv. 137.
"*Virgins wary*," song of, iv. 30.
Virtue not the certain road to happiness in this world, ix. 135.
"*Virtue within a woman's heart*," song of, ii. 264.
Visitation of the sick, a country curate's, vi. 62 to 65.
Voyage to Lisbon, xiii. 155. Dedication, 157. Preface, 159. Introduction; motives of the voyage, 169. Journal of it, 183.

W.

Walpole, sir Robert; poetical epistle to, i. 50. Dedication (of the Modern Husband) to, iii. 5.
Warburton (*Dr.*), his eulogium of Fielding, i. 73.
Ward (*Dr.*), character of his remedies, xiii. 177, 178.
Watchmen, absurdity in the present institution of, x. 4, 5.
Waters, *Mrs.* (see *Jones*, *Jenny*.) Rescued by Tom Jones from the violence of a ruffian, vii. 119. Accompanies Jones to Upton, 123. Conceives a very great affection for him, 139. Her amorous attack on him, 140. Some account of her, 143, 150. Jones discovered in bed with her at the inn, 163. Leaves the inn, in company with Mr. Fitzpatrick, 197.
Arrives in London with that gentleman, and visits Jones in prison, ix. 307. Jones alarmed by the notion of having committed incest with her, 315. Visits Mr. Allworthy; to whom she solves the mystery of Jones's birth, and declares his real parents, 346. Discovery of the villainy of Blifil, 357. Concluding particulars of her, 404.
Wedding-day, comedy of, v. 165. The incidents of this piece would have succeeded much better in a novel, i. 41. Remarkable anecdote of its first representation, 43. Small profit which Fielding derived from this comedy, 45.
"*Welcome again ye rural plains*," song of, v. 164.
"*Were all women's secrets known*," song of, iv. 37.
"*Were I laid on Scotland's coast*," song of, i. 353.
Western (*Mr.*), prosecutes Black George as a poacher, vii. 140. His friendship for young Jones, 144. At his daughter's request, forgives Black George, and ap-

points him his gamekeeper, VII. 169. His remarks on hearing of Molly Seagrim's pregnancy, 191, 192. His great love for his daughter, and return to it made by her, 194. His behaviour on her being thrown from her horse, and Jones's breaking his arm in saving her, 208. His kindness during the consequent confinement of Jones, 228. Assists him in an unequal battle, 286. Informed by his sister that Sophia is in love with Blifil, 299. Proposes the match to Mr. Allworthy; that gentleman's answer, 305, 313. His behaviour to his daughter on the first formal visit of Blifil, 324. Learns her passion for Jones, and interrupts them in a tender scene, 333. His consequent visit to Mr. Allworthy, 339. Locks up Sophia; his dialogues with his sister concerning her, 355, 359, 375. His former conduct to his deceased wife, 378. Generous behaviour of Sophia toward her aunt, 381. Second visit of Blifil to Sophia; the marriage appointed for the next day, 387. Instance of his wise demeanour in the character of a magistrate, 405.

Arrives at Upton in pursuit of Sophia; meets Jones there, viii. 192. His former behaviour on her escape, 197. Incident which put an end to his pursuit, 287.

Arrives unexpectedly in London, and saves the virtue of Sophia from the attempt of a ravisher, IX. 152. His sudden appearance there accounted for, 159. Receives a challenge from a nobleman, 204. His increased importunity with Sophia, 210. Arrival of his sister in London, and their disagreement concerning Sophia, 218. Visits his sister in company with Blifil, 239. Visits Mr. Allworthy in London, and that gentleman declines the match between Blifil and Sophia, 266. Interrupts Mr. Allworthy's visit to Sophia, and becomes reconciled to Jones, 370. His meeting with Jones, 380. Visited by Jones and Mr. Allworthy; marriage of Jones and Sophia appointed for the next day, 390. Celebration of the wedding, 401. His enjoyment in their happiness, 404.

Estimate of this character, i. 70.

Western (Mrs.), her character; her great learning, and knowledge of the world, vii. 298. Instance of her penetration, in discovering the passion of Sophia and fixing on its object, 299. Her dialogue with Sophia on this subject, 314. Dialogue with her brother on his locking up Sophia, 359—subsequent dialogues with Sophia and with Mr. Western, 371, 375. Sophia's generous beha-

viour toward her, vii. 381. Her altercation with Sophia's maid, which produces the discharge of the latter, 402. Her behaviour on the escape of Sophia, viii. 199, 200. Her conduct on receiving information from London about Sophia, IX. 161. Follows her brother to London; their disagreement there concerning Sophia, 218. Is visited by her brother and Blifil, 239. Engages in the interest of lord Fellamar, 244. Her dialogue with Sophia on proposing a match with that nobleman, 276. Her zeal in his lordship's favour; his visit to Sophia, and subsequent conversation of her and her aunt, 296, 299. Reconciled to Sophia after her marriage to Jones, 403.

Western, Sophia; solemnity with which she is introduced as the heroine of Tom Jones, VII. 148, 151. Description of her person, 153. Applied to by Jones, for her intercession with her father in favour of Black George, 144, 155. Incident of the loss of her bird; effect of this on the mind of Sophia, 155 to 164. Jones's intimacy at her father's house, and general behaviour to her, 165. His success in his solicitations to her concerning Black George, 166. Resolves to take Molly Seagrim as a servant, 179. Her behaviour on hearing of Molly's pregnancy, and on learning that Jones was the reputed father, 193, 201. Her father's great love for her, and her return to it, 194. Thrown from her horse, and Jones in saving her breaks his arm; consequences of this accident to both parties, 206. Her subsequent dialogue with her maid, 212. Her attention to Jones during his confinement; he first perceives his growing passion for her, 223. Incident of her muff (see also 215), 235. Jones declares his love to her, 254. Faints on coming up to her father and Jones just after their battle with Thwackum and Blifil, 287. Her aunt conceives her to be in love with Blifil; consequences of this opinion, and dialogues with her aunt and her maid on the subject, 299 to 320. First formal visit of Blifil, 324. Her subsequent meeting with Jones, 330. Letters from and to Jones, 350, 353. Locked up by her father; her behaviour on learning Jones's dismissal from Mr. Allworthy's house, 355, 357. Dialogue with her aunt concerning matrimony, 371. Her generous behaviour toward her aunt, 381. Second visit of Blifil; the marriage appointed for the next day, 385. She resolves to escape from her father's house, 393. His generosity, and its effect on her mind, 408.

Arrives at an inn at Upton, where she discovers that Jones is in an intrigue with another woman; her behaviour on this occasion, VIII. 172, 180, 185. Circumstances of her escape from her father's house; and her journey till she reached Upton, 203. Her adventures after leaving that town; joined on the road by her cousin Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 219. Accidents which happened to Sophia; thrown from her horse, and afterward falls in alighting, 221, 223. Mistaken by the landlord of an inn for Jenny Cameron, the mistress of the young Chevalier, 225, 229, 247, 263. History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 232, 239, 251. The two ladies joined by a nobleman, a very particular acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick; and travel to London in his company, 266, 270. Nature of the connexion of Mrs. Fitzpatrick with this nobleman, 276, 279. Sophia repairs to the house of lady Bellaston, 281.
Meets Jones accidentally at lady Bellaston's house, IX. 59. Her subsequent conversation with that lady, 68. Her letter to Jones, 85. Visited by lord Fellamar; his subsequent conversation with lady Bellaston, 136, 157. Design projected by them against Sophia, and their measures in prosecution of it, 142, 147. His lordship's attempt on Sophia's virtue, interrupted by the unexpected arrival of her father, 150, 152. Sophia is locked up by her father in his lodging, 204. Her distressed situation at this time, 210. Receives a letter from Jones, 214, 216. Is delivered from her confinement by her aunt, 218. Her answer to Jones's letter, 225. Visited by her father and Blifil, 239. Her aunt engages in the interest of lord Fellamar, 244. Her note to Jones concerning his letter to lady Bellaston, 257. Dialogue with her aunt on the latter's proposing to her a match with lord Fellamar, 276. Receives another letter from Jones, 287. Is formally visited by lord Fellamar; her subsequent conversation with her aunt, 296. Visit from Mr. Allworthy interrupted by her father, who becomes reconciled to Jones, 364. Visit of Jones at her father's house, and her conversation with him; their marriage appointed for the next day, 390. Celebration of the wedding, 401. Their happiness in the married state, 405.
Western circuit, tradition concerning Fielding on, i. 48, note.
Westminster-hall, scene in, vi. 46.

" *What a wretched life*," song of, ii. 227.
" *What avail large sums of treasure*," song of, ii. 280.
" *What need he trust your words precise*," song of, iv. 16.
" *What the devil mean you thus*," song of, ii. 265.
" *What vast delights must virgins prove*," song of, ii. 284.
" *What woman her virtue would keep*," song of, ii. 209.
" *When a lady like me*," song of, iii. 114.
" *When a lover like you*," song of, iv. 91.
" *When a virgin in love*," song of, iv. 15.
" *When a woman lies expiring*," song of, v. 61.
" *When guilt within the bosom lies*," song of, ii. 282.
" *When he in a coach can be carried*," song of, iv. 143.
" *When love is lodg'd within the heart*," songs of, ii. 271, 310.
" *When master thinks fit*," song of, ii. 261.
" *When mighty roast beef*," song of, ii. 276; iv. 81.
" *When modesty sues for a favour*," song of, iv. 25.
" *When mutual passion hath possess'd*," song of, ii. 238.
" *When tender young virgins*," song of, iii. 148.
" *When the candidate offers his purse*," song of, ii. 320.
" *While the sweet blushing spring*," song of, v. 280.
" *Whilst the town's brimful of farces*," song of, i. 337.
Whitfield, opinions of a bookseller and two orthodox clergymen concerning his sermons, vi. 91 to 93.
" *Why, madam, do you give such words*," song of, i. 364.
" *Why should not I love Robin*," song of, ii. 236.
Wife, recommendations of one to a miser, iii. 273. Wisdom and sagacity of the law in refusing to admit the evidence of a wife for or against her husband, vii. 83. Receipt to regain the lost affections of a wife, never known to fail in the most desperate cases, 93, 96.
Wild, Jonathan; his genealogy, XII. 5. His birth and education; characteristic anecdotes of his early years, 8. Forms an acquaintance with count La Ruse, 13—their friendship cemented by a proposition of the latter, 17. Assists the count in his amours; their long and close intimacy, 23. Sets out on his travels to America, and returns after a period of seven years, 27. Adventure where, in the division of the booty, he exhibits an astonishing instance of greatness, 29. Pays a visit to miss Letitia Snap; description of that lovely young creature, and failure of his addresses, 34. Disclosure of her infidelity, 36. Wild visits the count in confinement, 39—their conversation, and other transactions at the bailiff's house, 43. Quarrel among the company,

adjusted by the address of Wild, XII. 47. His reasonings on the subject of greatness, 55. Renews his juvenile acquaintance with Heartfree, 59. Procures the release of the count; plans of Wild and the count against Heartfree, and of Wild against both the latter, 64. Execution of these plans; Wild's adventure with miss Straddle, and subsequent visit to miss Letitia Snap, 69. Flight of the count; further reasonings of Wild on the subject of greatness, 76. He visits Heartfree, at whose house he accidentally meets miss Straddle; his exquisite policy, 79. His harangue to his gang on hats, 86. Arrest of Heartfree, 89. Visits Heartfree in confinement; Wild's passion for Mrs. Heartfree, 93. Prevails on her to escape with him to Holland, 97. Incidents of the voyage, 101. Wild is placed in a dangerous situation; his behaviour under such circumstances, 104, 107. Escapes, and arrives safe in London, 110. Behaviour of Heartfree on hearing of his wife's flight, 114, 118. Further instance of Wild's policy, 122. His plan to get rid of Heartfree, 126. Visits him in Newgate, 129. Project of a match between Wild and miss Letitia Snap; his letter to that young lady, 135. Their marriage, 139. Dialogue between them soon afterward, 142. Heartfree begins to entertain suspicions of Wild, and causes him to be apprehended and carried before a magistrate, 147, 151. Wild's project in return against Heartfree, 155. Steps taken in putting it into execution; Heartfree committed to Newgate, 157. *Faux pas* of miss Theodosia Snap, and behaviour of Wild and her sister on this occasion, 161. Wild suppresses a serious mutiny in his gang, 164. Trial and conviction of Heartfree; dangerous accident which befel Wild, 170. Plans laid against Wild; he is committed to Newgate; unexpected visit from his wife there, 175, 176. Places himself at the head of a party in Newgate, 180. The dead-warrant for Heartfree arrives; weakness of Wild on this occasion, 186. Arrival of Mrs. Heartfree, and reprieve of her husband, 189. The latter incident accounted for, 193. Adventures of Mrs. Heartfree during her absence from her husband, 196, 203, 207. Wild detects his wife in an act of infidelity, 214. Conclusion of Mrs. Heartfree's adventures, 217. Trial and condemnation of Wild, 223. His dialogue with the ordinary of Newgate, 226. Last interview of Wild and

his wife; his heroic behaviour at his execution, xii. 233. His character, 238. Concluding particulars concerning Heartfree and the other characters, 244, 245.

Wilkins, Mrs. Deborah; her behaviour on the infant's being found in her master's bed, vii. 8, 9. Her interview with miss Bridget Allworthy, after the foundling had been put under that lady's care by her brother, 15. Her search in the parish for its mother, and success, 17. Dialogue between her and miss Bridget Allworthy, on Mr. Allworthy's admonition to Jenny Jones, 28. Fixes on Partridge as the father of the foundling, 60, 63. A mutual dislike arises between her and Mrs. Blifil, 75. Accuses Partridge formally before Mr. Allworthy, 80. Her behaviour on Mr. Allworthy's serious illness, 263, 264.

Wilks the actor and manager, acknowledgment to, 193. Anecdote concerning him, vii. 149.

" *Will my charming creature,*" song of, i. 352.

" *Will you still bid me tell,*" song of, ii. 254.

Wilson (Mr.), gives a benevolent reception to parson Adams and his party, vi. 240. His history, 249. His way of living, 280. Departure of Mr. Adams and his companions, 285. Mr. Wilson discovered to be the father of Joseph Andrews, 436.

Wiltshire thief, story of, vii. 307.

Wine, a drinker's praise of it, ii. 69. Satirical remarks on its being spelt *wind* in an innkeeper's bill, xiii. 224, 225.

Wisdom, true; remarks concerning, vii. 309.

Witches, Partridge's sentiments and stories concerning them, viii. 340, 341.

" *With joy my heart's o'erflowing,*" song of, ii. 294.

Women compared to books, i. 113.

Women in vain love's pow'rful torrent," song of, ii. 257, 307.

" *Would fortune, the truth to discover,*" song of, iv. 113.

" *Would you my love in words display'd,*" song of, ii. 239.

Y.

" *Ye nymphs of Britain,*" song of, i. 191.

" *Ye virgins who would marry,*" song of, ii. 241.

"*You wonder perhaps at the tricks of the stage*," song of, v. 126.
Young (Mr.), the original of the character of Parson Adams in Joseph Andrews, i. 62. Anecdote of him, 63.

THE END.

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